

ÆSOPIC'S  
OR  
A Second COLLECTION  
OF  
FABLES,  
Paraphras'd in Verse:  
ADORN'D  
WITH  
SCULPTURE,  
AND  
ILLUSTRATED  
WITH  
ANNOTATIONS.

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BY  
JOHN OGILBY, Esq;  
Master of His MAJESTIES *Revells* in the Kingdom of  
IRELAND.

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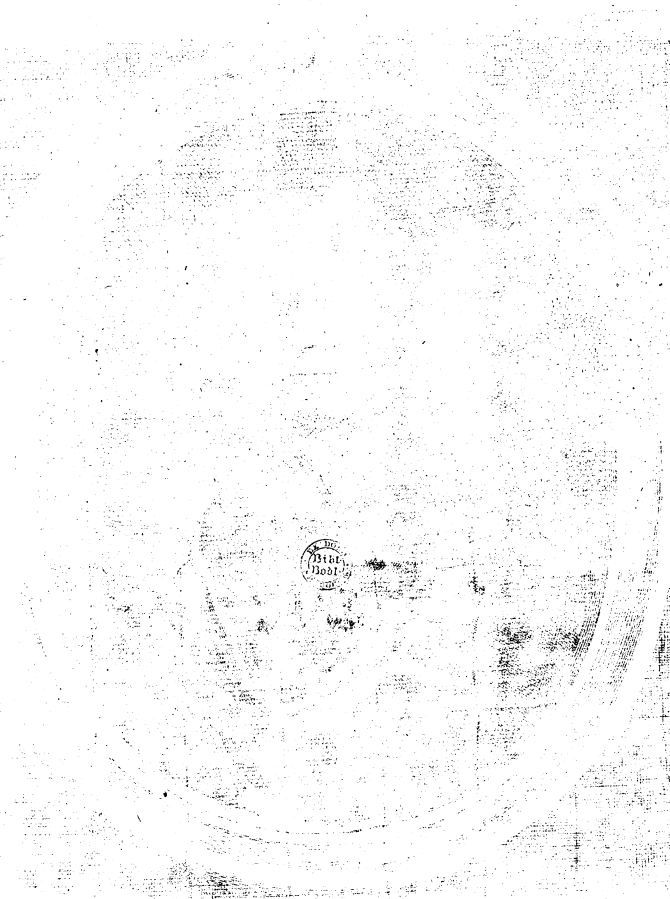
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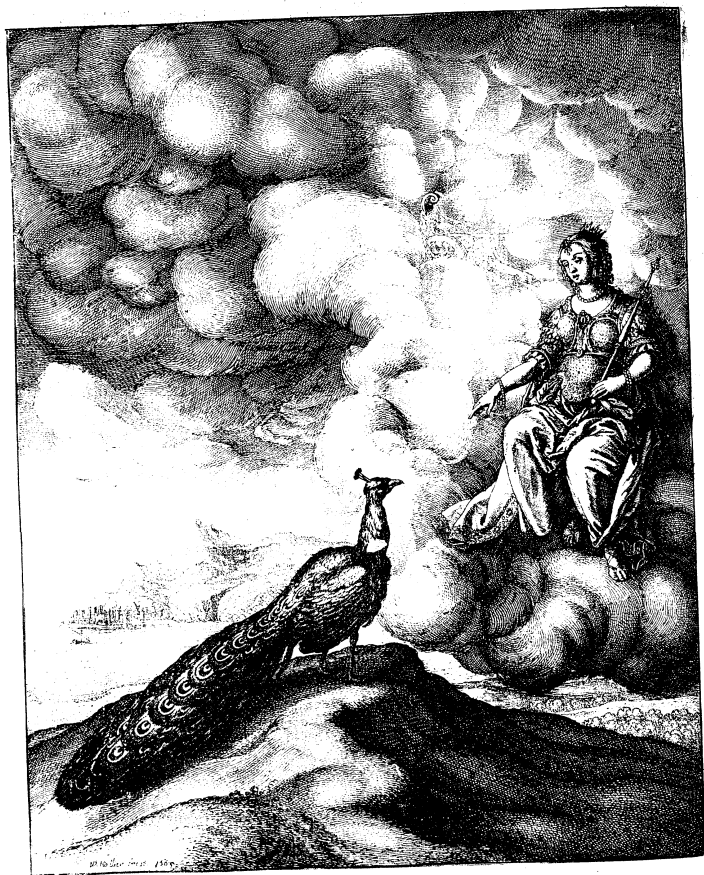
## CHARLES R.



**CHARLES** by the grace of God,  
King of England, Scotland,  
France, and Ireland, Defender of  
the Faith, &c. To all Our loving  
Subjects, of what degree, condition  
or quality soever, within Our King-  
doms and Dominions, Greeting: Whereas it hath been ma-  
nifested unto Us, that Our Trusty and Welbeloved, John  
Ogilby, Esq; Master of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of  
Ireland, hath at his great Charge, and expence of Time,  
Printed and Published, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculp-  
tures, Virgil translated, Homer's Iliads, Æsop Paraphras'd,  
and Our Entertainment in passing through Our City of  
London, and Coronation, together with Homer's Odyssey,  
and his former Æsop, with Additions and Annotations, in  
Folio. Know ye therefore, That it is Our Royal Pleasure,  
and We do by these Presents, upon the humble Request of  
Him the said Ogilby, streightly Charge, Prohibit, and  
Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the said Books in any  
Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the  
Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the Term of  
Fifteen years next ensuing the date of these Presents, with-  
out the Consent and Approbation of the said John Ogilby,  
his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, as they and every of them  
so offending, will answer the contrary at their utmost peril:  
Whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our  
City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obe-  
dience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under  
Our Signet and Sign Manual, at Our Court at White-hall,  
the 25<sup>th</sup> day of May, in the 17<sup>th</sup> Year of Our Reign, 1665.

By His Majesties Command,  
ARLINGTON.





Fab. 1.



# ÆSOP'S

## FABLES.

### The Second PART.

#### FAB. I.

#### Of Juno and the Peacock.



HUS on his Patronness her  
Bird did call,  
Oh thou that Emperess art of  
Heavens *White-ball*,  
Whom all the Gods in their Star-  
Chamber fate

Court and consult like *Jove*, or sullen Fate;  
Whom I so oft in dangers hurri'd by  
(\*) *Orion* the grand (\*) *Hector* of the Sky,  
The mighty Dragon, great and lesser Bears,  
And all the Monsters in their several spears,  
Hear my request, lest wanting your relief,  
I suffocate with overcharging grief.

B

Then

(\*) *Orion* was son to *Jupiter*, *Neptunus*, and *Mercury*, slain by a *Scorpion*, for his insolence towards *Diana*, then assum'd into the number of Constellations, whereof one bears his name. The rising of *Orion*, which as well as *Arcturus*, and the *Pleiades*, presag'd Storms, *Plin.* 18. 28.

(\*) *Hector* of the Sky, for when he riseth the debauchery of the Heavens and tempestuous weather begins.

As *Virgil.* *Æneid.* lib. 1.

*Cum subito assurgens fluitu nimborum Orion*  
*In vada ceca tulit, penitusque proci-*  
*bis Astris*

*Perque undas superante sale, perque*  
*invis facie*  
*Dispulsi: hinc pauci vestris adna-*  
*vum oris.*

When blustering *Orion* gull'd the skies,  
Tumultuous Storms us suddenly sur-  
prise,  
And upon dangerous shelves prevail-  
ing bore,  
Only a few were driven on your  
shore.

(a) *Georg. lib. 1.*  
*Conjurati caelum rescendere fratres*  
*Tur sunt conati impare Pelle Ossam*  
*Scilicet atque Ossæ fronsissimum involvere*  
*Olympum.*  
*Tur pater extrulles diisecit fulmine*  
*montes.*  
 The Conjurating Brethren thrice as-  
 sail'd  
 To pull down Heaven, Oss on Pelion  
 laid,  
 On Oss a green Olympus would have  
 thrown:  
 Thrice Jove with thunder threw  
 those Mountains down.  
 (b) *Claudian. l. 3. De rapto Pro-*  
*serpina.* — *Phlegreus silva superbis*  
*Excussis, totamq; nemini victoria vestit.*  
*Hic patuli villus, hic prodigiosa Gi-*  
*gantum*  
*Tergora depudent, & adhuc erudite*  
*mixtantur*  
*Affixa facies truncis, immensaq; ossa*  
*Serpentum passim tumulus exanguius*  
*allent.*  
*Et rigida multo suspicant fulmine*  
*pelles.*  
*Nullaque non magis jallat se neminis*  
*arbor, &c.*  
 — The Woods in Spoils Phle-  
 grean pride,  
 The whole Grove Victory cloath'd,  
 Here, Gapings wide  
 Of horrid Jaws; there, Backs of hi-  
 deous lize  
 Hung, and stark'd faces threatening still  
 the Skyes:  
 Huge Serpents Skeletons in bloodless  
 Piles,  
 There, bleaching white lay in volumi-  
 nous Coils,  
 Whole Scaly Sloughs smell with Sul-  
 phureous flame:  
 No Tree but boasts some mighty Gi-  
 ant's Name.  
 This, laden, under stern *Ægeon*  
 yields,  
 Who us'd an hundred Swords, as many  
 Shields;  
 That brags bold *Cornus* bloody Spoils:  
 thy, bears  
 The Arms of *Mimas*, that, *Opheus*'s  
 wears.  
 But higher than the rest, with spread-  
 ing shade,  
 A Firr *Enceladus* Crest and Corset  
 lade,  
 The Giants King; which with its  
 weight had broke,  
 If not supported by a neighb'ring  
 Oak.  
 Hence a Religious Aw preserves the  
 Woods,  
 And none dare wrong the Trophies  
 of the Gods.  
 (c) *Juno* is said to have her Chariot  
 drawn by Peacocks. *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*  
*Increscitur liquidum pavonibus æthera*  
*pulsis.*  
 Hence the *Sans* have the portrai-  
 ture of this Bird stamp upon their  
 Coins, because *Juno*, to whom this  
 Bird is dedicated, was by them ad-  
 red.

Then *Juno* said, You my old Servant are,  
 And long your business well perform'd with care;  
 What cr'e you ask, assure your self of me,  
 If feasible, if in my power it be,  
 If yet not granted by my Husband *Jove*,  
 Nor any other Deity above:  
 I owe you for your service in that night,  
 When all Heavens houses set not out one light,  
 The Sky in black to the *Horizon* hung,  
 When in a jealous fit Mad forth I flung,  
 Had'st not thou heard his waves my Brother rate,  
 Realms in commotion forming to a State,  
 We in the Hurly burly had been dipt,  
 And or'e our Stern rebellious Surges shipt;  
 When with a *Canceleere* thou drew'st to land,  
 Where his fine Mistress felt my heavy hand:  
 No more durst she me in my bed supplant,  
 Nor *Jove*, though arm'd with thunder, her Gallant.  
 Her in good humour finding, the glad Bird,  
 Thus his Petition to Heavens Queen prefer'd:  
 Now many years have circkling periods fill'd,  
 Since that the summon'd Gods a Council held,  
 When *Jove* and you were crown'd in Starrie Robes,  
 Or'e the celestial and terrestrial Globes,  
 Old *Saturn* slain, cov'nanting *(b)* Gyants slain,  
 Government chang'd, began your Silver Reign:  
 Then, Madam, I commanded forth by You,  
 Through milky pathes your golden *(c)* Chariot drew,  
 New Conquests visiting from Sphere to Sphere,  
 In this your Livery, which now I wear,  
 Lac'd with all colours deck both Earth and Skies,  
 Imbroider'd with a hundred *Argus* Eyes;  
 Yet I would prouder be of courtest Rags,  
 Than be the scorn of Linnets, Stares, and Mags;

My

My ill set Musick Wrens and Robins mock,  
 Nay Buzzards make my Notes their laughing stock.  
 Oh grant me *Philomel*'s enchanting Voice,  
 That I may You, and Gods, and Men rejoyce.  
 Then angry *Juno*, This no farther move,  
 Peculiar Gifts long since were past by *Jove*,  
 Perquisets, Fees, and their Immoluments,  
 And ratified with all the Gods consents:  
 To beg what is anothers Patent wave;  
 They to the Eagle strength, thee *(a)* beauty gave,  
 The *(b)* Raven fate, the *(c)* Crow ill luck to tell,  
 Chief *(d)* *Chorister* conferr'd on *Philomel*:  
 Take heed, lest I transform you to a Coot,  
 And sute your Livery to your Note and Foot.

(a) *Ælius* saith, that this Bird was  
 transported from the Barbarians to  
 the Grecians, at the beginning to rare,  
 that amongst the *Athensians* it was not  
 to be seen without money.

And further he relates, that *Alex-*  
*ander* the Great having seen this  
 Bird among the *Indians*, was so  
 much taken up in the admiration of  
 it, that he laid a heavy punishment  
 upon all those that should dare to  
 kill it. Whence *Marshall*.

*Miraris quæties geminatus explicat*  
*alas,*

*Et potes hunc sevostrare, dare,*  
*Cæ?*

When thou admiring on his wings  
 dost look  
 Him would'st thou kill, and send unto  
 the Cook?

(b) *Pierius* reports the Ravens  
 to portend future enmity between  
 two friends: wherefore he saith that  
 two of them performing an Eagle,  
 which sat upon the palace of *dyu-*  
*ssus*, were by her cast to the ground,  
 even at that time when he trans-  
 fer'd the bands of the *Triumviri* into  
*Bononia*, they prefiged and foretold  
 the civil wars and fatal battel at *Phi-*  
*lippi*.

(c) *Virgil Eclog. 1.*  
*Sæpi fœstia cavâ prædixit ab Ilia*  
*cornis.*

Ah! had we not been blind, the un-  
 lucky Crow  
 Oft from th' old Elm this mischief  
 did foreshow.

(d) *Isidorus* saith, that she is called  
*Lucinia*, as if *Lucina*, because by  
 her singing she doth denote day  
 breaking.

## MORAL.

Some, all Injoyments slight, what they have not,  
 Though mean the Augmentation, must be got;  
 So those, that in felicity may dwell,  
 In quest of trifles make their Heaven a Hell.

FAB.

## FAB. II.

*Of the Oxe and Dog in the Manger.*

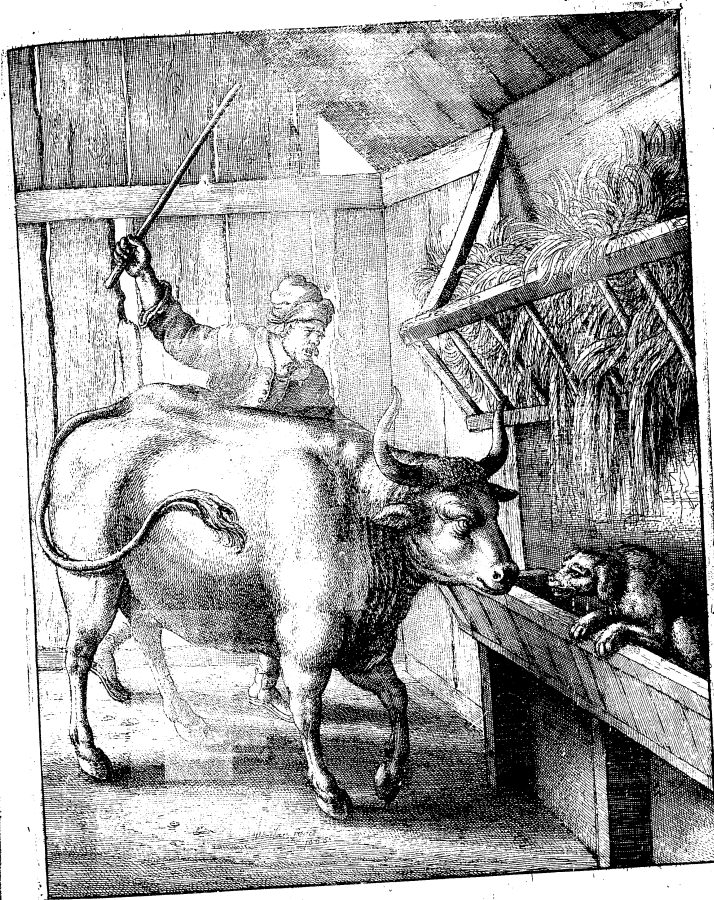
(a) *Pierius* reports, that amongst the Greek Authors the Oxe is called *ταύρος*, because he is ordained and appointed to labour about the earth. The Mathematicians observe, that those Children which are born, when the Sun enters into *Taurus*, are condemned to perpetual servitude, for which cause the *Tyrians*, having entered upon the building of *Carrage*, broke off their work upon the finding of an Oxe's head, which strange sight portended nothing but anxious labour: until such time as they found a Horse's head, which being not long after, they renewed their former resolution.

(b) One of which kind of monstrous after-Births there is an Anatomy to be seen at *Amsterdam*.

**T**O day this Oxe gave more than ample proof  
Of patient (a) labour by his gravel'd Hoofs,  
His back and sides pinck'd o're with nettling Goads,  
Turning hard Gleab in ridges wide as Roads,  
Who late, and tyr'd, unyok'd went to his Stall,  
Not doubting there he should to supper fall,  
Seeing full Mangers, and his well known place,  
When up a Fury started in his face,  
Jaws dropping foam, his fierce eyes darting flame,  
A curst Curr, *Cromwell* his loathed name;  
Dutch *Cromwell* a wild (b) *Sooterkin* his Sire,  
The Off-spring of a Stove and smothering Fire;  
Whom, e're the Nurse or Midwife could atatch  
To stifle, pregnant made his Mothers Brach;  
She in her pangs had all the *Ufroes* help,  
When her whole Litter prov'd this single *Whelp*,  
Who snarling kept the Oxe thus at a bay,  
Not suffering him to touch one lock of Hay.

Then said the troubled Oxe, Pray Sir forbear,  
I know you stand for no Protector here;  
Why then thus drive you me from Cates prepar'd?  
Who toyl, from Viſuals should not be debar'd.  
Soon as the Dawn vermil'd her paler Brow,  
I and my Yoaks-mate Harnes'd were at plough,  
Where Clods and Stones we up in Furrows tore,  
Fallow had layn at least nine years before;  
My Brother quite wrought out, harraſ'd and tyr'd,  
Fainting, dropt down, and suddenly expir'd:

They



They swore he fain'd, I sigh'd to see him fall,  
 Yet rest expected at his Funeral:  
 But then our cruel Goader put me to  
 A double task, the work that both should do.  
 I know you at your Masters elbow wait,  
 And seldom shift, I'm sure, an empty Plate;  
 Know, in the Hall, Kitchen, and Larder, you,  
 Besides your Vails, take more than what's your due;  
 How in the Beggars Dole you go a snip,  
 And I have seen you miching after Sheep:  
 Why drive you me then from my well known Crib,  
 And from what you disdain to touch, thus snib?

Who growling thus reply'd, ~~Err, err~~, I hate  
 Wretches maintain themselves by toyl and sweat;  
 My Mother told me once, to her reproach,  
 A Whelp she drew a little <sup>(\*)</sup> *Todpolls* Coach;  
 No Idlers suffer'd in United Bogs,

There they turn Spits, draw water, plough with Dogs;  
 Those who are born to beat their Brains and toil,  
 Their fortunes despicable are and vile.

Whil'st the poor Oxe stood chewing a reply,  
 Their Master, well observing them, drew nigh,  
 And with a Cudgel spiteful *Cromwell* bang'd,  
 And after, for like misdemeanors, hang'd.

(\*) Alluding to the Paraphrase  
 Fable of the Frogs inform'd that the  
 Sun would marry, beginning thus;

Low Country Provinces, United  
 Bogs,  
 Once distress'd States, now *Bogen*  
*Bogen* Frogs, &c.

## MORAL.

*Who others drive from that themselves not use,  
 Those Dogs in dublets worse than Turks or Jews,  
 Such cross-grain'd Currs, may they in want implore,  
 Finding no pity, Bread from Dore to Dore.*

C

F A B.

## FAB. III.

*Of the Leopard, the Fox, and the Ass.*

SOON as the Sun, dayes glorious Lamp, arose,  
 Nights glittering Guards retir'd to their repose,  
 The new made Master of the Royal Game,  
 Lord Leopard, to a Chrystal Fountain came,  
 Where he the Fox and Ass at watering met,  
 Not of his new Employment hearing yet ;  
 To whom he said, Congees forbear and Caps,  
 I hate all Complements and formal Fops ;  
 You are my Tenants, at this living Spring  
 Let's *tope* a while, a Health, here's to the King,  
 Who last night graciously my Warrant sign'd,  
 You know my place, but I'll to you be kind,  
 Your former Walks shall all confirmed be,  
 Onely my Secretary pay his Fee :  
 And since the morning smiles, no sign of change,  
 Let's take the Air, and through the Forrest range,  
 And if by chance on a fat Buck we fall,  
 We'll share alike, and be hail fellows all.  
 They take his word, at the first motion joyn'd,  
 As if Indentures tripartite were sign'd ;  
 And singling out a well fed Dear they slew,  
 Expecting, as agreed upon, their due.

Then spake the Leopard in a rougher stile ;  
 You <sup>(a)</sup> Ass come hither and divide the spoil :  
<sup>(b)</sup> Reynard's a cunning snap, you may be Just,  
 But ah ! in this bad world whom shall we trust ?  
 When Beasts call'd Saints, that only have a form  
 Of Godliness, rage with a greedy Worm.

The Ass commission'd thus, as soon as said,  
 The *Quarrie* out in three divisions laid,

(a) Ovid brings in *Asides*, for his preferring *Pan's* rustic Song before the divine Hymne of *Apollon*, thus by the Gods to be punished, that those Humane ears which erred in Judgment might be transformed into an Ass's.

(b) Horat. *De Arte Poetica*.  
*Nunquam te fallent animi sub Pulpe latentes.*  
 Let none Thee like a cunning Fox deceive.

*Lucretius* saith, that this Creature is naturally crafty and subtle.

*Varro* saith, that such is the subtlety of this creature, that from thence the word *Vulpinari* was made, which the *Greeks* call *δραμιζω*.



Fab. 3.

His Honour then beseeching first to chuse ;  
 A while he pondring stood, as in a Muse ;  
 Voleys of Oaths at last a passage found,  
 That made Earth tremble, and the Groves resound :  
 Thus closing all ; Now by the Lyons Head,  
 Thou wert in some Malignant City bred,  
 Thus learn'st thou there to weigh out, slice, and mince,  
 Thus measur'd they Rebellion 'gainst their Prince,  
 Dividing in the late unnatural stirs  
 The Lyons Ermine, and his Nobles Furs ;  
 Skimmers on Stalls, took in their cruel Toils,  
 Hung Panthers Vests, and Leopards <sup>(c)</sup> gaudy Spoils :  
 Thus raving, at the Innocent he flies,  
 Soon guiltless blood the salvage Monster dyes.

Then turning to the Fox, bids him divide ;  
 At his Friends fortune strangely terrifi'd :  
 Soon as the Shares he up in one could get,  
 Himself and them casts humbly at his feet ;  
 Who smiling said, The Court you understand,  
 And Great ones Power well as Law Cases scand :  
 How could you hit, at what he shot so wide ?  
 I took my aim from him, the Fox repli'd ;  
 Here lyes the President shall bear your Cause,  
 And fetch you off with honour and applause  
 In any Court, prove this a mild rebuke,  
 And how the fawcie Beast himself mistook.

Then said the Leopard, You to purpose speak,  
 Lay the whole burthen on the Asses back,  
 Then shall the Countrey, and the City too,  
 Bring thee more work than all the Inns can do,  
 For such a Lawyer, active, wise and stout,  
 That labours well, can bring what's what about,  
 Blanch Crows, turn Cat in Pan a thousand wayes,  
 Who will not such to Wealth and Honour raise ?

But

(c) Oppian.

*Versicolor pellis nitida micat aurea  
 fusco  
 Interfusa nigris maculis candore ni-  
 tenti.*  
 The various Colour'd Leopards Skin  
 behold,  
 Whose black Gown shines with Silver  
 Struts and Gold.

But he who e're to this fat Buck pretends,  
Had better, *Dam Me*, eat his Trotters ends.

## MORAL.

*'Tis dangerous to deal with Heffring Lords,  
That seldom pay but such as carry Swords,  
Bonds, Bills, not signifie when sure's the Debt,  
If due at l' Hombre, or a Game at Beat.*



## F A B. IV.

*Of the Fox and the Porcupine.*

Sir Reynard's Pregnant Madam now grown big,  
 Long'd to Eat Swine's flesh, Bacon, Pork, or Pig;  
 T' inspect the Haslet and the bleeding Heart,  
 Else with her quickning Embrio she must part:  
 Thus hastned forth, to store with fresh supplies  
 His Fainting Wife, a Porcupine he spies;  
 Then joyful, said; What need I farther prog?  
 Yon Urchin, that small parcel of a Hog,  
 Will ease her Fit: But how shall I take in  
 This Armors Hall, this thwack'd up Magazene?  
 To storm a Fort so fortifi'd, decline;  
 When Reynard thus began to undermine.

Oft have I seen you, Sir, and wondred long,  
 How like an Army forty thousand strong  
 You brandisht Pikes, Shafts ready drawn to shoot,  
 Would dim the Sun, and rout both Horse and Foot;  
 Such moving Towers that so could Javlines spend  
 The Lion's Army might entrench'd defend.

Had th' <sup>(a)</sup> Okeland Fleet, in every Vessel two  
 Such Engins quivers could unload like you,  
 Useless were bouncing Broad-sides, without noyse  
 Decks would be cleer'd of big bon'd Belgick Boys:

But why where Quiet reigns, in such a Heat  
 Walk you the sultry Streets in Arms compleat?  
 Sweat with a Load would break a Camels back:  
 When your grand Cutters, and your greatest Heck  
 On each Punctilio fight as they would Play,  
 And lightly Arm'd with Whittles, Kill and Slay.  
 Divided parties after a thrown Glas,  
 About, a Straw, a Feather, or a Lais,

D

Fiercely



Fable IV.

(a) Alluding to Great Britain, in the Map form'd like an Oak-leaf, as Ireland a Bears Foot, and Italy resembling a Man's Leg. Strabo.

Fiercely engage, and warm with *Gallick* bouls,  
Tap with steel Spigots one anothers Souls ;

Oft, as by Night, Glafs Windows go to wrack,  
When they the Warch and Conftable attack,  
Though fractures happen, and brains beaten out,  
Th'are not fo often Routed as they Rout.

But the *French Ape* the *Urchin Turk* ore-threw,  
Each loaden with a Magazeene like you ;  
Your *Jeffries* mounted with short Swords and Daggs,  
Cleer'd the Champaigne of silver crested Flags :  
Wear, Sir, a Velt, like persons of your Note,  
A Golden Bauldrick over-thwart your Coate,  
Which from Affronts you better fhall fecure :  
This Load once laid afide you'll ne'r endure.

When thus the furly *Porcupine* Replies ;  
I fmell a *Fox* ! ftand farther I advife !  
No nearer draw ! You like a Bailiff look,  
And I ftand charg'd upon the Taylor's Book :

I that have made of Alleys and By-ways,  
Maps of this City, and no mean Effaies  
Of places Privileg'd, each Nook and Lane  
A War Defensive better to maintain,  
Hardly will now into Arrest be gull'd,  
By Dogs in Doublets to the Counter pull'd ;  
A red Beard Sergeant, Pewter-button'd too !  
More Cruel are than Devil, Turk, or Jew.

### MORAL.

*Thofe subtleft are, beft know how to Trepan  
Into belief, the Apprehenfive Man :  
Yet oft their Labours but fmall Audits make,  
Dash'd by fome Surly Fool, or grofs Miftake.*



Tab. 5

F A B. V.

Of the Swan and Stork,

**T**Hat Formal Fowl, the grand *Canary-Bird*,  
Who first in our so late Rebellion stir'd;  
Prime Leader of the Hypocritical Crew,  
Who Swearing hate, as much as telling True;  
Th' Antimonarchical Republick <sup>(a)</sup> *Stork*,  
Steps forth be-moded, now your only Spark:  
His Steeple-Hat reduc'd, and treacherous Ruff,  
To a Low crown, short Sword, Vest, Coat, and Muff;  
Struck into fresh Employment, new his place  
Chang'd, with his Habit, Character and Face:  
Who after Scepter-rifling, Wealthie grown,  
His Nest well Feather'd, Pluming of the Crown:  
The long-bill'd Bird his old Note changing sings,  
*I am the King's Canary-Bird! the Kings!*  
Who stalking through the Strand, thus to a <sup>(b)</sup> *Swan*  
Meeting by chance, facetiously began.

Oh my kind Foe, my old Antagonist,  
We shall no more enter the Wrangling List,  
And there in hot Disputes, and testie jars,  
Fight Tooth and Nail, the *Stork's* and *Eagle's Wars*;  
I in those Counter-suffles plaid the Wag,  
Dang'rous to whisper then, what now I brag:  
I sent the King good store of Plate and Coyn,  
From Friends Collected, and no small part Myne;  
And now intrust am with my Gracious Prince:

But what Preferment, Friend, may Yours be since:  
Your Loyal Pen not only merits Praise,  
But some Preferment, well as Wind and Baies.

Who thus reply'd; I'm glad you look so brisk,  
No danger Running now, the Royal Risk,

D 2

Your

(a) *Storks* are observ'd to breed only in Republicks, as *Venice*, *Switzerland*, *Geneva*, *Holweria*, and the *Low-Countries*.

(b) *Swans* are Birds Royal, and so the King's Game.

Your Garb and Weeds are alter'd much ! how big  
Your *Storkship* looks ! Owl'd in a Periwig !  
But wearing Time makes alterations strange,  
And to Extreame Fashions and Humors change ;  
What Crimes were Love-locks and long hair of late,  
When who e'r came before a Magistrate,  
Proud of exuperant Curles, his Cause, what e'r  
Till those he had reform'd, they would not hear.  
That frenzie o'r these Persecutors were  
Themselves not only for a Cap of Hair,  
But ranker Harvests reapt from Damsels Heads,  
Curl'd Tresses flowing to their Girdle-steads :  
And some believe e'r long, who look not big,  
Before the peruck'd Bench, Wig facing Wig,  
Shall run th' old Ruffians Risk, his Knights o'th' Post,  
And good Cause larded well with Bribes, be lost.

But as for me, and *Swan's* Affairs, the *Thames*  
Few *Signets* breeds, low run his famous streams ;  
Banks, once resounding notes more sweet and higher  
Than *Rome* ere boasted, or the *Grecian* Quire  
Ring with Rime dogrel, Travesties, so loose

They would not serve a Ballad gagling (a) *Goose* ;

No heats of Love, no points of Honour rage,

But soft Alternate whynings cool the Stage ,

Deboish'd Nocturnals belch'd by toping Owls,

Decoy in flocks both Court and City Fowls,

Where Hee'ring Castrills 'mongst young Merlins sit,

Admiring Non-sense, little, or no wit.

And you, Sir *Stork*, that hated once a Play ,

As Fiends, and Birds of Night to see the day ,

Grin at chang'd Scenes, and edifying *Jocks*,

'Mongst Knighted *Dams*, and Parlimental flocks.

Then said the *Stork*, Birds of my Coat and feather,  
Like Steeple-Cocks, turn round with wind and weather ;  
And

(a) Alluding to a foolish Poet named *Anser*, an Emulator of *Virgil*, whom *Servius* takes notice of, in *Eclg.* 7. and again in *Eclg.* 9. thus he writes,

— *Argutus Anser strepit inter alios.*

— The *Goose* 'mongst warbling *Swans* appears.

and affirms, that he writ the *Acts of Anthony*, and therefore the more magnitud'd by our Author,

And I that late at Directories late  
Hearing demurely tedious Pulpit-prate ;  
Am pleas'd with wit, and Sanctifie as well,  
When pretty Ducklings Dance like *Mir* or *Nell*.

I care not so my self not tumble down,  
Who gets the best, the Copper or the Crown :  
All Winds serve us, we Tack to every Port,  
*Committee-Birds*, *Canary* now at Court.

Kings Chambers open lye, the *Eagle* Knights  
*Daws*, *Rooks*, and *Owls*, 'mongst gentle *Falcons*, *Kites*.

### MORAL.

Princes should cast a serene Look on all,  
But if Preferments on the wrong side fall,  
Those who present them, lesser they should trust ;  
Kings ne'r, but Favourites may be unjust.

E

FAB.

## FAB. VI.

*Of the Cramb'd Capons and the Lean one.*

Cock-chickens *Makes* his brood, birds of the game,  
By Decastration freed from *Venus* flame,  
And Duel Heats; no more these little *Heck*  
Spurs yet but burgeond use, or tender Beaks,  
Disputing senseless jars on slender scores,  
For Crums, a barley Corn, or vain Amours:  
But pen'd up live an Abby Lubbers life,  
Where to be Fattest was their only strife:  
With Rice and Reasons cramb'd in several Pastes,  
Large Capons strut with *Hogen Mogen* Waftes!  
Whose Leg *Pierce Plowman* would a Meal afford,  
Like <sup>(a)</sup> *Brussels* breed, or a *Geneva* Bird!

(a) *Brussels*, and *Geneva*, Famous  
for large Poultry.

Yet one of these, *Jean de Capoon*, who made  
Them all the sport, grew pensative and sad;  
Feasts feed not him, he dwindling pines away,  
Fearing that Scores would be, and Sawce to pay;  
Th's took all Relish from his Cates and Jokes,  
When *Jack a Lent* mop't like a *John an Oker*:  
The Corpulent Fraternitie thus charg'd.

What ailst thou? that with us still over gorg'd,  
Liv'st at full Pleasure in a plenteous coupe,  
Yet like the Picture dost of Famine droop;  
Since cur'd of Love, which keeps poor Mortals low,  
Why lookst thou like a *Rook*, or *Carrion Crow*?  
Thy Mirth that fed us more than all our Feasts,  
So in abusive and such savorie jests  
No clintch drie bobs nor borrow'd, good-wits jump,  
Lyes silenc'd in a Melancholy dump.

Who



FAB. VI.

Who now grown serious, gravely thus repli'd ;

The Steward Audits will for us provide :

He must be backwards read, if understood,

His Treatments signifie your Flesh and Blood ;

He on our Bodies and Estates will fall,

And bring us under *Premunire* all :

Oft in he peeps, and counts us with his Staff,

You may, but I small reason see to laugh :

In his sowre Looks I read some dire Design,

Which makes poor *John* to languish thus, and pine.

Just as he spake, the *Major Domo* comes,

At one breath thus pronouncing all their Dooms.

*Grannie*, these *Capons* must one *Charger* fill,

That *Rascal* spare, but all the fat ones kill.

My Lord to morrow a grand *Monsieur* treats,

That dish'd, like *Lark*, on *Chapooner Boulie* eats :

But we must have an *Oleo* and a *Bisk* ;

For *Fin-fan Madam*, and fastidious *Brisk*,

Potages, grounds for Sawce, will cost my Lord

What a whole Month would keep a Country-board ;

Chick-peepers must be had, all sorts of Squabs,

For our Dames Gallants, and his Lady Drabs ;

They for sweet change upon each other wink :

Whilest Rents comes slowly in, thus flies the Chink.

This said, he *exits*, huffing with a Curse,

Whilest to make ready, hobbles *Granny Nurse*.

Poor *Capon John*, though for his brethren sad,

This short Survey of both their Fortunes made.

## MORAL.

*A Short Life and a Merry, many cry,  
Yet curse rich Wine and Surfeits e'r they dy.*

*Others long Poverty spin out till Age,  
Their Lives whole business scarce worth one Potage.*

## FAB. VII.

## Of the Fox and Bush.

**S**Wains forth, and Masters, Lords and Tenants  
*Fox-hal* beleagu'r'd e'r the purpling dawn; (drawn,  
 Resolv'd for Injuries both to Man and Beast,  
 Themselves with Sport and sweet Revenge to Feast,  
*Reynard* Alarm'd, feeling shady Roofs  
 Shaken with clamors, Dogs, and thundring Hoofs;  
 With mazing Terror struck, Life at the stake,  
 No use could of his Quirks and Quidits make;  
 He that his Country Neighbours, kept in Awe,  
 With *Fox-sir* only, and the name of Law:  
 In Court too, so much Power and Interest gain'd,  
 That some said *Reynard*, not the *Lion* Raign'd;  
 Who hanging on the King by either ear,  
 Made *Igrim* wait, *Brune* his Dancing Bear,  
 Attending when his Leisure would vouchsafe  
 They, or their Clients might Admittance have,  
 Who now from beat up quarters takes his flight,

(4) The Fox is observ'd to be the subtlest Beast in preying, and most discompos'd and silly when in danger of his life, then trusting only to his heels,

And a Course shews them twenty Miles out-right. (4)

To him much tir'd, his Spirits almost spent,  
 A sheltring *Bush* her self seems to present;  
*Tborn-Castle*, in for Safety he retires,  
 Forcing his passage through a stand of Briers,  
 With some small buggle, and a little scratch,  
 Mastering a surly and assiduous Watch;  
 Who when Pursuers he no more could hear,  
 His Wits recovering stupi'd with Fear;  
 Thus threatned he the Captain of the Fort:

Of your Behaviour I'll inform the Court.  
 How dare you keep a Privy-Couns'ler out?  
 When open lyes to Robbers your Redoubt,

TOWN



Fable 7

Town *Bulls* and *Goats* by you unquestion'd, Sin,  
 And make this Brothel-house their constant Inn;  
 To those shun Justice, or the Kings Impres,  
 You grant Protection in this dark Recess:  
 But Loyal Subjects, when pursu'd by Foes,  
 Thus to their cruel Mercie you expose.

To whom the Captain of the Castle spake;  
 You are Sir *Reynard*, if I not mistake,  
 Such Counsellors the *Lion* may have store:  
 To take the Scepter, You advis'd the *Boare*,  
 His Brawnie Shields, with Ermine to infold,  
 And Swinish Temples Crown with sacred Gold;  
 That Writs and Pleas might run as erst they were,  
 No matter who contaminates the Chair!  
 What *Dog*? what cursed Cur or Hel-hound Raign'd?  
 So Lawyers Props and timber-work remain'd:  
 I scorn your Threats, and though my Spear fell short,  
 I with thee all these Javelins in thy Heart.

## MORAL.

The Proud, and Rich, Death knocking at their Gates,  
 Oft for a Horse will offer their Estates:  
 The Fear once o'r, they to themselves return,  
 Resuming soon their former Pride and Scorn.

FAB.

## FAB. VIII.

*Of the Fox and the Crow.*

**T**His *Crow* a dainty piece of Cheese had nim'd,  
 Most Authors say, all of Newmilk unskim'd,  
 But of what kind or sort scarce one agrees,  
 Whether our Home-made, or else Forein Cheese:  
 Yet both sides hearken to, a Reverend *Bard*,  
 Who *Cambrian* styles the Theft, so rank and hard,  
 Since it not melted in her watry Mouth,  
 'Mongst humid Vapours and the Wind at South,  
 And Smell, which through the ambient Air convey'd  
 To *Reynard's* nostrils, so quick passage made;  
 Whose Nose at random mounted, thence he hies,  
 And running, plots how to obtain the Prize:  
 Nor long he for the *Crow* nor Morfel search'd,  
 But found her on a branching *Alder* peach'd.

To whom he said; O thou most Heavenly Fair,  
 Whose Plumes like Peacocks trains, or Rainbows are!  
 Th' imbroider'd Lights and Shadows of thy Wings  
 Richer than Coronation Suits of Kings:  
 I thought you Black, when in a Mourning Gown  
 And Vizard-mask you lately came to Town:  
 But now that shade, and envious Curtain drawn,  
 So *Venus* glitters ushering in the Dawn.

Ah could you sing! To these add Heavenly Notes,  
 I should procure you both the Houſes Votes  
 To be the King's *White Crow*; He keeps fine Birds,  
 That please him with new Songs, and well-ſet VVords,  
 VVhen he from burthening care himſelf unloads,  
*Musiſick and Beauty conquer Men and Gods.*

But, *Madam*, if at no ſuch heights you aim  
 Not firſt to ſoar, yet covetous of Fame,

You



You, I'll my self, and all my Friends engage,  
To make the Prop and Glory of the Stage,  
Where in the Comick and the Tragick Scene  
You Women shall undoe, as well as Men;  
Those daies you A&, what Worlds will there resort?  
Both from the Country, City, and the Court.

The fond Bird at the Court and Stages Name;  
Straight dreamt her self a Beauty of the Game;  
The Glory of the Scene, the King's White Bird:  
Why may not she be Married to a Lord?

Thus wandring in her own Fools Paradise,  
Offering to Sing, down drops the favourie Slice;  
Which *Reynard* seiz'd, streight swallowing as his own;  
Then said, Foul Witch, in that *French* russet Gown,  
Thought'st thou thy self the *Phoenix*? ugly Toad!  
More like Old *Nick's* Neece in that mouldy Hood.

This said; he fleeing, leaves her full of woe,  
Remembring then her self a Carion Crow.

### MORAL.

Flatterie wide doors to Climbing Spirits open,  
Beneath their Scorn, then seem all former Hopes;  
Dreaming to great Preferments they aspire,  
Awak'd with Dun, th' are stabled in the Mire.

F A B.

## FAB. IX.

*Of the Crab and her Mother.*

**H**Ad ever *Hiolding Crabat* such a *Miene*?  
 Stil hobling side-ward, thy foul claws turn'd in!  
 Bafe Maggots in a Magnifying Glafs  
 'Mongst Chedar Common-wealths more comly pace,  
 Conducting busie *Mites* from Grange to Grange,  
 Forts raising or to build their new Exchange.

How wouldst thou of Step-stately Ladies learn,  
 To raise a Dust, trailing thy Silken stern;  
 Couldst thou but get into the City Vain,  
 To trip up *Maiden*, or down *Mincing-Lane*;  
 I might be pleas'd with such a decent Sight,  
 Though Modesty be out of fashion quite.

Thus Beldam *Crab*, her *Crablin* Daughter chid,  
 Because she hirpl'd as her Mother did.

When thus her ill-pac'd Little one reply'd;  
 Still you lie Baiting, alwayes Braul and Chide;  
 Examples are best Precepts, Talk's but talk,  
 Leave finding fault, and shew me how to Walk.

The Mother then; Daughter y' are very short,  
 Though Blows more fit than Words are, to retort;  
 I'll take advice; Come! bridle close your Chin,  
 Thrust out your Breast, and keep your Belly in.

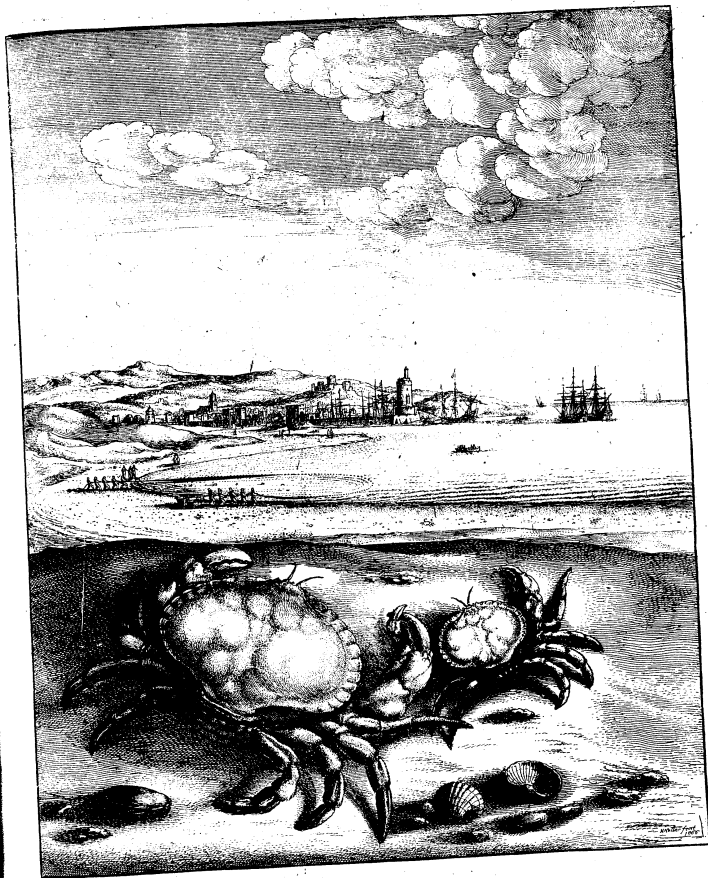
When I was Young, and little as thou art,  
 I led a *Bevie* fir'd by *Cupid's* Dart,  
 From Mountain Seats to pay accusom'd Scores

In *Thetis* VVatery Court to brisk Amours;

VVith steady and Majestick pace we walk'd,

Nor (\*) Precipices, Rocks, nor Rivers baulk'd,

(\*) The *Crabs* are observ'd at Spawning-time, in the *Western-Isles*, to come down from the Mountains to the Sea in a direct Line, not baulking Houses, Rocks, or whatever obstructs their passage.



Ne'r deviating step, till in the Main,  
Brisk Males attending us did entertain.

Come, follow me, I once did learn to Dance;  
Walk'd stately measures that ne'r came from *France*;  
The *Fairy Court* admir'd me, and *Queen Mab*  
Grew Jealous, though grown now a wither'd *Crab*;  
So! to the Right, nor to the Left hand swerve,  
But me your Mother, punctually observe.

Th' old Beldam thus, Hipshotten and Bunch back,  
Deni'd by Nature, Amble, Trot, or Rack,  
Her Daughter taught, to whom at last she said;  
You tread awry, and I move Retrograde:  
My steps like yours, as Coyn drops from the Mint,  
With like Impressions yielding sand imprint:  
But if my Observations be true,

Court Madams waddle now like me or you;  
Who should Exemplars be, give others Rules,  
Waving Formalities of Boarding-Schools,  
Taking proud freedoms scorn restraintive Law,  
Like Ships in Storms at Anchor rowl and Yaw,  
No more 'gainst me and my Behaviour preach,  
First learn your self, and then your Daughter teach;

*Who best are stor'd with Ignorance and Pride,  
Most others Imbecillities Deride.*

## MORAL.

*Age, Youth Instructs, Vices what'er to shew,  
Whilst Children o'r their Parents Footsteps run:  
Mothers their Daughters in the Oven find  
Where once They hid; and Cat will after Kind.*

## F A B. X.

*Of the Bald Man and the Fly.*

**T**He *Sun* and *Syrus* in Combustion joyn'd,  
 Broil'd Rivers, and gave Fiery breath to wind;  
 Whilst fultry Atoms moving from the South  
 The Air inflam'd as from an Ovens Mouth,  
 Which Heat on broody moysture Insects forms,  
 Buzzing about on Sarfnet Wings in Swarms.

A weary Swain with sweltering beams grown Faint,  
 Ready almost in his own brine to taint;  
 Down in a Checkering Bower and frett-work shade  
 Sate to Repose, and by his Bonnet laid,  
 Rubs his high Forehead where had once been Hair,  
 Now many lusters; *Oberon's* Bowling Bare,  
 Where 'mongst the fringing Purlues oft *Queen Mab*,  
 With her Gallant *Pigwiggan* play'd the Drab.

On this strange Spectacle Sir *Cranion* look'd:  
 As on a Calves-head in the Shambles Cook'd,  
 By Heat, and Drowth, and *Phæbus* busie Raies,  
 Made fit for his impregnating Essâies;  
 The *Fly* in high case novel beauty warms,  
 They *Death* and *Danger* slight, that *Cupid* arms.  
 The fierce Amour falls on like Mad or Drunk,  
 And eager thrusts in his bane-breathing Trunk.

The Swain at once a tickling felt, and smart  
 From Poyson of th' injected venom'd Dart;  
 Plotting Revenge, the *Fly* how to dispatch,  
 At once the Criminal Punish and Attach,  
 He lifts his Hand up softly, with a rap,  
 To dissipate him like a Butcher's Flap;  
 Which coming down swift as the Ax and Lead,  
 That falls upon the Malefactor's Head;

Yet



Tab. 10.

Yet he on Wings expanded makes Escape,  
Triumphing at the bravery of the Rape;  
And that the Rustick he had so trepan'd,  
To make him hurt himself with his own Hand.

Then said the *Swain*, Laugh'st thou that thee I mist?  
Bruising my Forehead with my falling Fist;  
If I had catch'd thee, I had beat as flat  
Thy boneless body as a limber Groat;  
Thou that hast drunk my Blood and pierc'd my Flesh,  
And thus insult'st, hadst now been made a Mesh.

Who thus reply'd; Such Swains, be who thou wilt;  
I scorn not able their bald Crowns to quilt;  
Old *Dams* and wrinkled *Rooks* here sheath their heads,  
In Life-hair Perucks to their girdle-steads:  
But you with unthatch'd Sconce, give thanks to Fate;  
That I have done my business on your Pate;  
Before your empty Noddle now is sped,  
You ne'r shall want a Maggot in your Head,  
There you will find Ingredients, that shall  
Tickle your addle Brains both Spring and Fall.

## MORAL.

When you enrag'd, Revenge for Injuries Plot,  
Take special care your self you Injure not;  
Lest Scoffers fall on you with less remorse,  
Than those that can with jeering kill a Horse.

## FAB. XI.

## Of the Rustick and his Ox.

**O**H most despightful and unworthy Beast !  
What? wilt thou never work, yet always feast?  
There must be Audits, if you'll nothing doe;

Or Sweat, or Pay ; Why who are you Sir ? you ;  
Go'st thou not daily to the Eyes in Grass ?  
What must your Dung for satisfaction pass ?

Are not your Mangers stuff'd ? brim-full your Cists ?  
I'll fetch my pen'orths from these Larded Ribs.

Thus said the Swain to his Rebellious Ox,  
Who butts for Blows returns, and spurns for Knocks.

Then spake the Beast ; Art not asham'd to beat  
Me for not Working, and our Master Cheat ?

How can they Service do that want their Pay ?  
Fed with Dank Provender and Musty Hay ?

Whilst I am sterv'd, like one of *Pharob's* Kine,  
What should my Belly fill, your Coffers line :

But this not all the Quarrel, though all truth,  
Thou rob'st me of my Dowcets in my Youth ;

Which odious Injury so ill I brook,  
That now stand by, forsooth, and only look ;

I could well wish, such my Revenge should be  
Day through both sides thy treacherous heart may see.

Brave are those flames that kindle in the Male,  
Viewing a beauteous Heifer in the Vale ;

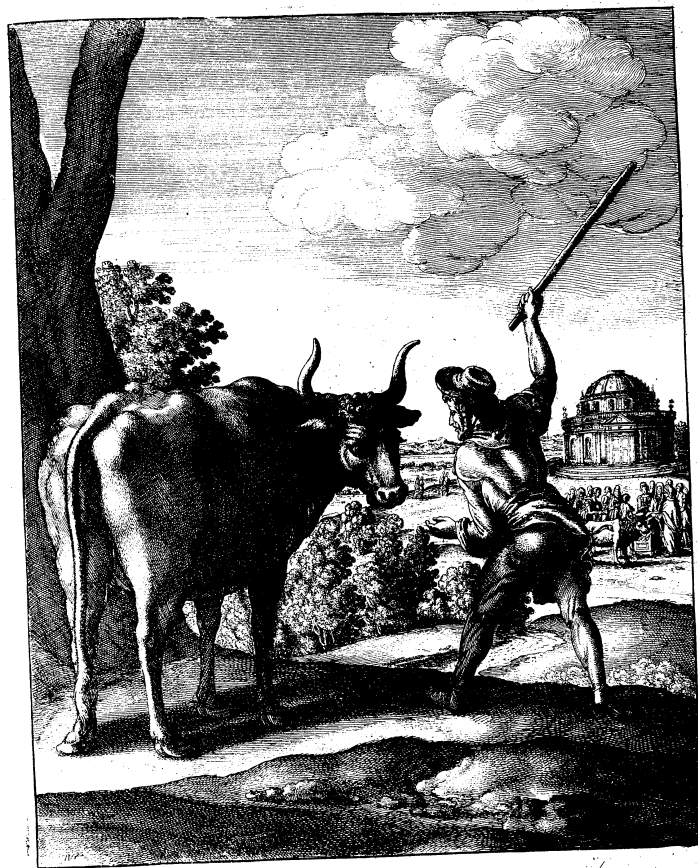
Sure 'tis a Heavenly War, delightful Rage !  
When (\*) *Bulls*, spur'd on by Rivalship, engage :

When (\*) *Bulls*, spur'd on by Rivalship, engage :

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we  
Two Bulls engage in bloody Battel see ;

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we  
Two Bulls engage in bloody Battel see ;

So when from *Syla*, or *Taburnus*, we  
Two Bulls engage in bloody Battel see ;



(\*) See Virg. Georg. lib. 2.  
Atque Ideo Tauri proci, atq;  
in silva relictant  
Pastura est montem oppositum, & trans  
flumina lata  
Atque interclusus saturas ad præcipia  
servatus.  
Cæpi enim vires paulatim, nrisque  
vitiis  
Femina—

Far off the Bulls alone are feeding  
ride  
Behind a Mountain, or beyond  
some flood,  
Shut up at plenteous stalls with plea-  
sant food :  
For seeing of the Female wasts their  
strength.  
Who burning, mind not Grass, nor  
Groves, as length.  
she with her sweet incitements oft  
provokes  
Proud Rivals, till their fury turn to  
strokes.  
In pleasant Groves the beauteous Hei-  
ter feeds ;  
But they joyn Battel, and in warlike  
deeds  
Gain many wounds, their bodies  
batt'd in gore,  
Closing their Horns most dreadfully  
they tore ;  
The mighty woods, and heavens vast  
court resound.  
No more these Warriors pasture in  
one ground ;  
Exild to Coast's unknown, the Vac-  
quill'd goes,  
Mourning his shame, and the proud  
Conqueror's blows,  
That unceasing'd from him his Love  
was took,  
Viewing his stalls, and native Realm's  
torment.  
Then carefully recruits his force, be-  
inglad  
On a hard Rock, a bed but roughly  
made,  
Feeds on harsh leaves, and bristly  
Cæteceats ;  
His Horns then exercising, Anger  
whets  
Against a Tree, venting on th' Air his  
spight,  
scattering the sand as Prologue to the  
fight.  
His force recruited on the foe he leas,  
And boldly up his careless Quarters  
beats.  
As when at Sea the milted Waves  
grow white,  
Aid rowing from the Ocean gather  
heght ;  
And row at land, 'gainst Rocks they  
bravely roast,  
Nor in their Mountains break upon  
the shore ;  
The deep floods boyl, whil'd with the  
boaming tide,  
And working call up sand on every  
side.

See Virg. Aeneid. lib. 12.  
Cum duo conuersi inimica prælia  
tanti  
Frontibus intuerent, patib' effere  
magistri,  
Stat pecus omne mita matum, missant-  
que Iuvenca,

Quæ pecori imperitis, quem tota armenta sequan-  
tur,  
Illi inter sese multa ex vulnere miscent,  
Cornibus, horum insignunt, & sanguine largo  
Cicla armos, lavant, gemitu nemus omne remugit.

Their frighted Owners fly ; silent with fear,  
The Cattel stand, the Heifers doubtful are  
Who shall Command, whom must the Head  
(they  
They gore each other in the dreadful fray,  
Till streams of Blood their necks are shod  
(dew drawn)  
And echoing Woods the Bellows cry are  
(loud)

Th

The Herds amazed stand, the Grove resounds,  
The bellowing *Hectors* dealing wounds for wounds.

By this I might have been the *Parson's* Bull,  
And like him round, Choice beauties pick and cull;  
Had sweet-breath'd Wives, and black-ey'd Concubines,  
And a Fair Issue sprung from my own Loyns,  
Who now thus live a solitary life,  
Barr'd from the dear enjoyments of a Wife.

Then said the *Swain*; Fond beast, is that the cause?  
How many know I, could they find a Clause  
To be Divorc'd, their whole Estates would spend,  
Who see now of their Miseries no end:  
Hadst thou a curst Cow, though her Horns were short,  
Evening and Morn she'll gore thee to the Heart;  
Ne'er let thee rest, until Commanding all,  
She Rule at Rack and Manger in thy Stall:  
Know thou dull Lump, know inconsiderate Ox,  
I have a Wife, am Married with a Pox;  
Who never resting, either Eare alarms  
With suddain Tempests, and assiduous storms;  
At Promises, and Marriage Vows she spurns,  
To Rogue and Rascal, Lord and Master turns;  
As Law and Gospel, her own will Translates:  
Cold Comforts freeze my Bed, and frost my Cates;  
That I believe thee Happier in thy Stall,  
Than I with such a Partner in my Hall.

Once I her baitings not so well could brook,  
Long-suffering Patience over-power'd, I struck;  
My hand rais'd high, and with a knotty Crab,  
At once to Humble and Chastise the Drab;  
Tipst'd with Ale, Slipp'ry the Floor, I fell,  
And straight the Devil my Wife, mounts *Michael*:  
Ne'er lay fal'n Husband to be *Belzebub*'d,  
My Checks she Rubrick'd, and my Temples drab'd;  
My

(\*) A kind of Fly that vexeth Bees, named by the *Greek* *Osfiron*, which hath its signification and derivation from *os*, to be mad, because it makes them furious. See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 3.

*Est locus Silari circa, illicibâ, que vocantur*

*Pleurinus Alburnum vocant, cui nomen Asio*

*Romanum est, Osfrum Crati vertere vocantes*

*Asper, acerba sonant, quo tota externa silvis*

*Diffugiunt amenta, &c.*

A Fly about the Groves of *Silari* haunts,

And high *Alburnum*, green with state-ly plants,

*Asius* call'd by *Romans*, but the same

The *Greeks* stile *Osfiron* by an ancient name

Extremely fierce and loud, whose sight to shun,

To sheltering Woods affrighted Cattel run,

And with their Bellowings strike Heavens arch'd round,

Which Groves, and shallow *Tanagers* resound.

With this dire Monster, 7 ans long ago,

Her sight did on the *Isachian* Heifer show:

This, for it rages in the scorching heat,

Thou must with care from seeming Cattel beat,

And feeding Herds, both when the Sun shall rise,

Or Night with glorious Stars adorn the Skies.

My Head new moulding, pummel'd into Pap:

Mobbled nine dayes in my Considering-cap;

Before my Eyes beheld the blessed Day,

Mourning in Black and Blew, on Flocks I lay:

Thus sighing oft, I better ten to one,

Though Arm'd with Ale, had let the Fiend alone:

Whilest *Skimmington* my neereft Neighbour strode

A manag'd Coll-staff, and in Pennance rode;

But one not serves your turn, a single Spouse,

One Devil is too little for your House,

You for a Legion are. Ah! hadst thou half

Of mine, and shar'dst my Miseries, senseless Calf,

Thou smarting, worse than bitten by a (\*) *Gad*,

Wouldst, Bellowing, thy Country fly Horn-mad:

But since such Paradoxes you dispute,

Art such a Rebel, and a Fool to boote,

I'll beat new Principles into thy Pate,

Shall from course Flesh thy duller Soul translate;

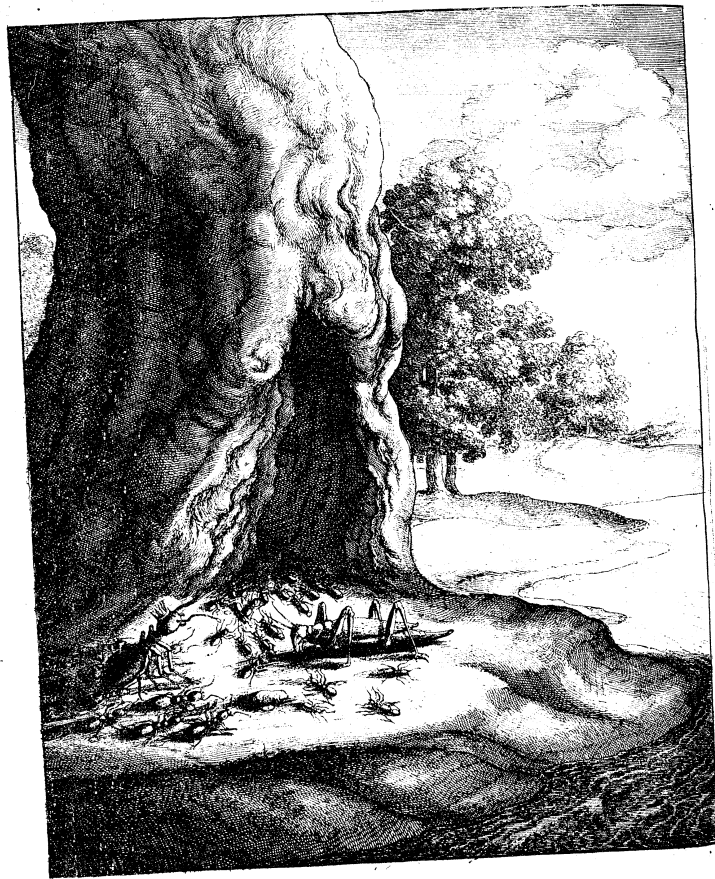
Since Decastration will not mend thy Head,

Death shall, much better than my Marriage-bed.

### MORAL.

Dull are ineffectual Wars, and civil Strife,  
To lowd Divisions betwixt Man and Wife;  
Gentle Usurpers mild the Tyrant's rod,  
To a Smock-Rampant, and to be Hen-trod.

## F A B. XII.

*Of the Ant and Grasshopper.*

Fable 12.

**T**He King of *Antbil* and *Pisnirian* Lords,  
 Each mounted on their own peculiar Hoards;  
 Sate so distinguish'd Earls, Markees, and Dukes:  
 And not by Blazonrie in Heralds books,  
 Where Worthy Sires produce less worthy Sons,  
 Such as long Patience teach unwearied Duns,  
 At base Mechanicks sawciness admire,  
 Just Debts beseeching, Ruin'd by the Fire;  
 Who scorn all Principles accounted Just,  
 Indulging Sloth, Pride, Ignorance, and Lust:  
 But these advanc'd by Industry and Care,  
 Were to themselves both Ancestor and Heir,  
 Their Purchase for th'insuing Winters store,  
 Entitled them to Honours less or more.

An Envoy from the *Grasshopperian* States,  
 Thus had Conven'd these pettie Potentates,  
 When to the Monarch and his small Devan,  
 Thus humbly their Ambassador began.

*Ambillian* Sovereign, and *Emetian* Peers,  
 Enrich'd with wealth from *Ceres* golden ears!  
 Who in these *Penetralia's* under ground,  
 Not hear rough Winter, flaws and Storms resound,  
 Nor prices minding of rais'd Wood and Coals,  
 Sit warm and feasting, cocker up your Souls:  
 Live happy still, and be for ever blest,  
 So you will pity a poor State distress;  
 Who had while Summer lasted, plenteous Boards,  
 Meads, Flowrie Vallies of their own accords,  
 Serv'd up choice Cates, but when the Sun declin'd,  
 And Days did up in shorter periods wind,

Ushering

Usshering cold blasts, and bleak Autumnal showers,  
Which Trees disrob'd of Leaves, Fields of their flowers  
Winters approach threatening to Ruin all,  
Discharg'd upon us *Jove's* cold Arsenal;  
All forage thus destroy'd, all green below  
Left naked, Pennanc'd in cold sheets of Snow;  
All sorts of Herbage, Fruits, whatever Corn,  
Are in by Peasants or your People born:  
Assistance from your Granaries we crave,  
Let not a Nation Perish, you may save,  
For which next Harvest, they will make return,  
Our Lusty Long-shanks shall help in your Corn:  
Thus grateful they propose to pay their Score,  
And double by their pains your next years Store.

When the *Antibillian* Heroe thus reply'd;  
In Summer we 'gainst Winter storms provide;  
How could you Golden Harvest idly spend?  
Could you believe those Joys would never end?

Who thus return'd; Sir, we were over-reach'd,  
By one to us New-fangled Doctrine teach'd,  
Holding forth, *Phæbus* our Protector would  
Translate us from all Hunger, Thirst, and Cold  
To *Ægypt*, and the fruitful banks of *Nile*,  
To endless Feastings without Care or Toyl.  
So him we treated, and in Sunshine fung,  
Living as Merry as the day was long,  
Expecting when a Western wind would rise,  
Should bear us to our promis'd Paradise;  
But when the time, and long'd for hour was come,  
That we believ'd should be the <sup>(\*)</sup> *Day of Doom*;

(\*) Which Story in *Germany*, is at large set down in that Treatise concerning the *Lutherian War*. *Sliden*.

No Storm appear'd, no thick condensed Crack,  
With Thunder rose, Heavens Turrets to attack,  
But prov'd all Fair, so universal Cleer,  
That Day stands Crown'd the Glory of the Year;

Nor more our false Enthusiast we beheld,  
Who us to this sad Embassie compell'd.  
When thus the <sup>(b)</sup> King to the starv'd Envoy said;  
We know no Manufacture, use no Trade;  
In Spring we Sowe not, nor in Winter Reap,  
Yet stuff'd our Granges are, our Markets cheap;  
Rather than we would Prince implore, or State,  
Or hang poor Clients at an Emperor's Gate,  
I, and my swarthy Legions should not spare,  
<sup>(c)</sup> *Alcimus* Fruit, but Camps revictual there;  
Hort-yards o'r-run, our bowells never yearn  
At havock made, minding our own Concern,  
Choice Plants and Flowers destroy, we ne'r make halt,  
Unless we Scalding water feel, or Salt.

Say to your Lords, I not deplore their chance,  
You who in Summer Sung, in Winter Dance,  
So fill your bellies, so your bodies arm,  
'Gainst wants approaching, and th' insuing storm.  
Begon, who to *Phanaticks* credit give,  
*Fifth-Monarchie* People I shall ne'r relieve;  
Besides, You term your Self a State Distrest,  
Antimonarchal Locust, I detest.

(b) See *Virg. Æneid*, lib. 4:  
*Ac velatis ingentem formica farris æ-*  
*ceram*  
*Cum populæ, hylæis memores, telloque*  
*rejuant,*  
*Effugiam campis agmin, prædamque*  
*per herbas*  
*Convellunt cæcis angustis, pars agmina*  
*cogunt,*  
*Cassigantque moras: opere omnis semina*  
*seruant.*

So theerful Ants plundring a heap of  
Wheat,  
And minding Winter, to their Gran-  
ges get;  
The black Bands march, a Convoy  
guards the spoil  
Through narrow tracks, some with  
joy'd forces toyl  
To bear one pondrous Grain, whilst  
others beat  
The tardy Troops; all pæth with la-  
bour heat.

(c) See *Virg. Georg.* lib. 2.

### MORAL.

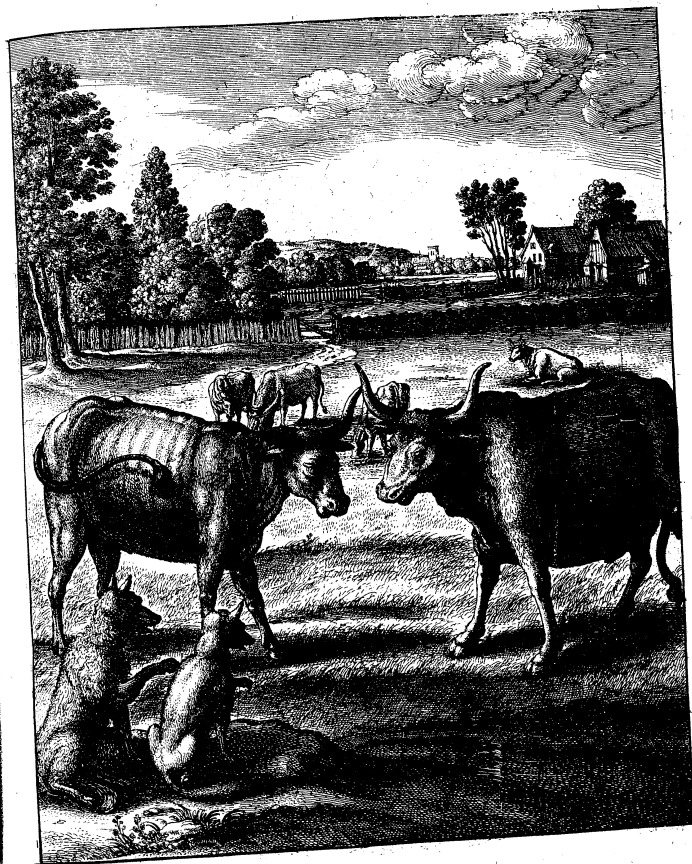
Some always Feast, make Court, sing, play and Dance,  
And never fear the turns of sickle Chance:  
Provide for Age, whilst Young get Lands and Money,  
Left Old and Poor, the Dogs do piss upon ye.

## FAB. XIII.

*Of the Ox and Steer.*

**T**HUS to a labouring Ox turn'd out to feed,  
Himself recruiting in a verdant Mead,  
In Ralyarie, a well-fed Bullock said;  
Welcome old Uncle, you drive on your trade,  
Whilst I in sweetest grafs keep Fat and Plump,  
Your Ribs like Billows threat your Rocky Rump;  
Why waste you thus your self, and health destroy?  
Sweating for that which others must enjoy?  
Fill up your hollow Flanks, and craggy Chine,  
Feast all the Evening, all the Morning Dine;  
Powder your Hair, sullied with Sweat and Dust,  
Nor more with back and belly run a trust,  
And though unfit to get your self an Heir,  
Keep Company with Heifers fat and Fair,  
Them, and their Town-bulls, bellowing Hectors treat,  
So your Executors whate'r defeat,  
And me 'mongst Madam white-fac'd Calves invite,  
Spending your lives remainder in Delight.

When gravely thus the sober Ox reply'd;  
Thus the Industrious, Idle Beasts deride,  
Each guzzling Bulchin, Buffle-headed Calf,  
At all indeavours whatsoever, laugh;  
Business they hate, pursuing no Design,  
But what concerns the Belly, or the Groyne;  
Rather than I my precious time would waste,  
And winged Minutes spur, that fly too fast,  
Lead to *Spring-Gardens*, *Mulberry shades*, and *Parks*,  
Vizard-Mask'd Heifers, and their pye-bald Sparks,  
Proud giggling Females still unveil'd attend,  
And be on Duty, my Estate to spend,



would endure both stinging Flys, and Goads,  
 And Yoak'd hot Summers draw in dusty Roads.  
 Whilst gravely thus Discours'd the Labouring Ox,  
 The Lion's Purveyors, the Wolf and Fox,  
 The Prey surveying, to each other spake;  
 Leave that Lean sterveling, the Fat Bullock take,  
 He will become the Boyler and the Spit,  
 Or barrell'd, help to furnish out the Fleet.  
 This said; The Steer they to a Covert drew,  
 And in the Lion's Name Arresting, slew. (glad,  
 Then Praise-give Bare-bones spake; Thou mayst be  
 Poor pay no Poll-money, nor Royal-Aid,  
 No Subsidies, their no-lands raise no Tax,  
 I shall be still the same, a Labouring Ox;  
 So long as they can thus count up these Ribs,  
 I shall in safety be at Empty Crib.

## MORAL.

One mounted on the wings of Youth and Wealth,  
 Ne'er dreams of Poverty, or loss of Health:  
 Who whilst he dallying lies in Fortune's Lap,  
 The Strumpet gives her young Gallant a Clap.

## FAB. XIV.

*Of the Lion and the Kid.*

**T**He *Lion* clem'd with hunger, choak'd with  
 Of all diseases Empty boards the worst ;  
 On a steep Summit jutting o'r the wolds,  
 Cropping Heath-buds, and Briers, a Kid beholds.

To whom the Monarch said ; My pretty *Kid*  
 Come hither, I'm your King ! Do as I bid ;  
 Survey Our plenty, see a glorious fight ,  
 To which my little Subject I Invite ;  
 Here flow'ry Meads, shades are, and Golden Plains,  
 Here Vineyards full of Walks, and winding Lanes ;  
 Harsh Juniper forsake, and bramble boughs,  
 And here on tender (a) Vines soft branches brouse :

Why stand'st thou frighted? why look'st thou so pale?

To see my shaggy Main, and bushy Tail ?  
 'Mongst Calves and Colts, if not a Counsel-day  
 Tiv'd with State-works, I for diversion play ;  
 The Crown Affairs, and serious business fairs,  
 Not sweeten'd by some recreating hours :  
 He is no King that at his leisure wants  
 His Drolls, Buffoons, and fawning Sycophants,  
 Rich Wine, sweet Musick, choyce of beauteous Dams,  
 To kindle, and to quench Loves pleasing flames.

I once made captive, driven from my Crown,  
 Was as a Wonder, shew'd from Town to Town ;  
 A *Lamb* and I, Companions there did play  
 To fresh Spectators the whole Summers day,  
 He my sharp Teeth not fear'd, nor gripping Paws,  
 Would run his Head into my open Jaws :  
 Come, leave that barren Rock, and hungry Air,  
 And to my Palace in yon Wood repair.

(a) See Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

*Non aliam ex culpani Baccho caper  
 cernitis arui  
 Centur, & utres incunt proferius  
 Indi.*

Only for this crime we on Altars  
 pay  
 Bacchus a Goat, and Aft the ancient  
 play.



Grim Sir, be you the King ! The *Kid* replies,  
 Though you Speak mildly, dreadful are your Eyes !  
 Should I your Favourite be, and very near,  
 I still should Tremble when you, Sir, appear !  
 Princes as well as Courtiers, now, they say,  
 Sign Debts, make Grants, Promise and seldome pay ;  
 They talk abroad, Exchequers are lock'd up ;  
 At Court no Tables, scarce a Cheering Cup :  
 Rather than to Necessities aspire,  
 I'll tarry here, and feed on humble Brier ;

*Who well are settled, though in Mean estate,  
 Their Chang'd condition may repent too late.*

## MORAL.

*Better be Captain in the smallest Fort,  
 Than be Commanded in a Princes Court :  
 Yet the Ambitious that Preferment prize  
 Run through the meanest Offices to rise.*

## FAB. XV.

*Of the Satyr and the Sword.*

**A** Satyr passant by a Forrest side,  
A *Sword* 'mongst checking Foliage espy'd,  
First startled at the dreadful Blade and Hilt;

With Antique figures hatch'd, and rarely gilt,  
Off Discompos'd he drew, then undismaid,  
Lost Spirits recovering, thus th' Admirer said.

Wonder what'er! since I did ne'r behold  
Such dazling Silver, nor such lightning Gold!  
Thy Country, Name, and Character impart,  
That thee I Value may at thy desert.

The *Pomel* then, cast like a *Hero's* Head,  
From Brazen Lips with Gold enamell'd, said;

You see a *Sword*, an Instrument of Death!  
This shining Coat of steel is *Heſtor's* Sheath,  
Whose Soul through several Transmigrations paſt,  
Lyes penn'd up in this Cut-throat Inne at laſt:

When firſt within this Iron cage confin'd  
I in a Monarch's Hand in Battel ſhin'd,  
Pruning rank Rebels with a tender Edge,  
That choak'd Prerogative with Priviledge;  
Mildly he uſ'd me, lopping Weeds with care,  
Though ſtubborn Traitors they his ſubjects were,  
When ſickle Fortune, who dethrones or Crowns,  
Kings topſie turvies, and advanceth Clowns,  
With a damn'd Oath, and Covenanting *Kirk*,  
Out-weigh'd the Right, and ſettled a bad Work;  
Of Royal Ermins did the Meek diſrobe,  
Seiz'd *Sword* and Scepter and Terreſtrial Globe,  
Whileſt deluges of tears his pious Soul  
In briny Billows waſted to the Pole:

Then



Then Guarded I a one Nights upstart *Gourds*,  
 Parliament Govern'd without King or Lords;  
 Me from that throng a Conper Captain gain'd,  
 Who Rul'd in Purple of three Realms distain'd;  
 This bloody Monster greedy of bad Fame,  
 Only of Kingship, wanting but the Name,  
 Resolv'd to be a Monarch; when kind Fate  
 Left he should antient Thrones contaminate;  
 To Seats of Furies with a Tempest hurl'd,  
 This demie Fiend, and Troubler of the World:  
 Then change of Government each minute spawn'd,  
 Me shuffling here and there, from Hand to Hand,  
 When from the rising (\*) Sun and glorious Right,  
 A guilty Flyer dropt me in his flight.

Art thou that Hector, said the *Satyr*, who  
 Sooft the *Greeks* in that long War o'rthrew?  
 By Prowess purchasing immortal Fame:  
 We hear that many now goe by your Name,  
 That in the Suburbs exercise their Rage,  
 The Taverns and the Ord'naries, the Stage;  
 Be they like you, when you imbodyed were,  
 Routing whole Squadrons with your single Spear?  
 If so, why thus prepare we 'gainst the tall  
*Batavians*, or their *Amadis de Gaule*?  
 Had there been two such (b) *Hectors*, Stories say,  
*Troy* might have stood and flourish'd to this day.

Then said the *Sword*; Those *Hectors* that are there,  
 Ne'r saw a Field, never in Battel were;  
 They arm'd by *Bacchus*, use for Warlike Tools,  
 Edg'd Pots and Bottles, Trenchers, Chairs, and Stools;  
 One like me living, one so Strong and Stout,  
 Would thousands of such shadow-*Hectors* rout:  
 But here wants time these Braggarts to unmask,  
 Their Character would more than Volumes ask,

(a) The King's happy Restauration.

(b) See *Virgil*. *Aeneid*. lib. 8.

---*Ductores primi, Messapus & Ufens,  
 Contemptorq; alim Mezentius, nudus  
 Ausibus, & lato vastant calceis  
 agros.  
 Mittitur & magni Venulus Diomedis  
 ad urbem,  
 Qui petit Auxilium, &c.*

*Messapus* and bold *Ufens*, Generals  
 were,  
 With proud *Mezentius*, who no God  
 did fear;  
 Each where they press, and empty  
 spacious Plains,  
 To fill their Regiments with sturdy  
 Swains.  
 They *Venulus* send to great *Tiides*  
 Seat,  
 Against the *Trojans* landed, Aid to in-  
 treat,  
 And tell, *Antas* vanquish'd Gods  
 did bring,  
 Who styles himself, by Fates Decree,  
 a King;  
 That many Nations with the *Dardan*  
 side,  
 His Name through *Latium* spreading  
 far and wide,  
 Of such Beginnings, what may be the  
 End?  
 If favouring Fortune should his *Sword*  
 attend;  
 Was far more evident to him alone,  
 Than to King *Turnus*, or *Latins*,  
 known

But

But now take Pitty, if thou hast esteem,  
 For the true Hector, him inclos'd redeem;  
 My Brazen Head hath spoke, Time will be past,  
 This day for my Redemption is the last:  
 Thou demie Deity me elsewhere dispose,  
*He that is more than Man, than Man more knows.*

Then said the Satyr; True, I have a Spell  
 Shall free thee, if thou Prisoner wert in Hell:  
 But first I'll sweat this Blade, soften the Edge,  
 And at the Point purge a steel powder scege,  
 Then Vomiting, eject thee at the Hilt,  
 Go after to the Devil, if thou wilt.

This said, he hastens home, and kept his Word,  
 Making the Sensitive a Senseless Sword.

### MORAL.

*Princes to Laws and Policie may trust,  
 Be Merciful, Religious, Wise, and Just:  
 But Swords must stubborn Subjects keep in awe,  
 All other Tyes not valu'd at a straw.*

## F A B. XVI.

## Of the Heathen and his Idol.



(Gods)  
**O**H thou ! whom 'mongst our *Lars* and household  
 My Ancestors transported through the floods,  
 From burning *Troy*, and settled here to be

Happy in their Posterity and Thee :  
 Yet now with contrite heart and blubber'd Eyes,  
 Though daily I Invoke and Sacrifice ;  
 No means neglected, doing what I can,  
 Want comes upon me like an Armed Man,  
 And the poor Remnant of my torn Estate,  
 One in Rebellion with the King of late,  
 Calls his Inheritance, lays Claim unto ;  
 Which if he carry, me must quite undoe :

Yet my wife Father made a fair accord,  
 He Purchas'd what was gotten by the Sword,  
 But scrupling Lawyers have enough pickt out  
 To put my Title and his Sale in doubt ;  
 Yet I my Counsell have, and Witness Feed,  
 To Plead and Swear th' irrevocable deed :  
 But ah ! my Wants will serve my Cause, all's lost,  
 None *gratis* Damn themselves, not Knights o'th' post ;  
 Help now, or never, help else comes too late !  
 And I must Alms crave at another's Gate.

Thus Pray'd the Superstitious, when a <sup>(a)</sup> Nod  
 Blind zeal presents from his consenting God.

Now joyning Issue they to Hearing came,  
 Great concourse thither drawn by prattling Fame,  
 Juries impanel'd, Witness sworn, and all  
 Suppos'd the Plaintiff's Cause would to the wall,  
 When his grave Council drew their latter Card,  
 And one short proof a well-pack'd busines mar'd ;

H

Fal'n

(a) See *Virg.* *Æn.* lib. 9.

—*idque ratum Stigii per flumina fratris,*  
*Per pice torrentes, atraque voragine ripas,*  
*Annuit, totum nutu tremefecit Olym-*  
*pum.*

This by his Brother's *Strygian* streams  
 he swore,  
 And by the brimstone lake, and dismal  
 shore,  
 By the black Gulph, and the Infernal  
 Pit ;  
 Whose Nod *Olympus* shook, confirm-  
 ing it.

*Jupiter* did all things, *nutu & reuot,*  
 with Nodding, whence the word *Nu-*  
*men*, *Turneb.* l. 26. c. 30. See *Scaliger*  
*l. 5. c. 3. Nannius Miscel. l. 7. c. 14.*  
 observes, that what in Men is a Nod,  
 in *Jupiter* and *Juno* is Thunder,

Fall'n from his Hopes, thus thrown down in a trice,  
Undone for ever, ne'r again to rise;  
He from the Court went Sweating in a Rage;  
On his damn'd God his Fury to aswage;  
When thus upon him the incens'd fell.

If I had serv'd the Fiends, the Devil in Hell,  
With half that Zeal and fervour Thee I serv'd,  
He would not thus have left me to be serv'd,  
Turn'd out of all, naked a begging go,  
*Furies may melt, Stocks, no Compassion know.*

What made my Ignorant Parents thee implore?  
And with such Reverential awe Adore?  
Whose deaf Ears Marble are, whose Bowels rock,  
A Humane shape, but Headed like a <sup>(b)</sup> Shock.

But *Dog's face*, now thy weakness I'll detect,  
And this foul form of Godliness dissect;  
Beaten to powder thee I'll level lay,  
For my undoing, and this dismal day.

This said; he takes him Pedestal and all,  
And with strange Fury hurls against the Wall,  
In pieces dash'd like brittle glass, then trod  
To Mortar, scattered fragments of his god:

When a new Light the dustie mists unfold;  
Out of the Head and Ruptur'd-belly, Gold,  
Reverberating rung the *Idol's* Knell,  
And Lightnings midst a Rubish Tempest fell;  
Whilest through a Cloud of Witnesses he spies,  
Gems, Jewels, Ingots, a no little Prize!  
Which he at first an idle Vision thought,  
But feeling what he found and never fought;  
So huge a Treasure, such prodigious store,  
That those that thirst for Gold could ask no more;  
Smiling, he said; Ah miserable Hound!  
Why didst thou thus conceal what I have found?

Wouldst

(b) Those Household Gods or *Panthees*, had Huruane shapes, but Headed like *Dogs*.

Wouldst not to thy Devoted torn with Want  
And greedy Lawjers, one small Penny grant?  
The rythe of this had my undoing Cause  
Brought off, and me with Honour and applause;  
But thus recruited I'll recover Cost,  
And all my Land in *Forma Pauperis* lost.

### MORAL.

*Madness oft helps the Desperate, sometimes Chance  
Others Debaucherie and full Cups advance;  
Some dive the Seas, search Mines, Coffers to load,  
These Sell their King, and that Betrayes his God.*

H 2

F A B.

## F A B. XVII.

*Of Phæbus, the Covetous and Envious Man.*

(\*) See Virg. *Æneid*. lib. 10.

*Pand'itur interea domus omnipotentis  
Olym'pi;  
Cœliiunq' vocat dixerim pater, atq'  
hominum Rex,  
Siderum in sedem, terras inde ardu-  
as omnes,  
Cœlii q'q' Dardaniolum aspexit, popu-  
lusq' Latium,  
Cœcident tellus bipentibus, incipit  
aspice.*

Mean while Heavens spacious Court  
spreads open, when  
The Father of the Gods, and King of  
Men,  
A Council call'd, where from his  
Starry Throne,  
The *Amphion* quarters, and beleagu-  
er'd Town,  
With the whole Worlds vast Regions  
he survey'd,  
Then to his House of Deities thus  
said.

Summon'd by (\*) *Jove* to his great Counsel, all  
The Gods Assembling in Heavens Starry Hall,  
In Chrystal Nieches order'd places take;  
When thus the *Sire* in nipping Language spake.

Cœlestials, Convocated here you sit,  
Enacting things nor handsome, just, nor fit,  
You private Piques and self-concerns debate,  
Whilst Fallow lies the grand Affairs of State;  
And if by chance some wholsome Laws we make,  
Such care you of the Execution take;  
That *Man* Our Chief Authority contemns,  
Looking on Gods as Poets idle Dreams,  
That now their Crimes reach such a brazen height,  
Unmask'd Day sees the darkest deeds of Night;  
Nay, more on Us each Malefactor pins,  
His venial, greater and more hainous Sins:  
*Mars* Protects Murther, and Rebellious Swarms  
Influenc'd by him, 'gainst Princes take up Arms:  
On *Bacchus* lay they the Abuse of Grapes;  
And *Venus* Pillows all their loose Escapes;  
The City-Cheat, and Highway-Robber too,  
*Hermes*, they boast their Signatures from you;  
With *Lampoones*, *Phæbus*, and burlesk Reproach,  
And *Juno* for *Dame Haughties* Golden Coach:  
Neither scape I, that Heaven and Earth Command,  
When Surley People are to be trepan'd;  
Clandestine Plots for open Action ripe,  
Striking at Kings that are of Gods, the Type,  
When down must come Religion, and all Laws,  
In my Name Arm they, and Attest their Cause:

Therefore



Therefore let *Phæbus* take a strict review  
And make Report, if what we hear be true;  
Mercy We rather would than Wrath imploy,  
Not drown bad Cities, nor with Fire destroy.

The God thus ordered, leaves his shining Robe,  
Vested in Clouds, and makes the Terrene Globe  
Swifter than Thought, swift as the quickest Eyes,  
Through Empires, Kingdoms, and Republicks flies;  
Saw the seven deadly Champions Flags unfurl'd,  
And open Vice Encampt about the World;  
Finding Crimes much alike, as on a Stage,  
Here, Act they Comick Shifts; there, Tragick Rage;  
Though he no Gyants found, gainst Heaven to fight,  
Nor Rigg out fifty <sup>(\*)</sup> Chambermaids a night;  
Nor blazing Comets, Drinkers that could swill  
Whole Oceans off, and yet be Thirsty still;  
Yet All well-wishers were, did what they could,  
And each where swarm'd Offenders, Young and Old.

An accurate Survey thus having made,  
Of Men and Manners, to himself he said;  
Why should I more incens'd *Jove* provoke?  
I'll turn this serious business to a Joke,  
No end of Crimes, Offenders every where,  
And several Laws, sufficiently severe;  
From two comes yonder, Humane Creatures scarce,  
Matter of Moment shall become a Farce,  
That spiteful Dog, and Avaritious Chuff,  
Shall make for Laughter Argument enough:

To whom he said; Accept from Heaven a Grant,  
That you, nor yours hereafter never Want,  
But he that first implores, be sure to crave  
Whole Mines of Gold, since 'tis but Ask, and Have;  
He who e'r second begs, *Jove* will not grutch  
Summes doubled: his enjoyments twice as much.

This

(\*) Alluding to *Heracles* greatest Labour, Devirgining fifty Maids in one Night.

This Riddle put the Wretches to a stand,  
 That he should Happiest be, did Last Demand !  
 The *Avaritious* judg'd himself accurst  
 To lose a Moyetic by begging First ;  
 When double Mischief th' *Envious* thus designs,  
*Jove* take this Eye, and keep thy promis'd Mines ;  
 Then of his Purchase let the Greedy boast,  
 When I but One, and he both Eyes hath lost.

Then *Phœbus* said ; This seems a subtle Plot,  
 To be two losers , when both might have got ;  
 By this you each had Miriads enjoy'd,  
 This Spightful Wretch hath all your hopes destroy'd ;  
 Since here *Jove's* Grant, and my Commission ends,  
 Kindness not Harme, to Mortals he intends ;

This said, he scales Cœlestial Aboards,  
 And told this pleasant Story to the Gods.

### MORAL.

*Foul Avarice with Gold and Silver nurs'd,  
 Cries still more yet, and never quenbeth thirst :  
 The Envious wretch whose eye makes others smart,  
 Feel hungry Adders baiting on his Heart.*

## FAB. XVIII.

*Of Jupiter and the Bee.*

**T**He Gods thus put upon a merry pin,  
 Wav'd pruning Vices, and vain Cure of Sin,  
 Remembring they themselves had often  
 And for like Crimes just Punishment deserv'd; (swerv'd,  
 When *Jove* thus spake; Lay by the Earth's Affairs  
 Man little for Our Acts and Statutes cares;  
 Princes Edicts not Executed, they  
 Like Cobwebs force, and make their King's high-way;  
 Bring Neutral Goblets swoln above the edge,  
 Hang, business, let us Gods each other pledge.  
 This said, Cœlestial Tables straight were spread,  
 Nectar their Tope, *Ambrosia* their Bread.

When the *Hyblean* Monarch, King of *Bees*,  
 A Honey-comb, thus *Jove* upon his knees,  
 Humbly presents: Take, Emperour of the Skies,  
 A Nations Work, the load of many Thighs;  
 Extracted Quintessence from various Flowers,  
 Which deck *May's* bosome, big with *April* showers,  
 Their King *Grand-bee* the Offering soon as said,  
 In humble posture at *Jove's* Footstool laid.

Who thus reply'd; I well resent your gift,  
 Who for himself an Infant, could not shift,  
 Left in a *Cretan* Cave hem'd in with Woods,  
 Obscur'd from Mortals and Immortal Gods,  
 When I for Milk, the Teat long wanting, cry'd,  
 With sweeter Food your Grandfires me supply'd;  
 Betwixt my thirsty Lips they Honey stiv'd,  
 Which my faint spirits nigh yielding up retriev'd;  
 Starving I scap'd, condemned to be slain,  
 And then a Cast-away, in Heaven now reign.

This

This said ; he bids straight *Ganymed* infuse  
Amongst Cœlestial, this Terrestrial Juice :  
Who sweet tears crushing from the yielding Wax,  
Of rougher Nectar pleasing Liquor makes ;  
Whilst silver foam margents the sparkling Cup,  
*Jove* he presents, *Jove* turns the bottome up :

Thus saying, Since I Rul'd all beneath the Cope,  
I never tasted more delicious Tope :  
Then bids him round to all the Table skinck,  
Both Gods and Goddesses much praise the Drink ;

But when that *Bacchus* saw the liquor foam ,  
Firmest, he cries, *Molossus* or else *Stome*,  
Poor and rich Widows smile, or mourn in black,  
Praising or Cursing medicated Sack,  
Or balder'd *Gallick* Wines, that took away  
Their poyson'd Husbands in a drinking day :  
But if that you should Countenance such traff,  
Gods be Exemplars, tipling Balderdash ;  
Who me will Worship, and pure Wine adore ?  
Or eat salt Pilchers on my Altars more ?

Then *Jove* reply'd ; Business when we Carowfe,  
What ! *Bacchus*, break the Orders of the House ?

Your Grievances what'er you must report,  
When we Sit fasting in a frequent Court :

Then to the *Hony-bird* he turning spake,  
But I this gift of yours so kindly take,  
That you must ask, what may your State Improve,  
And testifie Our gratitude and Love.

When *King Hive* said ; O *Jove* if thou hast grace  
For Insects (though <sup>(\*)</sup> *Bees* boast Cœlestial Race)

Let not base Villagers our Stocks destroy,  
And what you so are pleas'd to like, injoy ;  
Who Drown whole Nations, or with stifling Smoke,  
Establish'd Kingdoms in a minute Choke ;

Sweet

sweet Treasure seizèd, laid up in VVaxen Forts,  
Let deadly Poyson arm our little Darts,  
That if the skin we pierce, no Scorpions bite  
Shall sooner kill, nor sharpest *Aconite*.  
Then *Jove* reply'd ; You know not what you ask ;  
Your Malice to our Minion you unmask ;  
Fool ! should I grant what Man would so annoy,  
You and your Progeny soon they would destroy :  
Therefore whoe'r shall waspish thrust his Sting,  
In Humane Flesh, a Peasant, or a King  
Disarm'd, shall turn a Drone, nor more shall toy,  
But in Rebellion live upon the Spoyl.

## MORAL.

A handsome treat, a Bottle of good Wine,  
May more prevail than Jewels, Plate, or Coyn :  
To flowing Bowls your business well appli'd,  
Your Suit is bad, if then you be deny'd.

FAB.

(\*) See Virg. Georg. lib. 4.

*Hic quidam signis, atque hæc exem-  
pla sequuntur.  
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, &  
haustus  
Æthereos dixerunt, &c.*

From these examples some there are  
maintain,  
That *Bees* derive from a Cœlestial  
strain,  
And Heavenly race ; they say the  
Deity  
Is mix'd through Earth, the Sea, and  
lofty Skie ;  
Hence Men, and Beasts, both wild and  
tame, derive  
And whatsoe'er by breathing Air sur-  
vive ;  
To this they aser are dissolv'd, and  
then  
They re-assume first principles agen :  
Nor is there place for death ; their  
Spirits fly.  
To the great Stars, and plant the lofty  
Sky.

## FAB. XIX.

*Of the Covetous Man and his Goose.*

**T**Hat greedy worm who stood in his own light,  
 And first let th'envious ask to wreak his spight,  
 Had now a business faln into his Lap,  
 That he to Fortune ought t' have veil'd his Cap;  
 Had he been thankful, but bad Natures will  
 Ne'r return good for good, though ill for ill;  
 This answer'd all, he of the Gods could beg,  
 Each day his *Goose* laid him a Golden Egg;  
 Most strange! yet true, though scarce believ'd when told,  
 The Yelk not only, but the White was Gold:  
 Fearing his precious Bird, now in her Prime,  
 Might Old grow barren, and he loose his time,  
 Nor of the Blessing present Profit make,  
 His Opportunity he now will take;  
 To swell his Bags, improvements to enlarge,  
 When thus he gives his Golden Bird a Charge:

You daily me a handsome Egg produce,  
 For beauty valued, else of little use;  
 Though *Cressus* such bright Images ador'd,  
 Yet he to Iron bended, and the Sword;  
 Ah! of this gaudy toy, to quench their thirst,  
 Make Man unhappy, and the World accurst.

But to the point, though at my own Barn-door,  
 You Diet have, yet run you on the score,  
 Contrary to our Covenant, oft you get,  
 Into my Corn, and spoyl whole Fields of Wheat,  
 There

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogit  
 Auri sacra famas?*



There you not only Feast, but undertake,  
 For others, which no little havock make ;  
 But howfoe'r to ballance all Accounts,  
 Since not your Wages to so much amounts,  
 Double your task, lay me two Eggs a day,  
 So will the surplus justed Audits pay.

Then said the Dame; Your Judgement Sir, consult,  
 Lay not on me a duplicated Mulct;  
 Forc'd *Embrios* may your Golden Mine consume,  
 And Births imperfect, perish in the Womb.

At these words Avarice and Choler mix'd,  
 The hinges of Right reason quite unfix'd;  
 When thus her Death resolving on, he said;

I shall be happy, and for ever made !  
 'Tis beyond scruple, past uncertain Hope,  
 She hath the Stone, th' *Elixir* in her Crop,  
 Or else it lodgeth in her Heart or Soale :  
 Fly Lymbecks ! fly, lent fires and Beechen Coal !  
 Whole years of Toyl, Tryals of Skill and Wit,  
 To make the Medicine for projection fit,  
 Or is that Voyage, past those dangerous Seas,  
 And we Arriv'd in the *Hesperides* ;  
 Nor need we mix with Copper, Steel, or Brasse,  
 Cooperate with a stiff unyielding Mass ;  
 But on green Corn like this despightful Bird,  
 Who Wheat-blade-milk converts to glittering Curd;  
 So at one touch Fitches, and Fields of Tares,  
 Shall Mettal shine, and wave with Golden Ears.

This said, he kills the *Goose*, and then dissects,  
 From a bad Cause, but follow sad Effects,  
 Inspection through her panting Entrails made,  
 He found no *Indian Mines*, nor *Guiny* trade :

He his enjoyments lost, and hop'd for Pelf,  
Though dear, a Halter bought, and Hang'dhimself.

**MORAL.**

*Or-weening Hopes are portalls to Despair,  
Who climb a Precipice, let them beware :  
Higher they mount, the lower is their Fall :  
Some catch at Heaven and Hell, the Devil and All.*

## FAB. XX.

*Of the Sheep and the Butcher.*

FAB. 20.

**VV** Eibers a dozen, all of special Note,  
 Each in a Golden-fleece, or silver coat,  
 Fed in one stall, rich in their numerous  
 Free from incursions of the *Wolf* and *Fox*; (flocks,  
 Where they long prospering securely dwelt,  
 And never frown of fickle Fortune felt;  
 Whom from their golden Dream a *Butcher* wakes,  
 And a fat Brother from *Sheep College* takes.  
 Much at this unexpected Chance dismay'd,  
 In frequent Council, thus *Bell-mether* said.  
 How are we fall'n whom Pride and Riches swell'd?  
 Who such a Conternation e'r beheld?  
 We in Gold Tunicks and strip'd silver Vests,  
 For Nuptials fitted, look like Funeral Guests;  
 With our Surprisal struck, each face did show  
 A Map of Misery and ensuing woe;  
 Wher's former Strength and courage, where our vaunt?  
 No fortune could the *Sheepish* Nation daunt;  
 But now our business mind, no time neglect;  
 VVemust be suddain Stout, and circumspect;  
 Apparent danger's neer, by one consent,  
 Our Ruin by defensive Arms prevent:  
 VVhat fool on us imbodyed, once dares fall?  
 VVhose Heads may batter down a brazen VVall?  
 But if you suffer thus, the subtle Foe,  
 To seize us single, and unquestion'd goe,  
 Thus unarraid let him the Fattest cull,  
 And at once strip us both of Skin and Wool!

We

We inch by inch shall like a Taper melt,  
 Lost in destruction, e'r one Blow be dealt;  
 Wars are begun, and yet no War Proclaim'd;  
 No Trumpet sounding, why should we be blam'd  
 To take up Arms, and so Revenge our Wrong?  
*Surprizal makes us Forty thousand strong;*  
 In *Belin's* Name, next entering him Arrest,  
 And beat the Breath out of his wicked breast,  
 This bloody *Butcher* kill, and then sit down  
 In Peace, and once more Masters of your own.

This said, a byas'd Brother rising spoke,  
 And thus in pieces his grave Council took:

We may your Courage, not your Prudence praise,  
 Would us persuade a dangerous War to raise  
 Upon such slender grounds, before we know  
 If this Invasion be, or he a Foe:  
 Under Attainder and to Prison lead,  
 Must him we rescue, private quarrels wed?  
 Engage Republick on so slight a score,  
 Be all undone rather than one grow poor?  
 A Province seiz'd, the Fact will never reach  
 To make upon the Empires Peace a Breach;  
 Whilst you enjoy what e'r makes Mortals blest,  
 To help a Neighbour nere your selves molest;  
 Some with their Blood may water *Fleur-de Liece*,  
 Others re-gild pale-growing Golden Fleece;  
 But who e'r takes up Arms, the Die once thrown,  
 May call their proper goods no more their own;  
 Let their Allies and Friends the better get,  
 United States may in a Province set:

But to the Point, the Foe you would Surprise,  
 He watches with his own, not others Eyes;  
 His preparations he will never slack,  
 But still be ready at the first attack,

Not

Not Sloth nor Avarice shall e'r abuse,  
 Being a Master of his own Reviews;  
 So fall on when you please, you soon shall feel  
 'Gainst your unpractis'd Arms, his ready Steel;  
 Though twelve to one, he in prepared bowls,  
 Will cool this Feaver in your purple Souls;  
 So in one action we shall perish all.  
 The worst that may betide, fall what may fall!  
 We shall have time, whilst us he singly takes,  
 Each posting minute alterations makes;  
 Whilst present Junctures may our Cause advance,  
*Wonders the Bosome fill, of Time and Chance,*  
 And this encroaching Tyrant may, perhaps,  
 On false pretensions Levying War, relaps:  
 Therefore be patient, Live whilst live we may,  
 Nor to a desperate hazzard all betray.

This Counsel taking, they dispise the first,  
 And none there Contradicting, chose the worst;  
 When in the Slaughterer comes, just as before,  
 And their full Dozen shrunk to half a score:  
 So daily picks and culls, making no Noyse,  
 Till of twice six, remains not any Choice;  
 Only his Orator, whom forth he draws,  
 Last to Reward, who so Preach'd up his Cause;  
 Who not suspected Cutting of his Throat,  
 But to be *Duke* and *Peer* made of the Coat;  
*False and Ambitious Councillors, then said be;*  
*May they be paid their Punishment like Me.*

## MORAL.

Few publick Spirits, Common Counsels find;  
 These Fatbom Wants, those Private Interest blind:  
 Most for the Present, and their own Affairs:  
 Sudden Calamities seizeth unawares.

F A B.

## F A B. XXI.

*Of the Wolf and the Fox.*

**A** River by a Thunder-Tempest swell'd,  
Would not in bounds of Modesty be held;  
But with an Inroad o'r-runs bordering strands  
Retreat then founding, Plashes leaves, and Ponds :  
'Mongst which a tardie *Salmon*, *Reynard* spies,  
And without Net or Angle, makes his Prize.

The *Wolf* hard by, observ'd the lucky Hit,  
And thus puts in to share the dainty bit.

Halves ; half I cry ! what you seiz'd, first I saw,  
And claym the Moyetie by Partners Law ;  
In happy time this Creature-comfort came,  
My queasie Stomach checks, at Kid or Lamb,  
Tastlefs seems Humane blood ; I from a Drab  
Last night made seizure of a tender Squab,  
Thought on the Infant, warm, my self to treat,  
And scarce the Liver and the Heart could eat.

Come, let's to Breakfast, and at Night with me  
You shall Co-partner of my Fortune be ;  
I at *Hog's-Norton* twinkling of a Jigg  
On prophane Organs took a Popish Pig,  
I'll only Feast you with that single dish,  
By that time well we shall digest our Fish.

Then *Reynard* thus ; What e'r this Lenten fare,  
For a small purchase I release my share ;  
My peevish Madam ready to cry out,  
Nothing will serve her, but a *Salmon-trout*,  
VVhich brought not, when expected, she will rise,  
Bedung my Face, and Urine in my Eyes.

But learn to Fish, I'll soon your VVolfship teach,  
Both for your self and Friends, enough to catch ;

Bring



Bring yonder Basket tacked to that Rope,  
Which you shall satisfy beyond your Hope :  
That Wicker laden will be such a Heap ;  
Shall Markets make so much now risen, Cheap.

This said ; *Isgrim* though surley, draws the Tools,  
Which tying to his sterne, thus *Reynard* fools :  
Now to the River bring the fastned Paile,  
Which I'll so settle that you shall not fail ;  
But you by no means till I give the Word,  
Must not look back, nor your drag-Net be stirr'd.

The greedy *Wolf*, this said ; obeys Command,  
And as the *Fox* directed, takes his stand ;  
Whilst he the Wicker with huge pibbles thwacks,  
Until the circling fallow-belly cracks :  
This done, he calls ; Now please your *Wolfship* pull !  
Well you are hanse'd, your new Engin's full,  
The River's drain'd, what Fish, how fat, and fair !  
Now I demand with you a Partners share ;  
Put all your strength, your Cordage strong, and Dock  
So well United, may remove a Rock.

This said ; glad *Isgrim* gives a lusty hale,  
Until he tenter'd out both Rope and Tail ;  
But fast, the work stood fix'd, nor more would jogg  
Than stubborn Rock, or a perverser Log :

When *Reynard* calls, I see we need some help,  
I'll fetch my Eldest Son, an able Whelp,  
Who joyn'd with you, the task shall undertake ;  
But till we come by no means, Sir, look back :  
The *Wolf* persuaded, *Fox* bears home his Trout,  
Then mustering thus the Villages about.

*Swains*, Come away ! and Arm with speed, the *Wolf*  
Your Flocks devourer, that all-swallowing Gulph,  
Now drains your River, and what havock there  
May Sheep-skin Doublets make that never Sweat,

Pure Zeal pretenders ; to your grief you know,  
 Now, now aveng'd be on the Common Foe ! (throng,  
 Straight from the neighbouring Dorps, bold Rusticks  
 And like a gather'd Tempest, Old and Young  
 Upon his quarters falling, him assail,  
 With Batts, and Staves, and Stones as thick as hail ;  
 No way to save himself, of Life no hope,  
 He quits his Rudder fastned to the Rope,  
 To neereſt Coverts bare-breech'd *Iſgrim* flies,  
 Whilst mingled Shouts and Clamours Scale the Skies.

## MORAL.

*Thoſe that at Private, or at Publick Feaſts,  
 Uſe to invite themſelves 'mongſt bidden Gueſts :  
 Often upon them ſuch Affronts are put,  
 They had been better at the Tree-ſpeny-Cut.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXII.

2. *Of the ſame Wolf and Fox.*

**G** Lad of the Mercy and Escape ſo fair,  
 Though with no little ſmart and Gaſcoins bare,  
 Whilst he lay licking whole, his ſcarce no ſtump,  
 Rusticks in Tryumph bearing round the Rump :  
 Thus *Iſgrim* did his boſome diſembogue ;

How ſhall I be Reveng'd upon this Rogue ?  
 Who me in Danger put, and utter ſhame,  
 To be thus deſpicable as I am ;  
 Where ſhall I wander now ? where ſhew my face ?  
 Bearing about the brand of my Diſgrace ?  
 How ſhall I be diſguiſ'd, or which way dreſt,  
 Unleſs I wear a Tunick and a Veſt ?  
 I that abhorr'd all Faſhions, what e'r New,  
 Muſt bid to thoſe my dogging modes adieu ;  
 I'll lay my Vizzard by, a *Heſtor* turn,  
 And my too Formal Sanctity adjourn ;  
 Fall on this ſubtle *Fox* where e'r we meet :  
 No, 'twill not do, Wit muſt encounter Wit ;  
 Thus Clad I'll to the Court, the *Lion's* Sick,  
 Mint on my Brains, and ſhew him Trick for Trick.

This ſaid ; he lays aſide his formal ſhape,  
 His Sheep ſkin Cloak, and Mutton-Velvet Cape,  
 Puts on a Veſt, that cover'd his Diſgrace,  
 And with a Peruke owl'd his *Wolviſh* Face ;  
 Low-crown'd his Hat, not the ſame Beaſt he ſhow'd,  
 So forth he walks, a New Old *A-la-mode* :

Entering the Court, he in the Royal Hall,  
 The King and Queen ſaw, ſitting at a Ball ;  
 Dancing *Baboons*, and Singing *Parachits*,  
 The *Lion* eas'd in Melancholly ſits ;

K 2

Up

Up in a Bower his Cats and Fiddles stood,  
The band twice Twelve, made Galiards in the blood.

The Pastime over, *Isgrim* did appear,  
And going forth, desir'd his Royal Ear,  
He his old Counsellor, though disguis'd, not balks,  
But a turn with him in the Gallerie walks:  
Then he himself applying, from his Forge,  
New Anvil'd Spleen and Malice did discharge.

I from a populous City came of late,  
Where all Diseases fell at any Rate,  
Who Golden showers poure in a *Danae's* Lap,  
Only to purchase a sufficient Clap:  
Small-pox is little valued, lesser Swine,  
All seek the best, they barter may for Coyn;

About your Health inquisitive, I found  
Those that kept Patients Sick, could make them sound,  
At Spring and Fall their bloods did so firmment,  
To pay them twice a Year their constant Rent;  
I 'mongst those Doctors met a Reverend Sage,  
And told him your Distemper, Sir, and Age,  
Not only trusting Practise, down he took  
From Shelves with Learning loaden, an Old Book,  
The Text and stuff'd up Margents long farvey'd,  
And thus from *Gallen's* Observations, said;

The Person disaffected, vext with Fumes,  
Vertiginous, Vapours, and distilling Rhumes,  
Must Purge, must Dyet, and must Issues make:  
But Old, take care lest any Cold he take:  
Get him warm Furs, his Garments line and face,  
Nothing more Sovereign than a *Foxes* Case;  
That only will, if Rich, soather all flaws  
Of Wintry Age, and quite remove the Cause.

Then said the *Lion*; A *Fox* skin so good  
Youth to renew, and circulate the blood!

King

King Craft, and gravest Counsellors alledge  
That *Foxes* Tails best Royal Ermin edge.

Then *Isgrim* said; Sir *Reynard* now gone down,  
That in late Turmoils fought against your Crown,  
And Knighted since by You, get him to Court,  
And your dear Life to lengthen, cut his short.

The *Lion* likes th' Advice, and Orders straight  
That on Emergencies, Affairs of State,  
He should attend the King, whom more to blind,  
His Gracious Letter he both Seal'd and Sign'd;  
No Common Messenger, nor usual Post,  
Were sent, by which the business might be lost,  
But a swift *Tyger*, that like Lightning flew,

The Work thus perfected, the King withdrew;  
And *Isgrim* joyful of his well plac'd part,  
Goes to his Lodgings with a Merry Heart.

## MORAL.

*He that receives a Wrong should bear it too;  
Are they too Subtle, or too Strong for you?  
Better sit down, Loss and Affronts digest,  
Then Rising, tread upon a Serpents Nest.*

FAB.

## F A B. XXIII.

3. *Of the same Wolf and Fox.*

**T**His Clofet-secreet, the whole Juncto two,  
Early next morning, fly Sir *Reynard* knew,  
His Pensioners, Intelligencers there,  
Pick'd out each Whisper from the King's own Ear;  
Such as their Prince and Countrey, such as would  
Their Wives! their Wives and Children sell for Gold:  
Who Publick Spirits count both weak and base;  
Let Private Interest, self-concern take place:  
What care they if whole Kingdoms sinck or swim,  
So they buoy up and float above the brim.

Start'd at first, a confternating Cold  
Agu'd his Joynts, attack'd lifes warmer Hold,  
Soon as his better Spirits cleer'd the Damp,  
And sparks of Courage, lightned Reasons Lamp;

Then *Reynard* spake; Be circumspect, and quick,  
Mischiefe prevent, and shew him Trick for Trick;  
To Cure the *Lion*, must I be uncas'd?  
You may be met with, *Wolf*, for all your haist.

This said, he all bemires his Back and Head,  
In Carrion rowls, where *Rooks* and *Ravens* fed,  
So to Court goes, so Arm'd with this Disguise  
And noysome stench, to play his Master-Prize;  
And soon he came where the Old *Lion* fate,  
Bemelanchollied and Disconsolate.

But when he saw Sir *Reynard* there, he said;  
Cousin! draw neer, to see you I am glad;  
You must for me, a business undertake,  
Concerns my Life, and Crown! why draw'st thou back?

Come

Come neer, and me your King advice afford,  
The work's too knotty for our Council-Board:  
They only follow Sport, Eat, Drink, and Droll,  
Scarce one a Learned or a Knowing Soul.

Then *Reynard* said; Ah my most gracious Liege!  
I thus bespatter'd with foul dung and siege,  
Sir, ought not in your Royal Prefence stand,  
But that I bring you from a Forreign Land,  
Fair Overtures of Health, nay, certain Cure,  
For lingring Sicknes worse than Calenture;  
What Comfort boasts the Emperour of the World?  
Whose Cheeks bear pale Distempers, Flags unfurl'd;  
When *Hypocondrick* fumes, more strong than spells,  
Or Pulpits, Conjure up ten thousand Hells,  
Legions of Devils, and as many Saints,  
Breathing Rebellion, Oaths, and Covenants;  
Tortur'd with Fancy worse than his Disease,  
He Lives or Dyes, as Court Physicians please.

Observing Sir, that all in Physick dealt,  
Oftner our Purfes than our Pulses felt;  
And whensoever Double Fees not drop,  
They leave their Patient then in little Hope;  
*Gallenick* this, *Chymistrie* that pretends,  
Their chiefeft Learning *Greek* and *Latine* ends:

So I at last, a great Magician found,  
That only dealt with Spirits under-ground;  
By me importun'd much, he call'd from Rest,  
Old *Æsop*, that Renown'd Methologist;  
Who first to business found the nearest way,  
What in long Sermons, Orators could say  
Of State Affairs, of Moral, or Divine,  
His *Cock* and *Bull* contracts all in a Line.  
Whole pale Shade told me, vain were Med'cines all,  
You might perhaps, linger a Spring, and Fall;

But

But you your course must finish e'r the Sun  
Could through the Ecliptick, Annual periods run.

I grieving much, straight made this sad reply;  
Ah! must my dear and Royal Master dye?  
When thus he spake in few and pithy words,  
One only Med'cine the whole World affords,  
Whose Sovereign Power can o'r his Fits prevail;  
And that's a *Wolf*, a *Wolf* without a Tail;  
Whose bristly Skin must gird him Back and Side,  
This in seven dayes shall Cure, if well apply'd.

This said, the Vision fled the dazling light,  
Since when I neither rested Day, nor Night,  
To bring from Shadows, and the Gates of Hell,  
What us must Happy make, and You, Sir, Well.  
My haste and your Necessity, hath made  
Me venture in your Presence, thus bewray'd.

Whose there? the King said; On your lives not fail,  
But fetch me straight a *Wolf* without a Tail.

When one reply'd; *Isgrim* late come to Court,  
A Rudder wants, or else 'tis wondrous short:  
To hide his wants, thus he himself hath drest,  
His *Sheep-skin* Cloak turn'd to a Coat and Vest:

Ha, said the Monarch; Bid him hither straight;  
No sooner entered, but he met his Fate.  
The *Lion* throws him back upon the floor,  
And off his Skin, and out his Bowels tore.

No sooner *Reynard* saw thus *Isgrim* strip'd,  
But to *Fox-ball* the sly Insulter slip'd.

### MORAL.

Not be who First, but Last, the King's Ear gets,  
At subtle Plots, and counterminings beats:  
Yet they who Foremost Charge, cry Traytor first,  
Play a fore-game, and seldome get the worst.

FAB. XXIV.  
Of the Camel and the Fly.



THat Emblem of Impertinence, the Fly.  
Mounted upon a Camel Steeple-high;  
Because the laden Monster slowly went,  
Her petulant humour stirr'd up, did firment,  
Who pitch'd upon a Turbant o'r a Pack,  
In a high Chafe thus Arrogantly spake.

Why? Bunch-back, creep'st thou in so smooth a  
Am I so great a Lady? such a Load? (Road?)  
This Tiffany Whisk, and Sarfnet Cloak of mine,  
Ne'r Navel gall'd, nor broke a Horfes Chine;  
Haste thou dull Lump of flesh, why dost not goe?  
This Morning is Sir Cranion Wedded know,  
To Madam Lady-Bird, more Fair and gay  
Than May her self, and all the Flowers in May;  
There will be painted Flyes of all Degrees,  
Prime Courtiers, and the King himself, of Bees;  
Gnats, Humbles, Hornets, twenty four his Band,  
(a) Hybleans Confort ready at Command;  
Who late Presented Jove a Hony-comb,  
Sent with Gifts loaden, and great Honours home;  
His (b) Waxen Realms to Strengthen and advance,  
Above the Power of Change, or fickle Chance;  
The Married Pair present their Royal Guest  
A stately Masque, after a sumptuous Feast;  
And I my Self, whose Name you needs must know,  
Dame Gadfly, am Invited to the show:  
Had I a Switch or Spur, I'd pay your coat,  
That thus with Calling make so Hoarse my Throat:  
The Camel hearing from his Fardle come  
Vexatious buzzes, and so loud a Hum,

L

Thought

(a) Which Epithite is derived from *Hybla*, a City in *Sicily*, where is great store of *Honey*, which is the cause why that *Honey* is the most pleasant.

(b) See *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

*Ilum adid placuisse apibus mirabilem morem,  
'Quod nec concubitu indulgent, nec corpore segnis  
In ventrem solvunt, aut satius mixibus edunt:  
Verum ipsa foliis natos, & suavis herbis  
Ore legunt: ipsa regem parvosque quovis  
Sufficiunt, anasque & cetera regnare figunt.*

'Tis strange that Bees such customs should maintain,  
Frens to scorn, in wanton Lust dissuise  
To waste their strength: and without throws they breed,  
But cull from leaves, and various flowers, their feed.  
Their Kings and petty Princes they proclaim,  
Then Palaces, and Waxen Kingdoms frame.

Thought that some Spirit Ranted in the Sky ;  
 But when he saw there but a Summer *Fly*,  
     Why Madam *Gad* ? why all this stir ? he said ;  
 My Master for your place you never paid :  
 If I could reach thee with my Train or Teeth,  
 I'd make thee far unfit to Roast, or Seeth ;  
 You that so poor and Proud are ; one small lash,  
 Would turn thee boneless Nothing to a Hash.

## MORAL.

*The noise of Wrangling Gamesters at their Games,  
 Makes Heavenly Musick to your All-tongu'd Dames :  
 Eccho a Voice without a Body strange !  
 Let Silent Women 'mongst such Wonders range !*

F A B.

## F A B. XXV.

2. *Of the same Camel and Fly.*

**D**AME *Gad-fly* now that such a puther kept ;  
 Returning home, on the same *Camel* stept ;  
     Weary with Dancing at the Bridal, where  
 So many *Flesh-Flys* and hot Courtiers were ;  
 The laden Beast through beaten Tracts jog'd on,  
 Till both his Journey and the Day were done ;  
 The *Fly* warm sitting in bright *Phæbus* beams,  
 Pav'd all her passage with delightful Dreams ;  
 Whilst through deep waies on went the burthen'd Slug  
 His Reins and Harnes rattling, she fate snug :  
 But when the *Sun* behind th' opacous Globe  
 Suffer'd Eclipse, Cold, pierc'd her slender Robe ;  
 At which she waking, bristles up her Tail,  
 Then lighting pearch'd upon the neighbouring Pale ;  
 With Curtsies after Curtsies, Lady *Gad*,  
 Thus to the *Camel*, oft repeating, said :  
     Sir, I'll no farther trouble you to Night,  
 In Compassion of your Burthen light,  
 My many thanks I ne'r so easie rode,  
 You must be *Weary* sure, with such a Load !  
 I slept all day, those sleep sit Heavier far,  
 Than those that wake, and talk, and jocund are ;  
 Your humble Servant ; thousand kiss'd hands, pray  
 Make use of my House when you come that way.

The *Camel* then ; Pox on thee, art thou there ?  
 Did ever any such a Gossip hear ?  
 Exclusive Complements vex ten times more  
 Than all your petulant ranting talk before ;  
 Begon, else something on thee I'll bestow  
 You'll thank me for, since you I nothing owe ;

L 2

1

I feel no Ladys weight, th' are all so light,  
 But words may load me, that a Ship would freight;  
 The Hills and Dales I past, Plashes and Banks,  
 Not so much tir'd me, as your vexing thanks;  
     Strange trouble are your Complemental Gnats!  
 That neither Mony, Manners have, nor Sprats.

## MORAL.

*Poor and low breeding makes Phanatick Elves,  
 Competitors with Kings conceive themselves:  
 Porters may think they bear a Kingdoms waight,  
 And are the only Atlases of State.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXVI.

3. *Of the same Camel and Jupiter.*

**O** Ur *Camel*, he that bore Dame *Fly* of late;  
 Had got a Maggot now in his own Pate;  
 Long fed in Pasture, and at plenteous Stalls

Fat, in a fit of Melancholly falls;  
 Prick'd up with Provender and swelling Pride;  
 To *Jove* thus sadly he himself apply'd.

O thou that Rul'st the lower and upper World!  
 Where nightly thy bright Ensigns fly unfurl'd;  
 On me a wretched Beast, take some Remorse,  
 That under-valued am beneath a Horse!  
 I am become to all the Field a Scorn,  
 What Taste hath tender Grass, or purest Corn?  
 What all my Ease? what my continued Feasts?  
 Imbitter'd still with Jeers and biting Jest?  
 They say, I bear a Fardle on my Back,  
 And only need behind, a Pedlars Pack;  
 Tell me betwixt my Belly and my Brains,  
 A gutter falls as deep as two long Lanes;  
 To set out my Deformity and Want,  
 Honour and Arms upon my Temples plant;  
 Adorn my Frontispiece with stately Horns,  
 Not with Ram *Belin's*, but the *Unicorn's*;  
 Then I shall keep *Monkeys* and *Apes* in awe,  
 And from his perch bring down the jeering *Dam*;  
 Then I shall be a stately Beast indeed,  
 And all those Scoffers at my pleasure Feed.

Then *Jove* said, smiling at his fond Request;  
 Thou mak'st thy self the same deformed beast,  
 By your Petition, and as foolish too,  
 As when in Lampoones they decypher you.

Horns

Horns on that Head already rais'd so high !  
 Sure thou hast some Design upon the Sky !  
 To strike down Constellations in their March,  
 Unhinge our Throne on Heavens supremest Arch ?

(a) See Virg. *Æneid*, lib. 2.

*Invadunt Urbem somno, vinoque se-  
 pulcram ;  
 Caduntur vigiles, portique patentibus  
 omnis  
 Accipiunt socios, atque agmina conscia  
 jungunt.*

They take the Town, buried in Sleep  
 and Wine ;  
 They kill the Watch, and straight at  
 open Gates,  
 Receive their Friends, and joyn to  
 their known Mates.

Storm our Twelve Houses (\*) Watches rout, and  
 Eternal Centres and Nocturnal Guards : (Wards,  
 Since thou for Arms and such additions prayst,  
 I'll take from thee those Ornaments thou hast ;

*Hermes* straight fetch, said *Jove*, yon Monster's Ears,  
 And in Our Hall 'mongst Crests and Hoods of Bears,  
 'Mongst other Forfeitures to Us that fall  
 On like occasions, nail them to the Wall.

This said, the God Descends through Chrystal  
 And with a blast of Lightning crops his Ears; (Spears  
 Heavens Court the *Camel* oft in vain implor'd,  
 But they the Gates of Hearing ne'r restor'd.

### MORAL.

Should Princes grant what e'r their Subjects ask,  
 They soon would put them to a second task :  
 That Gracious They all Patents would Repeal,  
 The Giddy, Vulgar know not when th' are well.

F A B.

## F A B. XXVII.

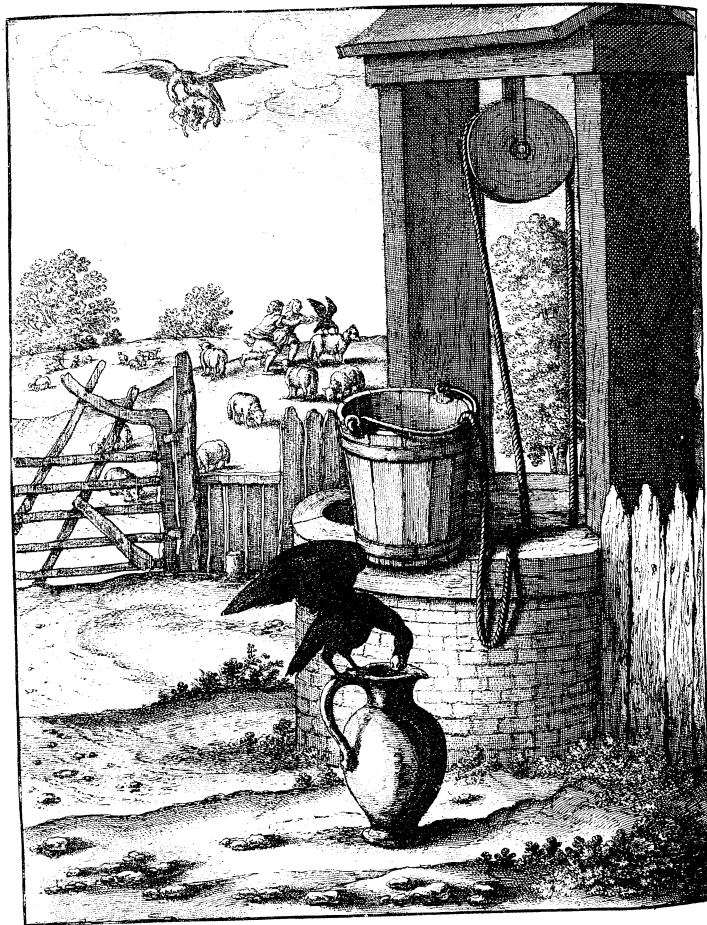
*Of the Lamb and the Crow.*

**A** Petulant *Crow* with Carrion banquets gorg'd,  
 And noysome Offalls, to *Bears College* barg'd;  
 Look'd round a soft and steadier seat to find,  
 Than a rough branch, that danc'd with every Wind;  
 Spying a *Lamb*, said she; No further search,  
 On yon soft Couch, that silken fleece I'll perch,  
 Her short respite put straight in Act, she came,  
 And Quarters settles on the harmless *Lamb*;  
 Who when he felt a burthen on his back,  
 And hovering saw one lighted, all in Black,  
 Supposing some great Lady there had been,  
 That only Rested, not took up her Inn,  
 He patiently endur'd; but when she staid  
 As in her Lodgings; thus the Sufferer said.

Madam, who e'r you are, I not enquire,  
 But wish to Privacy you would retire;  
 Though soft the Palat, yet you Curtains want,  
 Unfit to duel with a brisk Gallant;  
 Need you a moving Brothel? Call a Coach,  
 There's all Conveniency and less Reproach;  
 Bewhat you will, Court-Dame, Goddess, or Nymph,  
 I would not bear your Bed, and be your Pimp.

Then said the *Crow*; Why how now sawcy Jack?  
 Thinkst thou a Strumpet sits upon thy back?  
 Were I a Pleasure-Lady here I'd sleep,  
 And this place as my own apartment keep.

The *Lamb* reply'd; Lady I am content,  
 If you will pay my Master Chamber-rent;  
 He hath a thousand tricks, a thousand wayes,  
 To lose you in Laws intricating Maze;



Fable 27. 28.

A Lawyer who his Neighbours keeps in awe,  
Will Sue them for the turning of a Straw ;  
A heinous Trespass o'r his Hedge to peep ;  
Lady, agree with him before you sleep.

Then she reply'd ; Your Master I will match,  
E'r he proceed he first must me attach ;  
But e'r Dog-Sergeants come, I'll take my flight,  
Where never Under-Shrieve shall on me light ;  
Disturb no more, nor keep me from Repose,  
Left I instead of Parlying fall to blows.

## MORAL.

*Poor and Proud Tenants hard are off to claw,  
Possession being Eleven Points of the Law :  
Are we not able Tyrants to Supplant ?  
Better with Patience suffer, than to rant.*

## F A B. XXVIII.

*Of the Crow and the Pitcher.*

**T**He *Crow* this said, Indulging wholesome rest  
Her station kept, foul Banquets to digest ;  
When her from sleep a hot alarm wak'd,  
Cates which in Dog-dayes *Phæbus* stew'd and bak'd ;  
Strange Insurrections in her bowells nurs'd,  
Turning high Surfeit into Raging Thirst ;  
Then looking round, she on the neighbouring Bank  
A *Pitcher* spies, well shouldered in the Flank ;  
Who straight o'r-joy'd, forsakes her Landlord *Lamb*,  
And to this Cistern for Refreshment came.

The *Pot* then smiling, said, Your hopes are vain,  
A Bucket wants my Treasury to drain ;  
You from my well-neald Margents may survey,  
How on my water, beams reflecting play ;  
But down your throat one drop shall ne'r distil,  
A *Swans* Neck wanting, or the *Cranes* long Bill.  
The Thirsty *Crow*, this said, thrust down her Nib,  
A Dry bob finding for expected bib ;  
Her'd and defeated, now she must aswage,  
Not only burning Thirst, but burning Rage ;  
Her Brains she romag'd, her Invention stirr'd,  
Fancy presents what e'r she saw or heard ;  
To mind then calling an *Athenian Owl*,  
That kept hard by, a Philosophick School,  
Who much insisted on three <sup>(a)</sup> Elements,  
And how the Liquid yield unto the Dense,  
Water shuts Air out, but a Turfe or Stone,  
Makes that to swell and break its <sup>(b)</sup> spherick Conc.  
True, said the Bird, were you as deep as Hell,  
Conjure up your Liquor with this Spell ;

M

Then

(a) The fourth Element is quite exploded by all Modern Writers.

(b) The Water swelling above its margents spherically.

Then labour'd she to vindicate her Cause,  
 With Pebbles stuff'd her bill and griping Claws,  
 Too and again, with stones then trudging hopps,  
 And till she saw moyst Margents, never stops;  
 Then pearching on the baffled *Pitchers* brim,  
 Exhausted Liquour stretch'd her bellys rimme.

Sure Dame you are no Witch, the *Crow* then said;  
 Although so Eloquent a Speech you made;  
 You bad at business are, though good at words,  
 You thought like *Pitchers* were Ætherial Birds;  
 Dull Earthen Clod, that stand't like *John a Dreams*,  
 O'r Rocks and Mountains Art will carry Streams;  
 Against the (c) *Austrian Eagles, Storks, and Cranes*,  
 Dry Land to Sea turn'd, Seas to ample Plains;  
 Us'd Water as they list'd, now enrag'd,  
 Both Armies are midst standing Corn engag'd;  
 Flagships soon after, on the self-same spot,  
 Draw up bold Squadrons plying Canon-shot;  
 You that so Wise were in your own Conceit,  
 To me now as a Mistress, stand in Debt;  
 But since no Credit get we by a Fool,  
 I'll thus at once begin, and break up School.

(c) See *Brutus* and *Famianus Strada*, in their History of the *L. W.* Country Wars with *Spain*.

### MORAL.

*What unto some Impossible appears,  
 Time, Industry, a Purse, and Conduct, cleers:  
 Wares River, building Paul's, and such like Works,  
 Lay under Jeers, and Scribling Poets jerks.*

FAB. XXIX.

*Of the Wind and an Earthen Vessel.*

**T**O a grand *Bottle* neiling in the Sun,  
Thus *Boreas* in huffing terms begun ;  
What art thou bullie Monster ? thou that haft  
Such a prodigious *Hogen Mogen* Waffe !  
As if design'd to empty brimming Quarts,  
And when Cork'd up, a bundle be of—  
Great King of Belly-Gods, I shake to think  
What thou wilt be, fill'd up with Barmie Drink !  
What face is that which on thy stomach seems,  
To dare the *Sun* 'midst all his glaring Beams ?  
Art thou *Long-Parliament* without a Head ?  
And that th' old *Speaker* on thy Girdle-stead ?  
Must in that womb a *House of Commons* fit ?  
Frothing and fuming, there their venome spit,  
Which open'd, bouncing Votes asperse the Sky,  
King, Lords bespattering, and who e'r stand by : (steer,  
When *Copper* Raign'd, Malt-worms the Helm did  
And Nations Rul'd with Cut-throat stinging Geere ;  
What from so base a Vessel can we hope,  
Must firment giddy and mad-headed Tope ?

Then spake the *Jugg* ; Know Fool, I am not built  
For *Dagger-ale*, and *Commoners*, a Tilt ;  
Which mild at first, turn Vinegar grown old,  
Too sharp for Peers, and with their King too bold.

A Merry Boy, the Merriest of the Three,  
Bespoke my Predecessor failing, me  
Though *Cbina* Ware, so stands our brittle Fate,  
That we come broken home, early or late ;  
I must supply his Major Generals place,  
Who after Treatments and a pittanc'd Grace,



Fab. 29.

All took away, Women, weak vessels gone,  
 Cries Battel bid, those that remain fall on;  
 Bottles forlorn, all *French*, first fury stands  
 Bravely a while, short work make many Hands;  
 Soon-routed comes the Main, a stronger dosse,  
 Surrounding me, my Guard *Long-beard le Grosse*;

Here Cavaleers true Valour shew indeed,  
 I and my Adamantine Squadrons bleed;  
 Me to a Supernaculum they drain,  
 Then Triumph o'r the numbers of the Slain:

But who art thou that mak'st with me so bold?  
 I hear a Voyce, and feel backbiting Cold;  
 Though in the Sun my Face and Belly bake,  
 Thou mak'st my Neck and tender shoulders ake;  
 Yet thou no Sinewes, Muscles hast thou none,  
 But Vapour'st only, in a *Hectoring* tone;  
 I th' early product of this single day,  
 Have substance, and a Body, though of Clay;  
 If thou dar'st cope, here I shall stand thy shock,  
 As Waves dis pierce thee beating 'gainst a Rock;  
 Thy muster'd Atoms I'll so disunite,  
 In rowted Eddies they themselves shall fight.

When *Boreas* Angry, thus began to huff;  
 Know Dust, know empty Pride, and brittle stuff,  
 I am a King, with me my fourteen Sons,  
 All Princes, Govern *Artick* Regions;  
 Seven *Eurus* Race, seven *Zephyres* Daughters Wed,  
 I only cold, lye in a single Bed;  
 Reciding much in *Caledonia*, Coasts  
 Espous'd to Winter and eternal Frosts;

Great Power I o'r those barren Confin'es vaunt,  
 Invincible Necessity and Want  
 Joyn'd with my starving blasts, first sign'd th' Intreague,  
 Of their so late dire Covenanting League;

Thence

Thence march'd we on, with Sword, and Book, and Gun,  
 I Charg'd the *South* with Snow, with Clouds the *Sun*;  
 Till Southern Yeomen help by Northern Lowns,  
 Trampled on Scutcheons, Crofiers, and Crowns;  
 And Topsie turvie turn'd, in quest of Spoils,  
 Three Famous Kingdoms, and two fertile Illes;  
 But thee, I for thy sawcineffe will tear,  
 That such Affronters may of Kings beware.

This said, the angry Prince, lest breath should fail,  
 Charg'd with small shot, a shower of battering Hail;  
 And the o'rweening Vessel at the first,  
 In thousand shards, and useles splinters burst;  
*Pots, Pans, and Pipkins*, no small sufferers were,  
 Company their Crime, and only being there;  
 The *Potter* wondring at the suddain Clap,  
 Lost in the Hurley burley storme, his Cap;  
 Recovering Breath, thus Conquering *Boreas* said,  
*Conceited Fools such Objects should be made.*

### MORAL.

*Princes should not, till they are Settled in  
 Kingdoms regain'd, a Foreign War begin:  
 Great is the Work old Ruins to repair,  
 And fix 'gainst suddain Gusts, their Tottering Chair.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXX.

*Of the Painter and the Devil.*

**A**S in deep Extasie upon a peece  
 Must Modern *Latium* stain, and antient *Greece*,  
 The Story various, many figures in't,  
 A Painter sate, 'mongst which, the Fiend in Print,  
 As most concern'd, must take a special place ;  
 In his own Colours and true *Devils* Face ;  
 Yet to be Horrid, as the common Guise ,  
 Horns, spirie flames, Fire in his glaring Eyes,  
 His gaping Jaws wyre-drawn from Eare to Eare,  
 Serpents contorted, mix'd with elflock'd Hair ,  
 Would not stand well ; a *Devil* of the times,  
 A Demure Fiend that holds forth godly Crimes ;  
 That Smiling Stab'd, Cheating with Yea and Nay,  
 A handsome Goblin for a Holyday ,  
 He now must Draw ; at last he falls to Paint,  
 What well might stand for *Satan* or a *Saint* ,  
*ACHina* (\*) *Cacademon*, the fore ground,  
 Fills with bold Shadows like a statue round : (touch,

Which whilest he Finish'd, heightning touch by  
 Till as he fancy'd, he had Pourtra'd such ;  
 Whilst his new Idol he licks o'r and o'r ,  
 A Person enters he ne'r saw before ;  
 After some Formal Congees, Cap and knee,  
 Let me, he said, Sir, no Disturbance be ,  
 Pray keep your place, a *Virtuoso* I am ,  
 And your Admirer, hither sent by Fame ;  
 Though in this Town I long have frequent been,  
 And me perhaps in Publick you have seen,

Leading



Fable 30.

(\*) The *Indians* usually paint the Devil White.

Leading a Troop, or in the Pulpit, where,  
 You feldome vifits make, or if you e'r  
 To the *Long-Parliament* had your felf adrest,  
 Where nothing paff without my Worships Tefte;  
 We might have been acquainted, there I cou'd  
 Have done a Perfon of your worth fome good;  
 So I till now, no means could find to own  
 You, Honour'd Sir, nor make my felf thus known.

Whilft th' Artift Eye fcarce from his Work did ftir,  
 Answering to all, Ah Sir, your Servant Sir;  
 He thus went on; This Figure newly drawn  
 Which now you feem fo much intent upon,  
 Shews rarely well, you with no fparing hands,  
 Here dropt your Skill, how boldly off it ftands!  
 Pray let me ask you, Sir, without offence,  
 Are you acquainted with His Excellence?  
 Or late from the *Low-Countrys* got his fketç?  
 How e'r, the World the Work fhall never Match;  
 Or fhould this be, a Fancy all your own,  
 Proving fo like that Prince, to me well known,  
 His Sitting fpard, fome means Sir, might be made,  
 That you may double be, and trebly paid.

Who fcarce by th' Artift minded, thus went on;  
 Attention rowfing in a lowder tone.

Sir, Sir, look up, here ftands he whom you paint,  
*Moufieur Deveil*, th' old *Low-Country* Saint;  
 In my own likenefs thus my felf I fhew,  
 That you may fuch a Friend in Perfon know.

At this the *Paimer* ftarts up from his place,  
 On's Piçture ftares, then in the *Devils* Face;  
 To him affrighted, *Hogen Mogen* faid;  
 Be not fo difcompos'd, be not afraid;  
 What fee you here? no Tempeft on my Brow,  
 But all ferene, juft as you paint me now!

There

There stands my Self, each Lineament as well,  
 As if the Picture had been drawn in Hell;  
 And we have several famous *Painters* there,  
 'Mongst whom e'r long, You, Sir, expected are;  
 Where we mad *Devils*, merry Boys, and Waggs,  
 Change Fire-brands mounted on Infernal Hags;  
 And when grown weary of those rougher sports,  
 We Anticks Dance beyond all Masques in Courts;  
 And have our Poets in their several Desks,  
 Writing *Lampoons*, Plays Riming, and *Bourlesks*,  
 We act *Ragoes* there, *Sandie*, *Tegue*, and *Tbump*,  
 And merry are, as when you burnt the *Rump*;  
 You by this Face my Character may find,  
 These your own Lines are Tables of my mind;  
 Slight Fireside-stories, and such idle Dreams,  
 When we are pleas'd, we are in the Extreams,  
 For me so well thus Pencil'd Fiend and fair,  
 I would not Gold present, increasing Care,  
 Ask something may about your Heart sit warm,  
 Against all Fears and Jealousies to arm,  
 Bethink your self of some Rich Jewel, will  
 Keep sweet Contentment in your Bosome still.

The Artist though much troubled and dismay'd,  
 Thought if the Fiend for him a Favour had,  
 He should uncivil be to slight his grant,  
 Though (thanks to God) he knew no personal want.

Then Romaging his brains, he cries, my Wife  
 O gracious *Devil*, dearer than my life,  
 Make her my only Comfort, Joy of joys,  
 Else all this Worlds Felicities are toys;  
 Ah! out of your abundant goodness grant  
 That none in her imbraces me supplant.

The Fiend reply'd; You know not what you ask,  
 To translate Kingdoms is an easier Task!

I

I that have plaid the Fiend since two years old,  
 Studied this point as much as *Devil* could;  
 Ranack'd the Elements, Earth, Sea and Hell,  
 Could ne'r find such a Charm, nor binding Spell;  
 Nor Locks nor Keys, nor Adamantine wall,  
 But when they sweeten once they break through all.

Yet take this Ring and put it on, so long  
 As this you wear, none you shall ever wrong,  
 This you of Fears and Jealousies will cure,  
 And your fair Wife for your own Use secure,  
 Safe from all loose Escapes, and wanton pranks;

He on his knees giving old *Satan* thanks:  
 The flattering Dream, and Golden *Devil* fled,  
 And he lay waking with his Wife in Bed;  
 The meaning of the Vision soon he found,  
 His Finger with incircling *Hymen* crown'd.

## MORALS.

*Fond Jealousie, a Passion all Extreams  
 Makes us believe vain thoughts and idle Dreams:  
 Wives may be True or False to Husbands Beds,  
 But Fancy'd Horns, put Devils in their Heads.*

N

F A B

## F A B. XXXI.

*Of the Rustick and the Flea.*

**B**lood-sucker ! thou that thus hast broken in,  
 Committing Burglary upon my Skin,  
 When pleasant sleep descending from the pole,  
 Refresh'd with soft *Lethæan* Dew, my Soul ;  
 What saist thou Wretch ? what Rhetorick can prevail ?  
 That forfeit Life thou payst not on the Nail ?  
 Confess and Hang, such favour I'll not grudge,  
 That am your Executioner and Judge ;  
 To an arrested *Flea* our Yeoman said ;  
 When thus the Prisoner at the Barr did Plead.

Great King of Creatures, Pity my mishap,  
 Pity one fain in thy tormenting Trap ;  
 Let my sad Story melt thy yielding Soul,  
 To grant a Pardon, or else take *Paroll* ;  
 Thy Prisoner from a Prison scap'd so late,  
 Yet feels the pressures of that heavy Fate ;  
 Where I lay shackled in a pondrous Chain  
 That did a hundred golden Links contain ;  
 Throngs from the Town and Country, nay, the Court  
 To see my cruel Sufferings made their sport !  
 Me when my Master had with no small pains  
 Truss'd like a Murderer, up to hang in Chains ;  
 He tutored to such activeness and strength,  
 That Laden I leap'd ninety times my length !  
 Wondring Spectators hem the Table round,  
 Whilst to the Roof in gemm'd Gold I bound.

Yet I some Pleasures 'midst these tortures got,  
 On Vermil Checks I oft became a Spot ;

Of



Fable 31.

Oft in admiring Ladies bosoms Top'd  
 But never more to purchase Freedom, hop'd ;  
 Me and my Treasure up my Master locks,  
 In utter Darknes in a silver Box ;  
 When o'r and o'r my lofty tricks were shown,  
 In such a doleful Dungeon lay I thrown,  
 I, my Goale open, with no little pains,  
 Unyok'd my curbing Links and bridling Chains ;  
 At last far off from my deserted Box,  
 In this Covert hid, your sheltering Flocks :  
 Three Days and Nights I kept that Woollen Hold,  
 Till overcome by Hunger, Thirst, and Cold ,  
 In dark silence neer your Person crept,  
 Feeling your warmth, hearing you soundly slept ;  
 There craving *Cerberus* had a little Sop,  
 Not much above a quarter of a drop,  
 Which from your purple Isle, your crimson Sea,  
 Could not be mist, yet fav'd a wandering *Flea* ;  
 This all my Crime, a poor night-walking Thief,  
 Rather than dye, made bold with your Relief ;  
 Take pity Sir, since you my story know,  
 And Life thus Forfeited on me bestow.

Then said the *Swain*, Thou Fables dost devise,  
 Hast hope to save thy Life by telling Lyes ?  
 Thou wak'st me from a Dream, beshrew thee for't,  
 Loss of the Golden Vision breaks my heart,  
 To my own Smoky Roofs flung in a trice,  
 From Seats of Bliss, and joyes of a Paradise !  
 Such an *America*, a new-found World !  
 Our gentlest Calms seem ruffled, harsh, and curl'd  
 To their serenity, all our Delights, annoys,  
 Felicities of Princes irksome toys ;

There I beheld Dames never to be match'd !  
 Beautys like Stars ! not Painted nor be-patch'd !

(\*) The Goddesses are observed  
to move like Clouds, not step by step  
as Mortals.

Virg. *Æneid* lib. 1.

*Et cernitur in patuit Dea*—

Her Garb a Goddess shews—

Nor proudly Waddled, but like (\*) Clouds did march  
With pace Majestick, through Heavens Christal Arch;

'Mongst these a Lady, one most Heavenly Fair !  
Said, Chear up Friend, no more now toyl nor care;  
Spirits no more pour out in briny sweat,  
Early and late the Bread of Sorrow eat;  
But here for ever sport in shady Bowers,  
Shortning with various Joyes the tardy hours;  
A thousand Years in Pleasure at the height,  
Shall like your Lovers minutes take their flight;  
Such *Venus* after-games we here shall play,  
And ne'r be weary, never feel decay;

I ventur'd fair then for a gentle Touch  
To Doe--; what any could, they would, as much:  
When me of all my hopes thou didst bereave,  
And with one Pinch awaking, undeceive;  
Thou robst me, Villain, of a heavenly Wife,  
And hast confest, so forfeited thy Life.

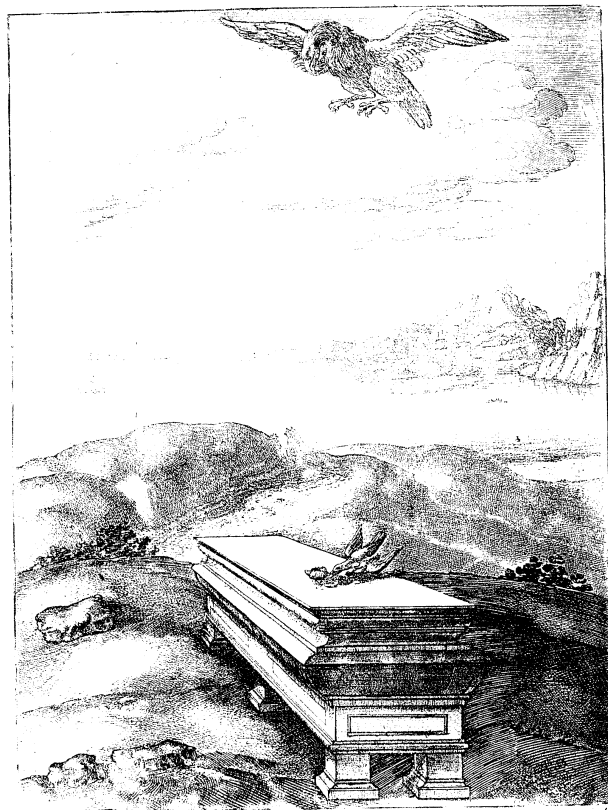
This said, he squeez'd from him the blood he got,  
Leaving on either Nail a purple spot.

### MORAL.

*Night-walking Jades whilst they imbrace, they rob;  
The sweet Dream flying leaves an empty fob:  
Must steal for Want, for Pleasure few, or spight,  
Yet some in Frolicks do the Gallows right.*

## F A B. XXXII.

Of the *Eagle*, *Oyster*, *Hare*, and *Daw*.



**A** Huge drag *Oyster*, Prince of all the bed,  
'Mongst others born to Market, almost dead,  
The Trotter from his many hundreds drops

In a High-way, hedg'd by a sheltering Cops ;  
*Kemlin* the *Hare*, this Monster heard fall down,  
And saw full Dorfors jogging to the Town,  
Whom drawing neer, admiring she beholds  
One like no Bird nor Beast, in Woods or Woalds !  
Curious, her foot just as the *Oyster* gasp'd,  
She ventring in, the two-leav'd Volume clasp'd ;  
Thrice try'd she how to make the Monster gape,  
As oft if with her clog she might escape,  
But all in vain, the *Remora* stuck fast,  
And her to Parley thus inforc'd at last.

What e'r thou art, Sea-wonder Bird, or Beast !  
The first that e'r I ventur'd on, to Feast,  
Free my grip'd Foot ; You are a stranger sure !  
And under *Fortune's* Frown, not here secure ;  
And I'll to th' Ocean, if you Water lack,  
With a strong Convoy bear you on my back,  
See you in safety settled there my self,  
In the deep Streams, or bedded on a Shelf ;  
Deluded with false Hopes, the *Oyster* gapes,  
And thence, this said, ingrateful *Kemlin* scapes ;  
No more her Promise nor Engagement minds,  
But to the Hills out-strips the Western Winds.  
The *Eagle* look'd upon them all the while,  
In one Dish plotting both to reconcile,

Left

Left this should all scape, the Monarch stoop'd,  
Made seizure of the Prey so strongly coup'd,  
Invested with a rough and double shell,  
Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell !

He whets his Beak, his hooked Talons grinds,  
Charg'd often, and as oft Repulses finds ;  
Three times the opening out-works, put him to't,  
Once by his Beak, twice hanging by his Foot :  
But whilst the panting King cessation made,<sup>s</sup>  
His wide Mouth opening, thus the *Oyster* said.

This Fortrefs only Steel or Fire must winn,  
Your Bill and Claws I value not a pin ,  
Who first to storm my rough-cast out-works, dar'd  
A King, the valiantst Man alive declar'd,  
His Knife then slipping, I but rac'd his skin,  
And this great Champion dy'd of a Gangreen.

The *Dam* observing from Heavens Chrystal vaults,  
How much in vain were all his strong Assaults,  
Thus to his Master said ; The wish'd for Prize,  
Bear to the middle Region of the Skies,  
Then drop th' obdurate on yon harder Rock,  
So you your Siege shall finish at one shock.

The Counsel pleas'd, the *Eagle* in a trice  
Scal'd Galleries stor'd with Rain, Snow, Hail, and Ice ;  
There perpendicular takes steady aim,  
And on hard Marble down the *Oyster* came,  
The breaches clattering like a Thunder-Crack !  
The Fort lay open for the least attack ;  
In leaps the *Dam*, and straight to Plunder falls ,  
There leaving fractur'd shells and broken Walls.

Then said the King, though vex'd, I needs must laugh,  
Thus to be Cheated by a cozening *Chough* :  
But if I ever catch the *Rook* at Court,  
I'll keep him in my Kitchin fasting for't ;

There

There he shall starve, and e'r he get one bit  
Petition to be beaten with the Spit.

## MORAL.

Who deal with Princes drive a subtle trade ,  
When large Bills swell for worthless Trifles made :  
Who make such Audits mount a thousand ways,  
The King's too hard for them, he never pays.

F A B.

## FAB. XXXIII.

*Of the Cedar and the Shrub.*

**A** Cedar whose tall Branches did extend  
 To kiss the Sky, and Roots to Hell descend;  
 Puff'd up with Pride, swoln with vain Folly  
 Owl'd with a bush and staring Periwig;  
 Which Madam *May* curl'd for his Summer Cap,  
 To drop off with the first Autumnal clap,  
 Thus proudly spake unto a Neighbouring *Shrub*.

Thou inconsiderate, ill-manner'd Grub,  
 When I vouchsafe to look thus down on thee,  
 Scorn'st thou to stoop, and bow that Wooden Knee?  
 When by my kindness thou art happy made,  
 From Wind and Sun protected by my shade! (Towns,

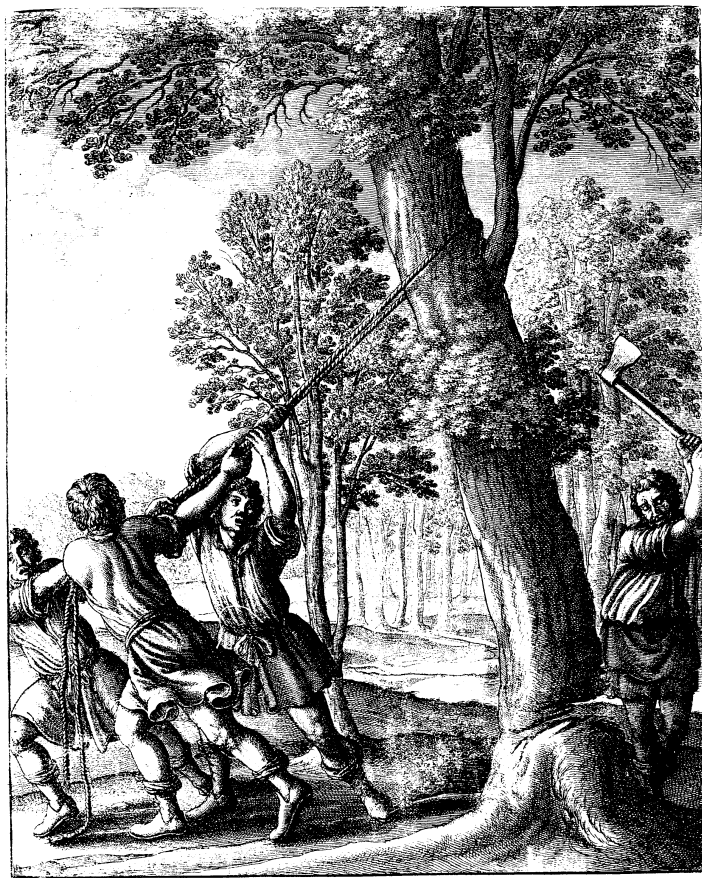
Know'st thou not me, whose Arms build Towers and  
 Whose Knees make floating Cities on the Downs;  
 The strongest Marble Arch without my Wood,  
 Ne'r stood the Violence of a second Flood;  
 If my huge Branches strengthen not the Frame,  
 Down comes the Structure like a Millers Damm!  
 Nay more, on me the Royal *Eagle* builds!  
 The *Lion* and his train that range the Fields,  
 When *Boreas* huffs, or scorching *Phæbus* burns,  
 My Leavy shadow to his Palace turns;

The *Mexicans*, as flying Fame reports,  
 Not only off, but in me build their Courts.

The vain Tree boasting thus, no end had made,  
 But that the *Axe* unto the Root was laid;  
 Then boystrous blows resound, and thundring strokes;  
 Such bring proud *Cedars* low, and sturdy *Oaks*;

The *Bush* then seeing how her palsied Crown  
 Sunk by degrees, just ready to drop down,

Spake



Spake to the Dying, at her latest gasp,  
 In Deaths Convulsions trembling like an Asp.  
 Hadst thou been Mean as I, th' hadst scap'd all Tax,  
 Nor hadst thou been Condemn'd to the Ax;  
 Thou that so late Contemn'st a Hurricane,  
 Charg'd with Hail-shot, and Deluges of Rain;  
 Those Covenanting-brethren thirty two,  
 Winds that not only Threaten but can Doe,  
 That Spring and Fall, each Change of Weather fly,  
 Not to the ruine only of the Sky,  
 But in their rage what e'r Menarchick, bear  
 O'r Sea and Land and sweep them through the Air;  
 Your Parts and Riches, that you so did crack,  
 Though Tempests could not, lay you on your back;  
 I Arm'd with Poverty, thus Mean and Low,  
 Desie the Hatchet and all Winds that blow.

## MORAL.

*Who have what e'r their wishes could devise,  
 Should ne'r the Poor and abject'st Worm despise;  
 When altering Times, and fickle Fortunes frown,  
 Brings oft the Proudest in a moment down.*

O

F A B.

## F A B. XXXIII.

*Of the Rustick and the Wolf.*

**A** Testy *Swain* when beatings not avail'd,  
 His *Ox* with execrations thus assail'd ;  
*Legion*, ten thousand Devils on thee fall,  
 And eat thy quarters up, Atch-bones and all ;  
 Like Summer Flies upon thee feasting sit,  
 Not leaving poor and Serving Fiends a bit :  
 But if for Beasts such Spirits little care,  
*Turks*, *Heathens*, *Jews* and *Seclaries* their Fare,  
 Who living Rebels, swallow'd at a Gulph,  
 Once Three and twenty thousand ! take him *Wolf* ;  
 Thou that now haunts these Downs, let *Isgrim's* Cub  
 Powder thee up, a dish for *Belzebub* ;  
 Or let thy Wife with Salt and Pepper strode,  
 In Collars rowl thee up, Beef *a-la-mode*.

The patrezaring *Wolf* who lay in wait ;  
 Hearing the *Rustick* rail at such a Rate,  
 Himself discovering, thus puts in his Claim :  
 I take you at your Word, Sir, here I am ;  
*Swains*, such as you, are punctual and just,  
 Keep Promise, and prove Faithful to their Trust ;  
 When the Nobles, and Peerage of the Land,  
 Never pay Debts, and rarely cleer a Bond !  
 Nay, Citizens, and those of primer Rank,  
 Whose Credits stand unquestion'd as the Bank ;  
 Crack unexpected, and not then prove sound,  
 When Nine pence for a Noble they Compound ;  
 Deliver up your grant, the Bullock pay,  
 And I'll discharge you to this present day.

Then said the *Swain* ; What Bullock ? who are you ?  
 That talkst of Grants, and mak'st so much ado ?

Art



Art thou his Son that sav'd Sir *Reynard's* skin?  
Puppie begon, I owe thee not a pin.

The *Wolf* reply'd, Think not to put me off,  
My due Demanding with a slighting Scoff,  
Though you your racking Landlords so do pay,  
Put nine Months off beyond their Quarter-day;  
I look you shall be punctual, this my Steer  
Deliver straight, or it will cost thee dear.

Who thus return'd, Fond *Ifgrim* prate no more,  
I gave this Bullock to the Devil before,  
The first Grant stands, but two besides you yet,  
Put earlier Titles in, my Pot, and Spit.

This said, he calls his Dog behind the hedge,  
Who little thought on, rais'd his formall Siege,  
Thence in disorder the raw Souldier scudds,  
To sheltering quarters in the adjacent Woods:

Young *Ifgrim* worsted by a bumkin Blade,  
At first thus broken setting up his Trade,  
His Reputation crack'd, so much o'rmatch'd,  
Labours his Brains, and all occasions watch'd  
His Credit to redeem, obtain his Right,  
Or try his Fortune in a single fight.

At last the *Rustick* and his Ox he found,  
Fallow converting into Furrow-ground,  
To whom he said; Unconscionable Clown,  
To hold from me my Right, and what's my Own,  
Whilst I, my Wife and Children, almost starve:  
Ah Heavens! what Punishment do they deserve?  
Who care not whom they Rob, nor how they Cheat,  
Widows and Orphans Goods, like morsels eat,  
Resolve what'er they gather so to keep,  
Yet as supinely as poor Poets sleep;  
But now thou shalt no longer me evade,  
Spight of thy Dog and Devil, I'll be paid.

In quiet then deliver up this *Steer*,  
Take my Acquittance, and your Audits cleer.

The *Swain* observ'd how sharp-set *Ifgrim* look'd,  
Ready to eat him and his *Ox* uncook'd !  
Absent his Dog, in danger of his Life !  
Straight Arms he disconceals and draws his Knife,  
Putting himself in posture of Defence :

Then said ; Come on, your martial Sute commence !  
With this I'll trounce your Tripes, your Gullet rip,  
Inspect thy Bowells, and thy Body strip ;  
Thy Head cut off, I'll carry to the *Kirk*,  
The Parish pays me for so good a Work.

The *Wolf* ; startled at *Kirk*, and much dismay'd  
At his bright Arms, and bold defiance, said :

Short as you are, as Confident I am,  
Thee to subdue, as if a Kid or Lamb ;  
Trusting my Strength, my Courage, and my Cause:  
But my Humanity puts in a Clause !

My Mother was a *Caledonian* Dame,  
Lay Elder-like, *War-Wolf* my Grandfire, came,  
And 'midst Devotion mingled *Venus* Work,  
As she at Prayers lay groveling in the *Kirk*,  
Midst groans and feign'd Contrition, her imbrac'd,  
And pregnant swell'd her then no little Wasse ;  
Some few Months after she had play'd the Rigg,  
With *Wolvish* seed, and *Calvinisme* big,  
With that fermenting *Covenant* enrag'd,  
Against th' *Episcopacy* she engag'd ;

(\*) A Woman struck the first stroke in the late grand Rebellion.

Threw the first (\*) Stone, and after, that her Chair,  
Lawn-sleeves upbraiding, and new Common Prayer ;  
The Signal given, with a hideous yell,  
The (b) *Commers* that sold Cabages and Kell,  
Thunder at once, Stools, Cushions, Stones and Myre,  
Distain'd the Mag-pyes Pontifick Attire ;

(b) *Gossip*.

NE

My Grannie so begun those fatal broiles,  
Inflam'd three Kingdoms, and two spacious Isles ;

Therefore since You and I may be ally'd,  
By Arbitration let the case be try'd,  
Wars doubtful are, and long expensive Laws,  
Let him whom first we meet decide the Cause,  
And to his Judgement promise both to stand ;  
On this they agreed, and Seal'd a Counter-bond.

### MORAL.

*Who ventures on a Foe, and then falls back,  
Makes like a Pistol without Ball, a Crack :  
When to take up the business, Friends be moves,  
Braggart himself, both Fool and Cowbeard proves.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXXV.

2. *Of the Rustick and the Wolf.*

**N**Or long with Talk did they the time beguile;  
 When busie *Reynard* whips me o'r the style,  
 Whose Sire th' old *Fox*, bred with much care  
 Up to the Law, nor his endeavours lost; (and cost,  
 Lucrative studies, early he and late

To Master strove, whence Wealth grows spight of Fate  
 If they to Pleading come, will sweat and trudge:  
 When both thus said, Behold, an able Judge.

So after Congees to their Work they fell,  
 And each their Tale to best advantage tell;

Then said the *Fox*; To this you'll both abide,  
 I, I, at once the *Swain* and *Wolf* reply'd.

Then first apart he with the *Rustick* goes,  
 And thus affrights, your Case, Sir, foully shows;  
 You have confest (\*) *primo Leonis*, th' A&  
 Casts you, 'gainst those with evil Spirits contract;  
 You to the Devil made a Deed of Gift,  
 If such work once we Lawyers come to sift,  
 You are undone, your Life in danger too,  
 Witches have burnt for doing less than You!  
*Victims*, to Promise execrations Charms,  
 The Bullock falls to him that first informs:  
 Not Friends at Court would fetch you off, nor Gold,  
 Should any lay on this Advantage hold.

The nettled *Swain* with many ill-made Legs,  
 Of his furr'd *Foxship* kind assistance begs;  
 Whatever Goods and Lands, though ne'r so Rich,  
 Let him dispose, e'r suffer for a Witch.

Who thus reply'd; To make your business mine,  
 Your Purse must stretch, whatever I design;

A Counsellor or two, we first must make;  
 Each may a dozen of your Capons take,  
 These in the Breach must stand, make good the Gap,  
 And may perhaps, your Cause e'r Hearing stop,  
 The Bullock send unto the *Lion's* Guard,  
 So get your Pardon and be never Heard:  
 Me a Fat Goose, some Chickens for my Wife,  
 And we, I warrant, soon shall hush all strife.

This to perform, himself the *Rustick* ty'd,  
 When cunning *Reynard* thus young *Isgrim* ply'd;  
 So, please your *Woolship*, you were much too blame,  
 To lay your Title in the Devil's Name,  
 For the foul Fiend; Ah Heavens! Appearance make!

Your wary Sire did never so mistake;  
 Though he did often *Satan* well advise,  
 And could out-lye the Father of all Lyes;  
 When e'r to canvassing your business comes,  
 One load of Fagots will prove both your Dooms;  
 Your own Confessions, (Ah! not me imploy,)  
 The Plaintiff and Defendant will destroy;  
 But more than this, your loud Contest I find,  
 And wrangling in such Passion, taking Wind,  
 A Bird hath carried, and no false Report,  
 To the Kings Eare, and to his Hungry Court,  
 There, Tables down, they empty lye, and Watch,  
 Like greedy Fish, whatever Prey to catch;  
 I saw them bustle, Cringe, and making Legs,  
 This urges Service, that his Promise begs;  
 Be suddain, Sir, else soon you'll say, I fear,  
 You had a fair Estate, and once you Were:  
 With Sheep and fatted Lambs Peace offerings make,  
 What's all your Worth when Life lies at the stake?  
 A Drolling Favourite, and less serious Peer  
 Shall, brib'd, although accus'd of Treason, clear:

My

My Uncle now in old Lord *Isgrim's* Place,  
 Shall, with a Present, gain the *Lion's* Grace;  
 Send all to me, and I'll your Gifts dispose,  
 Confirme your Friends, and mollific your Foes;

The *Wolf* thus nettled, said, All this I'll doe,  
 Whate'r 'twill cost me, I'll my Pardon sue.

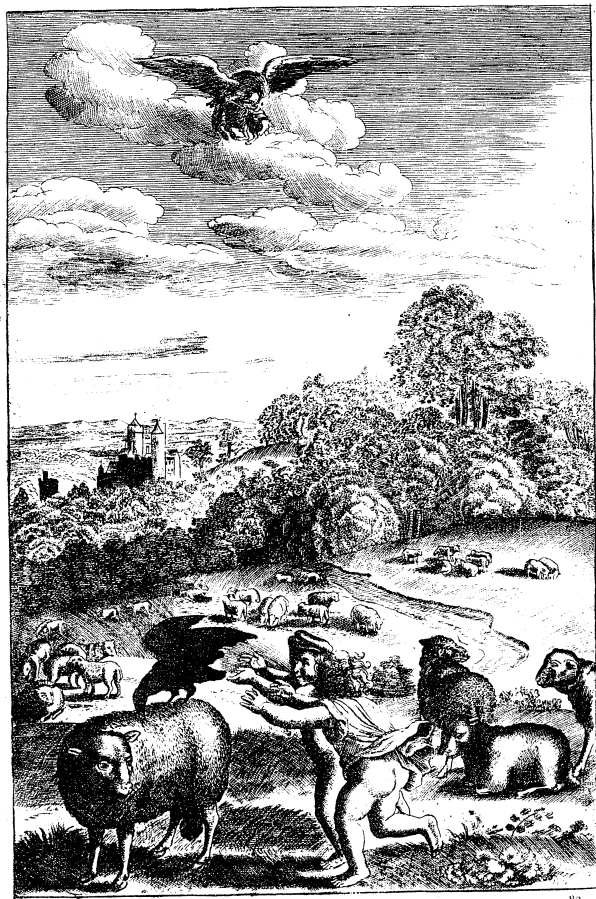
Thus subtle *Reynard* ended their Debates,  
 Sharing no little part of their Estates.

### MORAL.

*Busness to Lawyers Arbitration Put,  
 Whoever shuffles, they the first will Cut:  
 Go on each side a snip, nor care two pins,  
 So they fill up their mouths, which party Wins.*



## F A B. XXXVI.

*Of the Eagle and the Chough.*

THE Royal *Eagle* down like Lightning came,  
 And trust in griping fears a tender Lamb,  
 Then to a Cedars Crown that kist the Skies,  
 To his expecting *Aerie* bears the Prize;  
 This Flight a *Chough* with admiration saw,  
 Who long had been a Student in the Law.  
 Then said; Why toyl we thus at Inns of Courts?  
 Sweating at Breviates, Cafes, and Reports;  
 Drain *Ployden*, *Dyar*, *Littleton*, and *Cokes*,  
 About a *Jack a Styles*, and *John an Okes*;  
 Attend seven years e'r call'd unto the Bar:  
 When Sutes no Fortunes raise, like Chance of War,  
 We a long life may spend, and sweating trudge  
 To be a Tell-Clock, or a gouty Judge;  
 Make Term by Term the Hall with Pleadings ring:  
 When one *Field*, one short *Battel* crowns a King:  
 We spin out Causes, Clyents to beguile,  
 One Lucky Hit concludes the Souldiers toyl;  
 We only Fleccers be, this *Eagle* came  
 And made one business both of Fleece and Lamb;  
 Litigious Fools Estates we oft impair,  
 Get for our selves perhaps, the better share:  
 But if in Military Power they fall,  
 Their Lands are swallowed, Moveables and all.

Law and the Gown farewell, I'll now turn Blade,  
 Design he puts in Action soon as said;

P

And

And with a lofty flight cuts ambient Skies,  
 Thence stooping, a fat Weather makes his Prize,  
 Then with his load thinking to cleave the Clouds!  
 He found himself entrap'd in Woollen shrowds;  
 His Claws and Shanks intangled stuck so deep,  
 That he lay Prisoner to his Captive Sheep;  
 As easie he might raise this pondrous work,  
 As bear to Heaven a *Covenanting Kirk*!

The fond Bird snapt thus in a fleecie ginn,  
 The more he labours, sticks the faster in;  
 The Wooll like Quick-sands, working, deeper drew  
 About his Claws the intricated Clew.

A *Swain* observing his ambitious flight,  
 A Gowned Lawyer, now turn'd errant Knight,  
 Thus smiling said; Welcome from Inns of Court!  
 Since you take pleasure in Wars cruel sport,  
 I'll bring you to a Regiment of Waggs,  
 Who from the Fair mounted on Hobby Naggs,  
 VVith Treble Fiddle, Tabers, Pipes, and Drums,  
 All merry Boys, and each his Rattle, comes;  
 He gives him to the Childish Troop, this said,  
 They lay by nifels, and their trifling trade,  
 And straight the Fondlings seizing, pull and hale,  
 His VVings they clip, and mutilate his Tail;  
 And thronging round they question, ask his Name,  
 His Nation, Parents, Age, and whence he came?

VVho fighting, thus reply'd; I, now your sport,  
 VVas bred a Lawyer at the Inns of Court;  
 Thence like the soaring *Eagle*, thought to fly  
 From Chamber-work to Practise in the Sky;  
 But I now finding how I was mistook,  
 Confess my self a *Temple-garden Rook*;

VVhich

VVhich were I there, no more I'd dream of VVarr,  
 But boldly Chattering, thunder at the Barr.

## MORAL.

*Those who Experience, Strength or Courage lack,  
 Taking a Tartar may themselves attack:  
 But to be sport for Boys and loytering Jacks,  
 Little of an Infernal Torture lacks.*

## FAB. XXXVII.

*Of the Tyger and the Fox.*

**W**hen Hunting *Nimrods* first began to <sup>(shoot,</sup>  
 And at strange distance aiming execute,  
 Before in Squadrons able Bow-men  
 Diming noon-Sun beams with a feathered wood, <sup>(stood</sup>  
 Against Wild Beasts they practise new-found skill,  
 And Quadrupeds felt only biting Steel;  
 When in the Forrest this dire work began,  
 What God they knew not, or more Cruel Man  
 Them thus afflicted, out they could not start,  
 But here a Heifer drops, and there a Hart.  
 No Foe in sight, but loe! th' Infernal Hagg,

(a) One of the Furies of Hell, (a) *Tifphone*, or else some direr Plague  
 supposed to torment Homicides.

Brought a Destruction not to be control'd,  
 None sparing, neither Sex, nor young nor old,  
 So durst they not from sheltering Coverts draw,  
 But there lay pining with an empty Maw.

VWhen a bold *Tyger* thus enquir'd the cause;  
 You Forrest Rangers now who know no Laws,  
 But your own wills, who pleasure only serve;  
 VWhat makes you thus pent up to lye and sterve?  
 Or what *Scorbutick* humor stops your blood?  
 That thus you languish here and seek no Food.

VWhen one reply'd; We dare not take the Field,  
 Unless protected with a Tortoise Shield;  
 Clouds that with *Jove's* Artillerie assail,  
 Lightning and Thunder, Wind, Snow, Rain, and Hail,  
 Ne'r us surpriz'd sheltered in Dens and Holes:  
 Now not a black patch seen 'twixt either Poles;  
 Some God from cleer expansions Bolts lets fly  
 Unwing'd with warning Tempest, so, we dy;

Or



Or if we scape hurt by unseen Serenes,  
 The Wound not Mortal peril of Gangreens ;  
 And if we fall where shot, the Lords of Lands,  
 Make us their Prize, and seize for *Deodands* :  
 So we resolve to spend here latest breath,  
 Since of all Deaths the worst is suddain Death.

Then said the *Tyger* ; *Man* o'r Beasts hath odds,  
 As much as over Men Immortal Gods ;  
 But be it Humane , Heavenly Power or Hells,  
 That kills at once and works such Miracles !  
 I'll venture a Discovery to make ;  
 And good or bad whate'r my fortune take.

This said, the Bold and Nimble waves disputes  
 And reason baffl'd, from the Covert shoots :  
 No sooner forth, an Archer him discern'd,  
 Stalking and gazing as not much concern'd,  
 His tackle ready, close in Ambuscade,  
 Drawing his Shaft, thus he to *Phæbus* pray'd.

Grant that yon Monster with the haughty Garb,  
 May receive Sentence from this deadly Barb :  
 Give Pride a Fall, this Arrow in his Breast,  
 Make me the Master of his curious Vest,  
 Which prizing next to Royal Ermin, shall  
 Hang a gay Trophie, up in *Skimmers*-Hall.

Whilst he at fears and vulgar errors laught,  
*Apollo* grants, and he dismiss the shaft ;  
 Making no obstacle a Rib it broke,  
 And through his Bowels fixt upon an Oke.

He felt strange Agonies through every part ,  
 And Deaths Convulsions shake his trembling heart ;  
 Strikes, Tears, and Flings, till almost out of breath,  
 Th' arrested Patient falls, expecting Death ;  
 At his last gasp whilst yielding up his Soul,  
 Spake thus sly *Reynard* peeping from his Hole ;

You

You that but now to venture were so hot,  
 What? Sink you at a *Privateers* first shot?  
 A close backbiter that can well defame  
 You ne'r shall see, and he ne'r miss his Aim;  
 You are a Courtier in the *Lions* Woods,  
 There you may find many such *Robin Hoods*;  
 That from the Kings own Ear their aim shall take,  
 And though in Favour, an Example make.

## MORAL.

*Backbiters oft infuse such lasting stains,  
 That blemish Heirs in after Princes Reigns:  
 A slanderous Tongue, although upon no ground,  
 For ever may fair Reputation wound.*



## F A B. XXXVIII.

*Of the Eagle and other Birds.*

**A** Tyrant *Eagle* that had dispossest  
 His Royal Master, and enjoy'd his Nest,  
 Which more to Feather he a thousand ways,  
 And griping Counsel studies how to raise.  
 His pack'd up Parliaments gave what he would,  
 Enough to build him Forts and Ships of Gold ;  
 Yet though all forts of Birds were plum'd and pill'd  
 His Clem'd Exchequers belly never fill'd ;  
 Lone, Taxes, Pole, his Custome and Excise  
 Lost in their Rivers yield scarce no supplys,  
 Collectors and Receivers, *Rooks* and *Kites*,  
 Ship Pounds to Pence, and Shillings into Mites ;  
 The Tyrant by Necessity put too'r,  
 Monopolies and Projects sets a foot.

At last Religion Cloaks his impious aims,  
 So he an Annual Holyday Proclaims  
 To *Aquila* his Grandfire, who now bears  
 Forces punishing Thunder in his hooked fears ;  
 At last the day of Solemnization came,  
 From all parts gathering Birds doth Wild and Tame;  
 Peacocks and Geese, Turkeys, Wild-ducks, and Cranes,  
 The Decoy Temple throng, with several Trains :  
 They look'd that Griffons there they should behold,  
 And flying Horses wing'd with Angel-Gold !  
 There, Birds of Paradise, there, would appear  
*Phoenix*, scarce seen once in five hundred year:  
 But ah ! Instead of gaudy, Armed Birds,  
 Bed-Chamber Harpies, Kites, and Craven Lords  
 A Guard with griping Tallons ready stood,  
 Those fatal *Vespers* to conclude in Blood :  
 Whilst all with suddain Confernations shake,  
 Thus the Usurper in rough language spake.

We

We with Our urgent Wants and rising Charge,  
 Oft mildly have acquainted you at large;  
 Supposing well Our Aims you understood,  
 Not Private seeking, but the Publick good:  
 But be it what it will, no more now shall  
 Our Will and Pleasure question'd be at all;  
 Since Fate hath put me in the Royal Chair,  
 Of blasted Reputation I'll beware;  
 No more I'll wheedle now, cajole or beg,  
 Make my own Subjects for my Right, a Leg:  
 But those who boldly oft did me oppose,  
 Proscrib'd shall all now suffer here as Foes;  
 I'll make this day prime Offerings of their Blood,  
 To *Aquila*, Our Grandfire and Our God.

This said, his Guard at once upon them falls,  
 Turning expected Feasts to Funeralls!  
 In heaps lay Massacred the Fat and Tame,  
 The Rich were Criminals, and most too blame;  
 The *Eagle* glad his cruel Project took,  
 Unto his bloody Murderers thus spoke.

Who would be absolute, a reall King,  
 By Fear must down Seditious Subjects bring;  
 Who goes about a Crimson deed by ha'ves,  
 If one 'mongst thousands his fond Mercy saves,  
 That proves his Ruin by imperfect Work:  
 Off the prime Heads at once of <sup>(\*)</sup> Poppies jerk,  
 Then Rule alone: Howe'r a Tyrant's brave,  
 Descending all in Scarlet to the Grave.

(\*) Which story you may see at large  
 in *Lucius FORTIS* lib. 1. cap. 7.

### MORAL.

*Kings as inclin'd, on several binges move,  
 This scorns the Peoples Hate, that courts their Love:  
 But who with general liking quiet Reigns  
 A skilful Riders Reputation gains.*

FAB. XXXIX.

*Of the Pedlar and his Ass.*

**M**Ust I be alwayes at this heavy pafs?  
Still the sides tawing of a stubborn *Ass*?  
Will you not mend your pace, so light your  
Such pleasant weather, and so fair a Road? (Load,

Thus to his restie Beast the Master said,  
Whilst tabring on his coat the Cudgel plaid;  
But he the storm with surley patience stood,  
As if a Sea-wash'd Rock, or made of wood:  
Nor more would from his resolution budge,  
Than the severest sentence-passing Judge,  
Since blows could not his tender Conscience force,  
He thus essaies him with a milder course.

Jog *Assinago*, step by step, make proof  
Of this smooth tract, with your imprinting Hoof;  
Here are no Plashes, Clods, nor lumpie Clay,  
Here, had we time, us two at Dice might play;  
No more I'll wreak my Anger on thy Ribs,  
But my self feed thee at replenish'd Cribbs,  
And like a Lord, although an *Ass*, attend,  
And Filly-foal shall be thy bosom friend.

Nor so the *Polish* Chapman and his <sup>(a)</sup> Magg,  
Rais'd vast Estates, a Gallowway their Nag  
Still cheerful bore his Wealth encreasing Pack,  
Till he march'd forth a General from a Jack.

When thus grown desperate, spake the moody Beast,  
Thee, and thy Fairs and Markets I detest;  
After so many stripes that me wouldst sooth  
To settle early in thy Cheating Booth;  
Last night your Guzeling got into your Pate,  
And I must suffer, 'cause you rose so late:

Q

My



Fab. 39

(a) The Pedlar's Wife.

My Father told me Dying, whom you made  
 Like me, your Slave, like me your Pack-horse jade;  
 You more by favouring of that Rebel *Scot*  
 Than by your Pedling, this your Fortune got:  
 You with seditious Pamphlets stuff'd your load,  
 Long e'r *Mercuriuses* appear'd abroad,  
 Before Fame plum'd on paper wings could fly,  
 Plain Truth trod under by proud Madam *Lye*;  
 Fill'd the illiterate Dorps and Countrey Towns,  
 With *Cleaver's* works, with *Subcliff's*, *Ded's*, and  
 On every Shelf, and Cupboards-head they lay, (*Brown's*;  
 Opening to grand Rebellion the way;  
 My hapless Father at his latest breath  
 Laid to your Loads and cruelty, his Death:  
 I suffering thus like him, resolve so too,  
 And dying here, my Murther lay on you.

This said, no longer he sustains his load,  
 But stretch'd himself athwart the beaten Road.

When to the desperate, thus th' inrag'd replies;  
 Wilt thou lye here, not do thy work, not rise?  
 If to the Devil thou intend'st to go,  
 I'll find you tortures worse than those below;  
 Thy endless beatings, shall fill all parts with din,  
 I'll in twelve Tabers cante out thy skin,  
 At Childrens feasts, at Pupit-plays, and Fairs,  
 Those restless Furies, Puddings, Apes, and Hares,  
 Shall Taw thy hide, and with perpetual noise,  
 Call to lewd Shews, light Girles, and loytring Boys;  
 Perpetuall bastings, alwayes to be flamm'd  
 If thou so well approv'st, Dye and be damn'd.

The *Ass* then in a melancholly vein,  
 Splenatick fumes, suggesting Hell and Pain,  
 Dire Tortures after Death! began to think,  
 No lucid intervals, no meat nor Drink!

But

But almost Furies labouring on his pelt,  
 Beter that still wherein he living dwelt,  
 Where he amongst toyl and blows, might rest and feed:  
 Then thus, he outwent an *Asses* speed.

## MORAL.

Such Criminalls whom soft nor threatning words  
 Will make confess, cock'd Pistolls, nor drawn Swords;  
 Tell them of Tortures and Infernall flames,  
 That brings all out, and greatest Monsters tames.

Q 2

F A B.

## FAB. XL.

*Of Jupiter and the Ape.*

**T**Ransform'd to *Wolves* by *Jove*, *Lycaon's* race,  
 Once more themselves transform to *Babes* of  
 The bristly beast a sheepskin tunick clouds (grace,  
 And they, though living, walk in *Woollen* shrouds;  
 Thus carrying on a damnable Design,  
 Not Heaven to take by storm, but undermine;  
 Monarchick Power up Root and Branch they'll grub,  
 Thundring from Hell the Pulpit and the Tub,  
 Heaven's Gates not battering, thus they will unhinge:  
 So satiate both their Avarice and Revenge;  
 And Lords of the Ascendant swallow down  
 Bright Constellations, Jewells of the Crown,  
 Levell Revenues, share his Starrie Robes,  
 Joyning Cœlestial and Terrestrial Globes.

Which *Jove* perceiving, soon remembered well  
 How on his Pallace earth-born Bomkins, fell,  
 Those ranting *Tytonoys* in hurly burly,  
 (Like ruder Sea-men after Pay grown surley)  
 Strove Heavens twelve Houses down at once to tear,  
 Crying, They all light *Venus* Mansions wear.

Then said great *Jove*, *Wolves* threaten my Aboads,  
 Their faction powerful grown 'mongst favouring Gods  
 What shall I do? and Man's deceitful stock,  
 Though me with loaden Altars they invoke;  
 Yet in the Gyants War not one did list  
 Nor Us, in that great exigence assist;  
 Well; I with Beasts will fight the bestial Foe,  
 Commissioning Our *Quadruples* below.

This said, he musters up both Wild and Tame;  
 All free from this so dire infection came.

'Mongst



Fab. 40

'Mongst these, the King of *Ape-land* did engage,  
 Attended with a *Gallick* Equipage,  
 Tronck-hos'd Baboons, and liver'd Drill *Lacqueis*,  
 Which *Jove* himself took pleasure on to gaze !  
 When drawing neer, with *John-an-Apes* his Son,  
 Thrice Congeeing to the Thunderer he begun.

Though in our Kingdom Pulpit *Wolves* we have,  
 (a) *Hyenas*, such as make the vulgar rave ;  
 Yet by our Care not far their Poyson taints,  
 Within our Walls Preach no dissembling Saints ;  
 Free from the witchcraft of their powerful Charms,  
 I'll forty thousand thee present in Arms,  
 Gainst all the World my Army I'll maintain  
 To march up Hill, and so come down again.

But for this Service one small Boon I beg,  
 Behold my Son, thus mounted on one Leg,  
 Which if that Miracles not yet are ceas'd,  
 Stands th' onely Wonder betwixt Man and Beast !  
 Should I his Qualities but reckon, they  
 Would take up the whole business of the day :  
 Therefore great King of Kings on him bestow  
 Some grant that may your signal favours flow.

Then *Jove* reply'd ; To give shall be my task ,  
 And you to find, what's worth your while to ask,  
 Present me your desires, What you would have ?  
 As ready I'm to grant, as you to crave.

Not long Consulting th' *Apeland* Monarch staies,  
 But thus upon his knee, *Jove* humbly prays :

Since you are pleas'd my Ofspring to advance,  
 Make him a King, a good King *John* of *France* :  
 Errows of Fate (some say) are quite unskilld,  
 An Apish Prince may Rule the Western World ;  
 I beg this, Sir, upon our Injuries score,  
 Forces to land upon the *Brittish* shore,

My

(a) *Hyenas* is said to be a sort of *Wolves*, that counterfeit Humane Voyces, and by their Complaints draw Children, and the weaker sort of people, out of Villages, and seizing, make their Prey.

My Brother, and his Uncle to redeem  
 From *Paris-Garden*, one I much esteem,  
 Whom now at Pension amongst nasty Bears,  
 A guarded Jerkin without Breeches wears,  
 There making pastime on a gall'd Horse back,  
 And though a Prince at home, they call him *Jack*.

To be the King of *France*, said angry *Jove*;  
 On such a high concern no further move,  
 The *French* King might have past, he not unfit  
 To Rule that Nation by his parts and Wit:  
 But since he after such Preferment gapes,  
 To be a Monarch though a *Jack-an-Apes*,  
 Your Brother and his Uncle, never shall  
 From *Paris-Garden* be releas'd at all:  
 But when his Master please shew tricks, and Dance,  
 To meanest Subjects of the King of *France*.

### MORAL.

*Clandestine Plots more dangerous are by far,  
 Than all Hostilities of open War:  
 Let your Petitions Modest be, and fit,  
 And ten to one, if any thing you get.*

## F A B. XLi.

*Of the Carpenter and Mercury.*

**T**His Artift who no fmall Task undertook,  
 No petty Tenements, nor paltry Nook;  
 Nor for fome Trees contracted, but whole  
 To build a ftately Temple for the Gods; (Woods,  
 A huge *Pantheon* where they all muft ftand  
 That e'r were Worfhip'd yet in any Land;  
 And empty Neeches left for many more,  
 New Lights might move hereafter to implore. (ftrokes,  
 Each where the Groves refound with boyfterous  
 And falls of groaning Pines, and dying Okes,  
 His work he plyes, fo that in ranks and files  
 Thick ftands a Foreft in congelted Piles:  
 This alteration fetled Eagles felt,  
 Who had in Cedar Courts three Ages dwelt,  
 Suppofting the Eftate for ever theirs,  
 At leaft long Leafes for themfelves and Heirs:  
 'Mongft thefe he on a fpecial Tree did look,  
 Perinfuled with an incircling Brook,  
 'Mongft fpreading boughs that dangled o'r the ftream,  
 He fancied one would make a fitting Beam,  
 Which ftanding, while he fpriggs and foliage tops,  
 Buft to clear the work, his Hatchet drops  
 'Mongft troubled waters, hard to be regain'd,  
 Deep with a fhower, dark with firmented fand;  
 Then the Cœleftials all he did implore,  
 His Ax employed for them they would reftore.

When *Hermes*, whom this Artift late had carv'd,  
 And much for fuch a Mafter-piece deferv'd,  
 Which in his Shop fhew'd like an unlick'd Bear,  
 But an eighth Wonder mounted in the Air, With



With his *Caduceus* standing on one Leg,  
 Appearing, said, In a good hour you beg,  
 You building are the Gods a stately *Fane*,  
 Who work for them, they hear, when they complain.

Who thus reply'd; My Ax whilst here I lopt  
 Boughs for their service, in the River dropt;  
 Lately new edg'd, and fitted to my hands,  
 Which whilst I want, a Turret tottering stands.

This said, the God descends, and in a thought,  
 Him from deep streams, a golden hatchet brought,  
 Asking if that were his, which when he spi'd,  
 That's none of mine! I dropt none such, he cry'd;  
 I ne'r had any Ax shin'd half so bright,  
 For service mine! more than for shew and fight.

Thence *Hermes* diving, brings another bait,  
 Both Helve and Hatchet all of massie Plate.  
 That neither, cries the Artist, that's not mine!

Finding no Fraud to answer his Design,  
*Hermes* well pleas'd, presents him with his own,  
 Dipt thrice in *Styx*, Stick-free 'gainst Steel and Stone,  
 More worth than thrice the weight in solid Gold,  
 Whose Edge should never blunt, never grow old;  
 Whilst he gives thanks, commixt with vows and prayers,  
 The disappearing God to Heav'n repairs.

## MORAL.

Artists whose Square a leather Apron girds,  
 Articles bind not Promises nor Words:  
 Their worthy company small masters makes,  
 That for their own would leave a Golden Ax.

## FAB. XLII.

## 2. Of the same Carpenter and Mercury.

(told,  
 Whilst Hilft pratling Fame this to his Servants  
 Their Master had refus'd an ax of gold;  
 Amongst these one who 'midst their emptying pots,  
 Drew on wet Tables Ichnographick Plots  
 Modells and Forms; this heard, his fancy racks;  
 How to be master of a Golden Ax;  
 Not on his new laid Project, thence he slips,  
 And on the same Tree mounted, hews, and chips;  
 Then (as design'd) straining a branch to lop,  
 Down lets his Hatchet in the Water drop,  
 And to the Gods conceives these feigned Prayers:  
 Your Powers that pitying look on Mens affairs,  
 And the most abject help when they implore,  
 My Hatchet; ah my Hatchet me restore!  
 Which, wanting, I shall ne'r perform my Work,  
 Though but to build a *Calidonian* Kirk.  
*Hermes* the Hypocrites petition heard,  
 And above Waves with a bright Ax appear'd;  
 And thus, who durst trepan the Gods, trepan'd;  
 If this be yours, this Hatchet, ease my hand,  
 Which I'm not able longer up to hold,  
 Although a Deity, all of massie Gold;  
 Stoop, stoop, friend quickly, and receive your own:  
 Which said, the wretch straight bending tumbled down,  
 And at shades grasping, fell into the stream,  
 Where soon he wakened from his golden Dream,  
 Thence scrabbling out safe on the River side,  
 He at his girdle his own Hatchet spy'd,  
 And at the transformation wondring stood,  
 The Hest turn'd Marble, and the Steel grown Wood:  
 When

When thus he said ; a very fine exploit  
To get a Golden Ax not worth a doyt.

### MORAL.

*Artists that Toyl, hard livings wring from Sweat,  
Strangely affect what's purchas'd by a Cheat :  
Who Courts or Churches build, or else repair,  
Of such John Joyners, let them take some care.*

## F A B. XLIII.

*Of the Dog and Wolf.*

Tab. 43.

**T**His *Dog* with care attends his Masters flocks,  
Protecting from the *Wolf* and subtle *Fox*,  
Long winter nights would walk his rounds, and  
For Trust and affiduity unmatched ; (watch'd,  
Yet for perpetual Vigils, constant guards,  
Blows and long Lents, were only his rewards ;  
Who for such pains encouragement deserv'd,  
Neglected went, clem'd up, and almost sterv'd.

To whom, thus *Isgrim* at a parly spake ;  
You that such pains for blows and hunger take,  
Adventuring life so oft, and nothing spare,  
But *Bare-bones* to be call'd for all your care ;  
I wonder at, and pity, though a *Foe*,  
Others that serve your Master are not so ;  
His Auditors, and those that bear the Bag,  
Their sides are larded, their stuff'd bellies sag,  
Who set his Lands, and Tenements demise,  
Their Cheeks and Noses bow-dy'd scarlet dyes.

Who thus reply'd ; I'm but his Shepherd's *Dog*,  
Spaniels and Foysting-hounds, that lye and cog,  
Filling his ears with Tales and idle prate,  
Pick up their Crums, when out soon me they rate ;  
He values more a Fool, or sawcie Knave,  
Than one whose Wisdome might a City save ;  
Our Lord great Places holds, hath store of Lands,  
Of which, no more than I, he understands ;  
He knows not what his Rents are, what his Books,  
Nor businesse, onely after Pleasure looks ;  
Let them with forty pieces stuff his Fobb,  
To lose at Gaming, or rig forth some Drab,

R 2

His

His work there ends, that done concludes all Cares,  
Both of the Publick and his own Affairs ;  
Let Ships and Cities be consum'd in flame,  
All's one to him, his principles the same.

Then *Isgrim* said ; Once take a Foe's advice,  
Would you new sheath'd, and fat be in a trice ?  
Fancy me yonder Lamb ; I ask no more,  
Ne'r to your belly after run a-score ;  
And this the means, I'll seize your *Curships* gift,  
Follow you me, I know you fierce and swift ;  
When you are neer, just catching at my Throat,  
Feigning fall down, and let me take my lot,  
This will your Master, and the rest observe,  
And for their own ends, you no more shall serve ;

The Common Foe and a false Servant joyn'd,  
Put straight in act what well they had design'd ;  
Whilst all beheld how *Isgrim* seiz'd the Lamb,  
And <sup>(\*)</sup> *Hylax* after, like a Tempest, came ;

The tender Prey was ready to regain,  
He seeming faints, nor could his speed maintain,  
The *Wolf* his Prize to sheltring Coverts bore,  
The *Dog* is worth his weight in Gold, they swore,  
And without question had the losse regain'd,  
Had he for service better been maintain'd :  
Both Town and Countrey then of him took care,  
And each-where treated, he grew Fat and Fair.

### MORAL.

'Tis hard to Carke all day, to Care and Mowl,  
And find at night our labour for our toyl :  
When by some trick in Trade, or new Trepan,  
Up from a Broker starts an Alderman.

(\*) A Shepherd's Cur.

— *Et Hylax in lumen latrat.*  
Virg. Eclog. 8.





FAB. XLIV.

2. *Of the same Dog and Wolf.*

**H**Is Curship *Hylax*, now grown sleek and plump,  
 Dog in a doublet with a Velvet Jump,  
 Rais'd by his Master's Lord's especial grace,  
 From Turn-spit, to the *Major-Domo's* place,  
 Had both the Kitchen, Pantrey, Larder, all  
 That were below-stairs ready at his call;  
 Spaniells, nay Mastives, veil'd to him their Caps,  
 And Foysting-hounds, though in their Ladies laps;  
 Who late some scruples taking 'bove his dose,  
 A large Potation and a short repose,  
 Walk'd forth this morning, better to repair  
 His queffie stomach with refreshing Air;  
 Where under harder Planets *Isgrim* fate,  
 Repining at inexorable Fate,  
 Soon as the *Wolf* his old Acquaintance spy'd,  
 Craving an Alms, thus he himself apply'd;  
 Take pitty Sir, behold my fordid Coat,  
 My clem'd up Belly, and my rivell'd Throat;  
 Since you that tender bit on me bestow'd  
 I never tasted Flesh, nor drank warm Blood;  
 Ah! with sweet Creature-comforts me supply,  
 That once more I may eat before I dye;  
 I wave all former Merits, neither hint  
 Councel, that since hath prov'd to you a Mint,  
 That well your back hath cloath'd, your Purse well lin'd,  
 Ah! let my Wants your soft Compassion find.  
 Dog Steward then reply'd; *Isgrim* 'tis true,  
 To rob my Master I Conspir'd with you,  
 And I so well did your first Lesson learn,  
 Lonely studied since my own Concern;

By

By which I rais'd my self in little space,  
Up from a Scullion, to the Caterer's place;

(a) *Era'mus* Story of his Dog. A (a) Basket in my mouth, a Bill that bid  
The Butcher furnish me with Veal or Kid;  
Beef, Lamb, or Mutton, which I day by day  
Brought to the Cook, ne'r asking what's to pay;  
But once as I went luggering home my load,  
I saw two Mastives fighting in the Road;  
Straight to be Stickler, down my Charge I set,  
When the great battel prov'd an arrant Cheat;  
And they to plundering of my Basket fell,  
I thought I might put in my Claym as well;  
So we together did divide the Spoyl;  
My Lord saw this, and laughing all the while,  
Tickled with mischief, and my ready Wit,  
Since me to make his Steward hath thought fit,  
And I'm no more a down-right Shepherd's Cur,  
But as you see; Your humble servant, Sir,  
Confesseth that you rais'd me; nor shall scorn  
As Courtiers use, to make a kind return;  
I'll put you on a handſom Project shall

Once more your belly fill, fall what may fall:  
Soon as grown dark, you to our Larder may  
Find by a new made breach, an easie way,  
There you may wants supply, there highly Feast,  
Which I could wish you may as well digest.

This said, the joyful *Wolf* did thence depart,  
And home went *Hylax*, treachery in his heart.

### MORAL.

*Who get Advancement by sinister ends,  
Prove seldom to their Kaisers cordiall friends:  
The Debt too great to pay, some State-trick must,  
By ruine or disgrace, accounts adjust.*

### F A B. XLV.

#### 3. Of the same Dog and Wolf.

Soon as Sun-setting rais'd nights sable flags,  
And Stars drest up, laid by their muffling bags;  
Forth *Isgrim* did from dark Recesses steal,  
Venturing sweet Life against one plenteous Meal;  
Through shades and silence the old Robber drew,  
Where breaches lay expos'd to open view;  
Low and neglected out-works soon he mounts;  
The wealthie Plunder all his own, accounts;  
Fierce, on cold Lamb and Mutton first he falls,  
Next, breaches makes in Venison Pastie walls;  
Then up and down pickering, tears and eats,  
Making a massacre of broken meats!  
Rich Wine in open bottles last he marks,  
Whose windy firment had blown up their Corks;  
Th' uneven floor turning to Pools and Isles,  
He *French* and *Spanish* difference reconciles;  
Fear of surprizal vanquished with Wine,  
He calls the Vault his Castle, cries all's mine;  
Plots the false Steward (though his friend) to kill,  
There fix his Throne, and Govern in that Cell:  
Tuning his pipes, then he began to sing  
The Ballad of *Lycæon*, once a King;

How he with Humane dishes *Jove* did Feast,  
On Man's flesh treated his Cœlestial Guest,  
Herbage for Beasts, Beasts Men, Man Angels food,  
What best with them agreed might please a God:  
But he at him, and such choice Banquets storms,  
And for his kindnesse to a *Wolf* transforms,  
Closing each Stanza with Phanatick Rage,  
Should *Jove* more than Gygantick stirrs engage,

*Lycæon*

*Lycaon* to his Seat restore again,  
And injur'd Saints, *Wolves* turn'd to Men, should Reign.

Such dire Notes *Igrim* sung, whilst down he trowls,  
After his favourite Morfels, cheering Bowls.

*Dog* Steward that well his voice, though singing, knew,  
From Ambuscade out with a party drew,  
At lock'd doors entering, they beset the breach,  
Crying the *Wolf* another Song they'll teach;  
Who seeing he must perish on the Spot,  
Seiz'd his false Friend, the Steward by the throat,  
Though all to loose him did what e'er they could  
With deadly wounds, the *Wolf* still kept his hold:

So grappled they in Death's convulsion lay,  
And dead, were thrown out on the Kings high-way.

### MORAL:

*Feign'd Friends who best may Villanies complot;  
Of their Designs miscarry on the Spot:  
A dram tis of the deadly Bottle gets,  
Which for his dangerous Compeer he sets.*



Fak. 46. 47. 48.

## F A B. XLVI.

*Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

S O faire the Morning, that you could not spy  
 The smallest mote in Heav'n's great cristal eye,  
 And such the *Halcyon*, that in *Phæbus* Raies  
 Light Attoms danc'd no Laborynthian haies,  
 Whilst the plum'd Quire to audit Winter scores,  
 And long neglected love, call brisk Amours;  
 Earth clad in green, bids *February* fly,  
 The warm Sun's galant now in *Gemini*.  
 When thus Sir *Reynard's* heir, that hopeful Spark,  
 His Mother cogs to wanton in the Park.  
 Give me, dear Mammie, leave a while to play  
 On yonder Mantlings, this inviting day;  
 How finely shines the Sun? how clear and warm?  
 And I'll a Chicken from that neighbouring Farm  
 Perhaps convey, bearing a-pick, a-pack,  
 Like Daddie, with a Gander on his back.  
 Then she reply'd; Go *Reynie*, but beware  
 Left th' Eagle thee a further voyage bear;  
 I saw her trusse a Lamb, so long did mark  
 Her flying, till she lessined to a Lark;  
 Thee if she light on, and thy little prize,  
 She'll carry to her Castle in the Skies;  
 Where Chicken and you, she will together dresse;  
 And her expecting Aeiry so *Carefs*.

This said, the Wanton leaves their shady Court,  
 Caution forgot, and only follows sport:

S

Whom,

Whom, soon *Mount-Eagle* more than Steeple high  
Saw, and descending from the liquid Skie,  
Seiz'd on the heedlesse Cub, and thence conveys  
To Feast her Young, through Airs untract'd wayes;  
The bustle hearing, out Dame *Ermelin* flies,  
Thus th' *Eagle* courting, to forsake her Prize.

A Mother hear, since you a Mother are!  
Vex not a frantick Female to despair;  
My Son deliver, wave what e'r your Claim,  
And I'll present you with a tender Lamb;  
Or else a Tortoise in the shell I'll dress,  
Shall better thee and thy fair young Carefs.

She neither her Complaints, nor proffers minds,  
But to her Cedar Court out-strips the Winds;  
Where for their shares her sharp-set Acirys gapes,  
Young *Reynie* wondring at their <sup>(a)</sup> *Indian* shapes.

(a) *Indians* are always personated in the Scene in Coats of Feathers.

But she, *Mount-Eagle* finding no remorse,  
Suddain resolves upon a desperate course;  
And from th' high Altar at Devotion, stole  
A smoking Fire-brand tip'd with blazing Cole;  
Thence, wing'd with Rage, like *Draco Volans*, flies,  
And th' *Eagle's* Palace grapes in the Skies.

Thus proffering terms, give me my Son, or Fire  
Shall make thy lofty Seat a funeral Pyre,  
Thy Offspring and their Nest to ashes burn,  
And if thou stay'st, thy bones with them in-Urn.

Startled to see a blazing weapon shine,  
Aloud she cries; Thy offspring I resign!  
Ask what thou wilt, and Articles prepare,  
And I will Sign them whatsoever they are;  
And who so long despis'd both Men and Gods,  
Shall pay thee Homage at thy own Abodes.

Dispatch then, *Ermelin* cries; she soon as said,  
Young *Reynie* in his Mothers Bosome laid:

Who

Who joyful, told her he had been so far,  
That he had catch'd, almost, a Blazing-star.

### MORAL.

The Greedy only their own interest minds;  
Complaints lull them asleep like murmuring VVinds:  
Of highest Spirits when you put them too't,  
Fall prostitute as humbly at your foot.

S 2

F A B.

## F A B. XLVII.

## 2. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

**M** Adam Mount-Eagle forc'd to stoop thus low,  
 As if some dung-hil bird, or carrion Crow,  
 To Reynards wife on base conditions yield,  
 No Battel, yet she Mistris of the Field;  
 Thus storming said; What will of me become?  
 Abroad a laughingstock, and jeer'd at home?  
 Drest in Lampoons 'mongst common Garden Birds,  
 Fools bolts will fly, and Asses biting guirds,  
 Me they'll Burlesk with such Rhyme-doggerel Pens,  
 Make Griffons Robins, Royal Eagles Wrens;  
 Blood must more easie move this grating Hinge,  
 No salve for Reputation like Revenge.

To Merlin then her trustie Page, she spake;  
 From me to Reynard's Wife, a visit make;  
 Say, I my self, on her would willing wait,  
 But I my Charge attend early and late;  
 Hither, if leisure grant her leave to walk,  
 We better may of kind Concernments talk.

The long-wing'd on his Message flies with speed,  
 And told Dame Ermelin what his Lady bid;  
 Though full of thoughts, invited thus she came,  
 And late as other Madams, by Madame.

Then spake the Eagle, a branch higher perch'd;  
 A Female difference not at first well search'd,  
 May seem to heal under a formal skin,  
 When the clos'd Orifice ulcerates within.

Therefore my Lord, and yours, now both from home,  
 I have aparted a convenient Room;  
 Which, please you to accept, and Rent-free too,  
 The friendship to confirm 'twixt Me and You;

Since

Since we live single, keep a slender Train,  
 You Chamber'd in the Cedar may remain,  
 Where we may visit one another oft,  
 Ouplyant Grudges Frequency makes soft.

Whom profit blinds, perceive no reaching drift,  
 She straight accepts the cunning Eagle's gift;  
 Her self, and all her little ones removes,  
 From sure foundations to deceitful Groves.

When going early forth (her usual guise,  
 Markets to make, in manner of Reprize:)  
 Mount-Eagle skilful at Dame Ermelin's Trade,  
 A Tragick Scene in her short absence play'd,  
 Enters new Lodgings, on her Children falls,  
 Makes bloody Banquets with their Funeralls!  
 Serves the whole Brood to her expecting Young,  
 And Feasted, down their Bones and Offalls flung,  
 Then boasting said: I'm now Reveng'd to th' height,  
 Let Parots prate, and idle Goose-quills write.

## MORAL.

In War to Conquer, be at Court prefer'd,  
 Your Love-suite kindly by your Mistris heard:  
 Shipwrack to scape, these much contentment bring,  
 But sweet Revenge of Joy's the only King.

F A B.

## F A B. XLVIII.

## 3. Of the Fox and the Eagle.

**M**Ean while Dame *Ermelin* following her trade,  
A Stubble-Goose her own by purchase made;  
Claim putting in by seizure, thwart her back  
She threw her booty like a Pedlar's Pack;  
Thence speeding home her little ones to treat,  
Where soon as entred, down her Fardle set,  
Them by their names she calls, *Squire, Sly,* and *Shirk*,  
To breakfast, here's good cheer, no picking work;  
Missing her Cubs within, her Round she went,  
But them nor heard, nor saw, nor found by scent:

Then thus she cries, Some cursed Cavaleer  
Hath with his Blood-hounds ransacking, been here;  
Who of my Children hath made meat for Dogs,  
Or Captive led, condemn'd to Chains and Clogs;  
How like his Father, *Squire*, my eldest Cub,  
Would Preach in Pulpit, or hold forth in Tub,  
From tender Conscienc'd *Geese* removing Doubt,  
Would Orthodox and Refractory rout!  
How would my second with drawn Pizzel lye?  
Rook an old Rook, a carrion Crow, or Pye?  
The third for Policy and Valour might,  
Ah had he liv'd! been like his Sire, a Knight.

This heard, *Mount-Eagle* and her doubts to clear,  
Said, Moan no longer, your three Sons are here;

And

And as she spake, down a pick'd Carcase flung,  
Thus her upbraiding with a bitter tongue.  
Another Firebrand, noysome sented Brache,  
If thou canst find one, from the Altar snatch;  
Christian Religion cuts off Heathen Rites,  
Now each-where shines the Gospel with new Lights;  
Instead of *Hecatomb's* that *Jove* Carest,  
Stiffing with Smoke the Mansions of the Blest  
Only a Contrite Heart they offer up,  
And their Libation a Communion Cup.

Then full of Grief and Rage, replies the *Fox*;  
Thou mayst be met with, *Kite*, for all thy mocks:  
This said, to former dwellings she retreats,  
And there long mourning, neither drinks nor eats.

Soon after in an unconverted Town,  
(Change of Religion by degrees march'd down  
From populous Cities, introduc'd by Arms,  
To Pagan Bumpkins, Villages, and Farms,)  
At (\*) *Bacchus* Festivals, a Goat they paid,  
The Vine-destroyer on his Altar laid;  
And whilst with Rural Ditties they advanc'd,  
Mongst oyl'd *Borrachios* leap'd and fell, and danc'd;  
*Mount-Eagle* stoops like lightning from the Pole,  
And snatch'd a Morfel on a hissing Coale,  
Which bearing to her Nest, the Cinder catch'd,  
Her Pallace smokes, with Reeds and Stubble thatch'd;  
No hope left how to quench the rising Flame!  
Screiching aloud; at last th' affrighted Dame,  
Er sprinkling sparks had sing'd her callow Young,  
She on the ground, like ripe fruit falling, flung;  
Which *Ermelin* spying straight upon them falls,  
And slaughtering, thus unto their Mother calls.

Robber and Murtherers, thou that hast thy Tower  
Above the reach of Beasts or Humane power;

Yet

(a) *Virg. Georg. lib. 2.*

*Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper  
omnibus aris  
Caditur, & veteres intunt profecia  
ludi:  
Preming, ingentis peger, & compita  
circum  
Thysida posuere, atque inter pocula  
lati  
Mollibus in pratis uellus saltere per  
atres.  
Nec non Asionii, Troja gens missa,  
coloni  
Versibus incommis ludunt, risuque  
solato,  
Oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda  
cavatis:  
Et re Bacchos vocant per carmina lata,  
ribique  
Opicula ex alta suspendunt mollia  
pinn.*

Only for this Crime we on Altars  
pay  
*Bacchus* a Goat, and act the antient  
play.  
Then from great Villages *Athenians*  
hail,  
And where the Highways meet the  
Prize is plac'd.  
They to soft Meads, heightened with  
Wine advance,  
And joyfully 'mongst oyled Bottles  
dance:  
Th' *Asionian* Race, and those from  
*Troy* did spring,  
Dissolv'd with laughter, Rustick ver-  
ses sing:  
In villsards of rough bark, conceal  
their face,  
And with glad numbers thee great  
*Bacchus* grace:  
Hanging soft Pictures on thy lofty  
Pine.

Yet Divine Justice conquers all these odds,  
*Judgment, though late, comes certain from the Gods.*

## MORAL.

*The fiercest Tyrants though they guarded are,  
With all the Strength and Policy of War,  
That Fortune scorn, that Heaven and Hell dare fight,  
Of loose themselves by one small oversight.*

F A B.



Tab. 49. 50.

FAB. XLIX.

Of the Panther and Rusticks.

A Forraign Panther fall'n into a Pit,  
Vain finding Strength, Activity, and Wit;  
Lay patient at the mercy of those Swains,  
Who'd in throngs from the adjacent Plains,  
Admiring his rich Coat and dappled Vest,  
To whom, thus humbly, made he his request.  
(a) You harmless Shepherds, you who here reside,  
Free from Contention, Avarice, and Pride;  
You, who enjoy long lives and lasting healths,  
From Changes free, of Crowns and Common-wealths,  
Who old feel no decay, but Strength still keep,  
Lying in extreame age, as fall'n asleep;  
You who so blest are, pittie my sad case,  
And free me from these Giv'es and doleful place.  
The giddie rout this said, divided are,  
The breach of Hospitality beware,  
Be kind to Strangers, these cry, since the Gods  
Like Pilgrims, visit oft poor Swains abroads.  
Whilst others bawl, no hospitable breach,  
Straight as our Prisoner him let us impeach;  
Take forfeit Life, divide, his gaudy Spoils  
We not for Friends pitch here intrapping toyls.  
Discording Clamours clash, loud shouts and cries,  
Of siding parties battell in the Skies,  
To animosities Contention grows,  
And soon the storm had melted into blows,  
But that a Father who in former stirs,  
Had felt the Miseries of Civil Wars;

T

(a) Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

O Fortunatos nimium, sua s. bona  
novius,  
Agricolas: quibus ipsa, procul dis-  
cordibus armis,  
Fœdus homo facilem villam jussit  
mutuari. &c.

O happy Swains if their own good  
they knew!  
To whom just Earth remote from  
cruel Wars,  
From her full Breasts soft nourish-  
ment prepares.  
Although from high roofs through  
proud Arches come,  
No floods of Clients early from each  
Room;  
Nor Marble Pillars seek, which bright  
shells grace,  
Gold woven Vestments, nor Corin-  
thian Bra's;  
Nor white wooll stain'd in the Assy-  
rian juice,  
Nor simple Oyl corrupt with Cassia's  
use:  
But rest secure, a fraudless life in  
peace,  
Viciously rich in their large Farms  
at ease.  
Temp's cool shades, dark caves, and  
purling streams,  
Lowings of Cattel, under trees soft  
dreams,  
Nor lack they woods and dens where  
wild beast haunt,  
Youth in Toil, Patient, and immur'd to  
want:  
Their Gods and Parents sacred; Ju-  
stice took  
Through those her last steps when  
she Earth forsook.  
Let the sweet Muses most of me ap-  
prove,  
Whose Priest I am, struck with Al-  
mighty love. &c.

To

To silence did the frantick Rout beseech,  
Then gravely makes this reconciling Speech.

You that are Friends and Brethren, ah forbear!  
Raise not on slender grounds intestine War;  
But let a middle course all difference wave,  
Let us this Stranger neither kill nor save;  
Be what he will, thus fall'n into our Ginn,  
Let him get out himself as he got in;  
If he scape, so, if perish in our Toyls,  
We guiltless are, and yet obtain his spoils.

All pleas'd with this persuasion thence depart,  
Leaving the *Panther* with a heavy heart.

### MORAL.

*Fly golden means, when the Extreams are good,  
Grant generall Pardons, or else lavish Blood:  
Of lukewarm Counsels neither soft nor mild,  
The Subtlest to their Ruins have beguil'd.*

F A B.

### F A B. L.

#### 2. Of the *Panther* and *Rusticks*.

**V** Ho from the bottom thus of deep  
Despair,  
And hard imbraces of a cruel Snare;  
No less than Death expecting, down he lyes  
In woful posture, closing his own eyes;  
When through dark shades a tender Virgin stole,  
And him enfranchis'd from that dismal Hole.  
As one who had been rais'd up by a Spell  
From Death and adamantine Gates of Hell,  
So joy'd he viewing the Ætherial Sky,  
His kind and fair Deliverer standing by.  
And thus he said; To thee who me hast sav'd,  
And for my Freedom thus thy self behav'd  
Adventuring forth in such a Night so dark,  
When all-heavens Canopy not shews one spark;  
What shall I say? or how return, since short  
Are all acknowledgments to thy desert!  
Soft operations of a tender Breast,  
Are 'bove Rewards, and not to be express'd;  
Untainted Plains breed Innocence, like you,  
Spotless their Cheeks, spotless their Bosoms too;  
But go with me to Court, who me redeem'd,  
There shalt take place, be like my self esteem'd;  
On you the King shall smile, and my dear Spouse  
Shall wait upon, though of the *Lyon's* House;  
Be safe and happy there, for I e'r long,  
These Plains shall visit forty thousand strong;  
On those would neither evil do nor good,  
For luke-warm Counsel shall pay reeking Blood.

T 2

Then

Then she reply'd; If so resolv'd you are,  
My Parents, Me, and my Relations spare;  
But if you love your Life, no longer stay,  
The East grows purple with the rising Day;  
If early *Rusticks* find us lingering here,  
We both shall pay for our neglect too dear.

(\*) A famous Forest in *France*,  
where the *Lyon* kept his Court.

This said, they part, to (\*) *Arden* he repairs,  
To move the *Lyon* in these grand affairs;  
Nor fell he in his Expectation short,  
No sooner being arrived at the Court,  
His Cause being heard, the King assistance grants,  
And what e'er else supplies an Armies wants;  
Which soon arraid, he march'd to fertile Plains,  
With Fire and Sword chastising surley Swains;  
Alarm'd thus, they in distracted swarms,  
Not knowing how to fly, or take up Arms,  
Meet and conclude down at his Feet to fall,  
And not by vain Resistance venture all;  
The Maid that helpt their General from the Pit;  
As th' only Mediator they thought fit.

The Embassie she willing undertook,  
Of Conquerors are Conquer'd by a Look;  
With her a Train of Rural Beauties march'd,  
Not by rough winds impeach'd, nor *Phæbus* parch'd;  
Faces who never Vizard-mask had on,  
Yet scorn'd all Weathers, and defid the Sun;  
Attended thus, up draws she to the Van,  
And thus to plead her Countreys Cause began:

Here Sir, you are, and Forty thousand strong,  
Us to destroy that never did you wrong;  
You fell into a Pit, catch'd in a Hay,  
For hungry Courtiers made, and Beasts of Prey,  
By whom we suffer'd much, and do so still,  
Your Life we spar'd, though we such Vermin kill;

But

But when Invasion calls, th' ambitious Prince  
On slight Foundations builds a fair Pretence;  
Take pity Sir, your Arms not here employ,  
Let not the greedy Soldier all destroy;  
Though strangely barbarous many were to you,  
Yet Sir, your Party more were than a few;  
What? Must your Friends and Foes together fall?  
In one Calamity thus suffer all!  
Call you to mind those left you in the Pit,  
And such who had Compassion forget?

His Eye then fixing on th' imploring Maid,  
He knew her straight, and raising up, thus said:  
Art thou here me releas'd in dead of Night?  
Broughtst me to live, and view *Ethereal* light?  
That Life call thine, dear Virgin, thou didst save,  
Ask what thou wilt, thou needst but ask and have.  
Then she; Since such your favours you not scant,  
A General Pardon and Oblivion grant,  
Let not Tumultuous passions take their swinge,  
But feast on Mercy higher than Revenge.

Then he reply'd; Here falls my Wrath and Spleen,  
Them I Indulge, and You proclaim their Queen;  
They shall for thee a Royal Seat erect,  
And pay due Homage too, with all respect;  
And when thou dost Espouse some Noble Swain,  
Thou in thy Pallace, and not he shall Reign.  
Thence march'd the Panther off in fair array,  
When he had Crown'd her Lady of the May.

### MORAL.

Foul Hags may raise a War, the horrid Work  
Begun with Stools and Cushions in the Kirk:  
But never Conjure down, when Beauties charms  
Makes angry Mars lay down late took up Arms.





# ANDROCLEUS:

O R,

## The R O M A N. S L A V E.

### Section I.

#### ANDROCLEUS.



Rom Shipwrack , mounted on a  
broken Mast,  
*Androcleus* wet, and weary, Tem-  
pest-toft,  
From Quick-sands, and inhospita-  
ble Syrts,

Recover'd now rough *Lybia's* barren Skirts ;  
Where on the Prospect of a Towrie Rock,  
A sad Survey he of the Countrey took ;  
For Vales that flow with Hony, Milk, and Balm,  
He shrubs beheld, and pairs of Wedded <sup>(\*)</sup> Palm ;  
For Corn and Pasture, Villages, and Swains,  
Wilds, Sandy-Mountains, and deserted Plains.

When weeping thus he said, I most accurst,  
Better had dy'd at *Rome*, there suffered first,

Falsly

(\*) The Palm-trees are said to be  
Male and Female, and are observed  
not to flourish, nor to be pregnant  
unless they be in presence of each o-  
ther.



*Androcleus Sect. I.*

Fallily accus'd, Condemned for a Rape,  
Than from a Dungeon, Gyves, and Drowning scape  
Here to be starv'd, 'mongst Rocks and barren Heath,  
And so unpittied, meet a lingering Death.

This said, descending, he in woful plight,  
Resolv'd to seek the worst of Fortunes spight;  
When sandy Hills which each wind changing shifts,  
Dispiercing th' old in new congested <sup>(b)</sup> Drifts,

(b) These Drifts not only swallow Travellers both Horse and Foot, which become afterwards to be aummy, but whole Armies have suffered in this dry and dusty deluge.

Their squadrons muster with a rising gale,  
And him with Atoms infinite, assaile,  
Battering his Eyes, and vollying in his Face,  
Imprest from Iron Earth, and Skies of Brass.

Choak'd with the storm, not able long to strive,  
In heaps of Dust, almost intomb'd alive;  
No longer sooth'd with hopes his Life to save,  
His better Fate directs him to a Cave;  
Fenc'd 'gainst all Weathers, Winds, and Sun's assault,  
With joy he enters the Auspicious Vault;  
Fainting with drowth, and suffocating heat,  
There rests the weary on a Marble seat.

When thus he said; How happy now thou art,  
Here undisturb'd, in peace I may depart!  
From burning Sands free, and the raging Deep,  
Ending Lifes Pilgrimage, as fall'n asleep.

Scarce said, he at the Portall entring, spies  
A horrid Monster of prodigious size!  
No means to fly; no sculking Hole, no Gap,  
That from a hungry *Lyon* he might scape.

When thus he sigh'd, Ah miserable Doom!  
Must that stern Fury's belly me entomb?  
My recking Blood those greedy Jaws distain?  
And my torn Intrails dye that shaggy Main?  
Ah! could I but that strength and courage boast  
Which late I had, all should not so be lost;

Et

He this Bosom enter, plunder here,  
His Victory perhaps might cost him dear;  
In a sharp Dispute would plead my Cause,  
Thrust in this Arm into the Monster's Jaws,  
Seize on his lolling Tongue with such a grasp,  
That I might live to see his latest gasp;  
Now *Locomotive* faculties I lack,  
The smallest straw not able to attack:  
But I my Race have run, this Cave the Goale,  
Take Fiend, my Body, and leave Heaven my Soul.

U

Sect:

## Sect. II.

**VV** Hilft thus *Androcleus* Death expecting,  
stands,

The *Lyon* drawing near him, kist his  
(hands)  
As a Petitioner himself adrest,  
And humbly thus preferr'd his sad Request.

O thou of Humane Race, be not afraid!

Live long and happy, and when e'er interr'd,

Ah! may not <sup>(\*)</sup> Transmigrated be thy Soul,

But when translated re-ascend the Pole;

If with an *Eagles* Eye, and *Lions* Heart,  
And gentle Hand, thou ease me of my smart:

This Foot so swoln with which I Scepters sway'd,

Proud Rebels routed, loyal Friends arraid;

Now losing Power, unnerv'd with raging Pain,

Subjects Conspire, and I no longer Reign;

Soon as they felt me weak, and thus disarm'd,

Each-where tumultuous Commotions swarm'd,

Much 'gainst my evil Counsell they alledge,

Prerogative trampling down by Priviledge;

Stuff'd with aspersions, Protestations frame,

Raising an Army by my Power and Name:

But what more heavy on my Spirit sits,

My Train, my Eaters, and my <sup>(b)</sup> Maf-ca-dits,

Deserting me, to rising Power resort,

And as you see, left thus an empty Court;

Before this Room, these Galleries and Halls,

Were full of Bestial Lords, and sly Jackalls;

Now none attends or lights me to my Bed,

Who Pensions had, and at my Tables fed:

Thus you my sad Condition understand,

And ruin near, without your helping hand.

(\*) *Pythagoras* not only holding  
the transmigration of the Souls of  
living Creatures, one into another,  
but also into Vegetives, and some in-  
termites.

(b) The Toppers.

The *Lyon* thus implor'd *Androcleus* aid,

And in his Lap the Foot imposthum'd laid;

Whilst he at large preferr'd this humble sute,

Warm Spirits *Androcleus* bosome fresh recruit,

Who gently then turns up his Festered Paw,

And 'mongst the Fibers a swoln tumour saw;

For perforation ripe, and 'midst the joynts

A barbed Thorn, stak'd in with bristly points;

Then with a well-edg'd Flint lay there by chance,

The dangerous insurrection did lance;

Straight from the Fountaine sharp quitter gush'd,

Which more to disembugue, he softly crush'd.

Thus freed from gnawing of th' imprisoned bane,

The King resumes his former Power again,

His Foot the ground hits firm, no favouring haul

He now *Rebellious* Subjects may assault.

## Section III.

**T**He King then wondring at himself so well,  
Cured strange and suddain, thought a miracle!  
That in the smallest parcell of an hour,

Restor'd him Courage, Health, and Sovereign Power!

When thus he spake; Amidst my joyes I mourn,  
Not knowing how to make a fit return;  
Revenues of our Crown unsettled yet,  
So much for this, my Happiness in Debt;

If you not favour'd are by fickle Chance,  
Inforc'd to follow ill-advising wants;

The Power your help recover'd, Us affords  
House-keeping, and to settle former Boards;  
Provision for the Belly we'll not lack,

(a) Little, or no Cold in *Africa*.

Slight Rayment serves, where seldom Colds (a) attack;  
And if with plenteous Fare, when highly fed,  
You want a kind Companion in your Bed,

For mixt Amours are not, nor would deface

(b) Such as *Amintors*, the *Centaurs*, and the rest, *Ovid*.

Man's comely features with a by-form'd (b) Race,

To quench in youthfull blood unruly flames,

My *Satyrs* and *Hyenna's* by their names,

Shall comely Girles from neighbouring Dorps intice,

Taking them up for thee, at the Kings price;

My trusty and Right Honourable Pimps

Shall cull the choycest Wood and Mountain Nymphs,

And spirit hither, all on thy account,

Which patch'd and painted Ladys far surmount;

Pure Virgins, not Decayes, piec'd up and vamp'd,

Fresh, and fresh quarters where none e'r encamp'd,

These shall receive, still hantelling new Laps,

In varied joyes, no fear of after-claps

When faint *Androcleus* thus himself exprest;  
To quench my Thirst some Water I request,  
That ready almost am now to expire,  
From Drowning scap'd, and suffocating Fire,  
After, a little rest, and some repast,  
Or else I suddainly must breath my last.

The King, where Nature deep his Cellar laid,  
Thither his Guest with all respect convey'd,  
Where from the living Rock a Chrystal Spring  
With murmuring falls made echoing Arches ring,  
*Androcleus* stooping, the cold Nymph salutes,  
And circulating blood with draughts recruits.

The *Lyon* then conducts him to a Bed  
With Skins the spoils of Beasts and Foliage spread;  
Here Sir, then said the King, repose a while,  
Let gentle sleep slow moving time beguile,  
And e'r you wake, the businesse shall go hard,  
If something not for Supper be prepar'd.

Sect.

When

## Section IV.

**T**He *Lyon* thus, weary *Androcleus* leaves,  
 Whilst working fancy several Projects weaves  
 Some favourite Morsel suddain how to get,  
 Should make the Stranger up a handsome treat.

Should I, said he, thus in full Power appear,  
 All would dispierce, surpriz'd with suddain Fear,  
 And up themselves in Woods and fastness shut;  
 And me to trouble of long leagues put;  
 Dayes sultry heats, by night serenes t' endure,  
 When suddain action makes a speedy Cure;  
 I'll counterfeit, and Cripple up yon Hill,  
 As if my Title were defective still;  
 Weakness dissenable, and there stooping low,  
 My self upon the Bestial People throw.

This said, he hasting from the Palace Gates,  
 His Subjects heard themselves proclaiming States;  
*Bulls, Bears, and Wolves*, leading his own Train'd-band,  
 Saw marching towards his Palace, ore the *Strand*.

But on the Summit when their King they saw,  
 His presence struck a reverentiall awe,  
 To whom he beck'ning with a Lamb-like look,  
 Seeming much discompos'd, thus mildly spoke.

Why thus appear you in defensive Arms,  
 Seduc'd by Rumours and bewitching charms?  
 Do Fears and Jealousies so much affright,  
 That you draw up 'gainst empty walls to fight?  
 Your King alone without Jackall or Page,  
 Stands ready to receive your utmost Rage;  
 Are Priviledges of Parliament infring'd?  
 Fall all on me, and be at once reveng'd;  
 Have I upon your Liberties intrench'd?  
 Then let your Fury with my Blood be quench'd;

Whilst



And Sect. 4.

Whilst weak my pondrous Scepter I not wield,  
Nor one for me declaring in the Field ;  
In vain you Solemn Leagues and Covenants joyn,  
When I'm resolv'd what e'r you ask, to sign,  
My Hand and Seal receive in ready Blanks,  
And in my Name give both the Houses Thanks ;  
Your Grievances let Reams of paper fill,  
And when Engros'd, and past, I'll Sign the Bill :  
Cease then these Tumults, and of Our grace accept.  
The King, this said, pausing, extreamly Wept.

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Sect.

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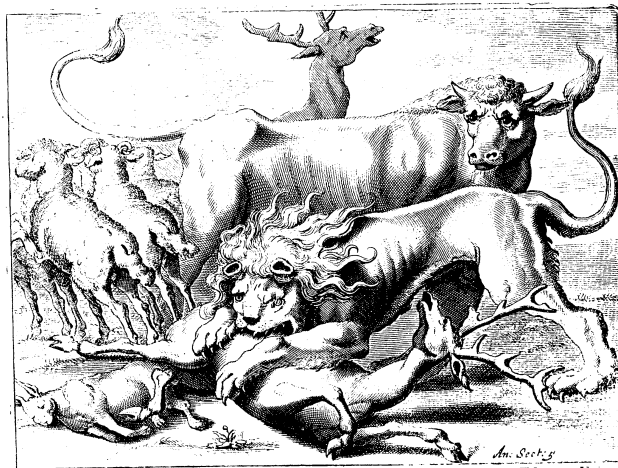
## Section V.

**T**His softning Speech concluded with a tear,  
 In Salvage Factions they divided were ;  
 Some cry, the King is pious, meek and just,  
 Others; beware, his promises not trust ;  
 When changing times, and fickle Fortune frowns,  
 What will not Monarcks to preserve their Crowns ?  
 But when the gathered storm is over-blown,  
 A Scepter'd Prince, who questions in the Throne.

The *Lyon* them, thus finding at a stand,  
 A sign for silence, beck'ned with his hand,  
 When noyſing parties murmurs were alaid,  
 Thus in a sad and weaker tone he said :

My Lords, and gentle Beasts, assembled here,  
 Who whilst I had a Sword, my Subjects were ;  
 If you strike deeper, have a further drift,  
 And me from my acquired Throne would lift ;  
 If present Juncto's and revolving Fates  
 (That States to Kingdoms turn, Kingdoms to States)  
 Finish in me a single persons sway ,  
 I the Decree shall willingly obey :  
 Why should I prop what of it self would fall ?  
 Approaching Death will soon surrender all ;  
 Which will the Peoples Majesty receive,  
 As glad as they'll accept it, I shall leave ;  
 Then I this woful Life now neer an end,  
 In prayers for your Prosperity may spend :  
 But Sirs, let me advise the best I may,  
 By your Election let one person sway ;  
 To a new Prince, to one still make appeals,  
 Fly giddy Rotaes, Meagrim'd Common-weals,

No



No good the Government of many brings;  
Parliament Members sitting, all are Kings:  
Yet 'mongst those Monarcks, one or other still  
Gets Supreme Power, and Orders what he will;  
Republicks vain! when e'r put to a stand,  
Must put their Power into a single <sup>(\*)</sup> Hand.

(\*) Dictators with absolute Authority, always chosen in a dangerous exigence by the Roman Senate, as *Furius Camillus*, &c.

But since I am not able to walk down,  
So please you, I'll surrender here my Crown;  
With my <sup>(\*)</sup> Phang-tooth the abdication Sign,  
So my whole Right in publick I'll resign.

(\*) Alluding to our ancient Kings only so scaling their Leases and Grants.

At these his unexpected proffers, all  
Change Resolution, to fresh Councils fall,  
Th' enticing bait of sacred Power, a Crown,  
Greedy to Govern, straight they swallow down.

No sooner they neer to the *Lyon* draw,  
Within the compass of his ready Paw,  
But like himself he 'mongst the thickest flew,  
And most of the Commission'd Cattel flew:

Amaz'd to see their Monarcks Force and Rage,  
So dire a Scene, and such a bloody Stage!  
They all dispiere'd, and struck with *Panick* Fear,  
Out-strip'd the Winds, flying they knew not where!

The *Lyon* to *Androcleus* retreats,  
Well furnish'd now with several sorts of Cates.

## Section VI.

**T**He Rebels rout, each where divulg'd by Fame,  
To Court, from all parts, no small concourse  
came,

His flattering Lords, Buffoons, and sly Jackcalls,  
Again replenish desolated Halls;  
(For many Fav'rites by the King advanc'd,  
First to the Lilt of Reformation danc'd,  
And Friends amongst the Godly party made,  
Acquainting them with what he did, or said;  
Others whom he no longer could Protect,  
To their own well-stuff'd several Mansions sneak'd,  
Expecting there what the event might prove,  
And as things fall, accordingly to move.)

All these return'd, stand round their Gracious Liege,  
And with obsequious faunings him beseg'd;  
Whose Pallace now with all Provision stor'd,  
Sets up once more his late neglected Board.

His Table furnish'd, at the upper end,  
His huishers he *Androcleus* bids attend;  
Whom when the *Lyon* kindly had imbrac'd,  
Much Honouring, at his Royal Elbow plac'd;  
All set at several Boards, to Meat they fall,  
Unlading frighted Dishes through the Hall.

Whilst by the King, his Friend but sadly sits,  
Nothing he saw, his queasie Stomach fits;  
To Kid or Lamb, to Beef, or Mutton, <sup>(\*)</sup> raw,  
Swimming in gore, he had but little Maw.

The *Lyon* as *Androcleus* he observ'd,  
At such a Treatment sitting almost serv'd,

(\*) They eat raw flesh, for which  
cause the Grecians call them *Omithe-  
res*, *Omitheres*, *Omithe-  
res*.



Comes *Monsieur* King of *Apes*, drest like a Page,  
Presenting him a Hash, and *French* potage;  
Then at his elbow diligently waits,  
Supplies him with rich Wine, and shifts his Plates,  
*Androcleus* pleas'd, then plentifully sups,  
Mixing with savoury Morfels sparkling Cups.  
When thus the King to his brisk Waiter spoke;  
Who e'r thou art that didst these Dishes Cook,  
So well have pleas'd my Friend, from Us receive  
What's fit for thee to ask, or me to give;  
If it be Freedom? Ranfomeles depart,  
Or what e'r else may answer thy Desert.

## Section VII.

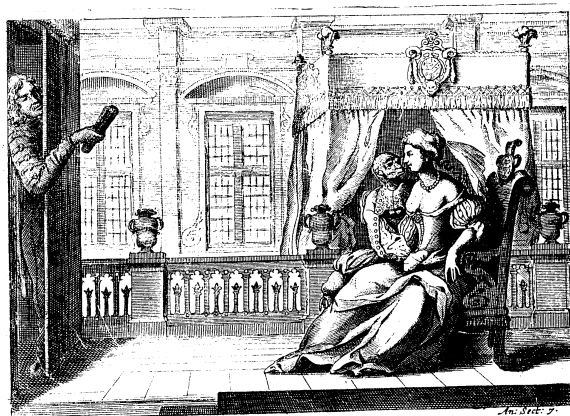
**T**hen said th' officious Waiter, stooping low,  
I am a Prince, Sir, in my Country, know;  
But by a *Roman* Consul pris'ner took,

In *Gaul* attending him, I learnt to Cook;  
For him, *Ragoes*, *Bisks*, *Olees* I dress,  
And still my seasoning pleas'd his pallas best:  
I with the best of those *Que ditez vous*,  
Their Boxes could, and several Spices use,  
Would with an ounce of Beef, of Mutton lés,  
For *Gallick* *Monfieurs* make a gallant Més:

But after that, condemn'd unto a Clog,  
Hugging to Death, my Ladys foysting-Dog;  
And some suspecting that a prank I play'd  
For my release, with Madams Chamber-Maid:  
'Tis true, she squeak'd not, and I boarded straight,  
And for a nine Months voyage her did freight;  
Nay our great Mistress once but little mist,  
When my sweet breath commending me, she kist,  
Who growing kind, I had her in the Hugg,  
But then the Consul entring, startl'd Pug.

Question'd for driving such a subtle Trade,  
Private Escape I to *Marseilles* made;  
To *Carthage* in a Vessel got from thence,  
Where I from *Apeland* had Intelligence  
A second *Macedon* was drawing down,  
Would soon develt me of my Realm and Crown,  
If I my self in person not assist,  
Deriv'd from that Renowned Martialist  
My Ancestor, who bravely kept his Post  
Gainst *Alexander*, and his Conquering Host,

Whom



Whom when the Worlds Subduer then beheld,  
 Draw glittering *Phalanxes* into the Field;  
 The poynted wedge extending Ranks and Files,  
 Shields lyning Shields, bright Javlines threatning Piles,  
 Admiring, from Hostility did cease,  
 And joyn'd with us in everlasting peace;  
 Me in my way your Troops did intercept,  
 And for a Dish your stomach <sup>(\*)</sup> queasie kept:  
 To whom I hinting this your mighty Feast  
 Not one Dish had to please a Humane Guest,  
 They let me these prepare, nor shall he want,  
 So please you to confirm your Royal Grant;  
 My Liberty, Great Sir, I onely crave,  
 That I my Countrey may and People save.  
 The King consents, *Androcleus* and all,  
 The passage pleas'd, fate Feasting in the Hall.

(\*) The *Lyon's* Prey upon *Apes*,  
 but more for Physick, than for  
 Nourishment. *Ælianus.*

## Section VIII.

**T**He grateful King well pleas'd to see his Guest  
 Relish those Dishes in such manner dress'd,  
 Thus smiling said, I'm wondrous glad that you  
 To this strange Fare so handsomely fall too ;  
 I once abhor'd raw Treatments mixt with gore,  
 Then Wine, not Water, swell'd my Goblet ore ;  
 I had;--- what had I not, a Princely House,  
 Attendants, Nobles, and a beauteous Spouse ;  
 A Humane Prince, not in a shady Den  
 Commanding Beasts, once was I King of Men ;  
 Where I Transform'd by wicked Arts, became  
 A *Lyon*, such as now you see I am :

Come, let's be merry, and of this no more,  
 Thank Heav'n you are a Man, though ne'r so poor ;  
 I not in Bestial Sovereignty rejoyce,  
 Though all the Forest trembles at my Voyce ;  
 My high Condition wretched seems and base,  
 Husk'd in a shaggy Main and hairie Face ;  
 I rather would, (\*) arm'd with my Lench and Aule,  
 A Cobler be, Inthroned beneath a Staff ;  
 Drive some such subtle Trade to purchase Bread,  
 Than be o'r Beasts the universal Head ;  
 Though 'mongst the numerous Animals that be,  
 Next *Man*, the *Lyon* takes the first degree.

Fetching a sigh, this said, the King lean'd back,  
 When to his Royal Host *Androcleus* spake.

Sir, you amaze me, may I be so bold,  
 To crave this wondrous Riddle you'll unfold,  
 We have fictitious storyes not a few,  
 Of *Metamorphosis* both old and new ;

(\*) *Homer's Odys. lib. 11.*

Εὐκλείδης δ' ἰσχυρὸς ἴδεν Ἀνδρόκλειον  
 ἄνθρωπον  
 Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀνθρώπων, ὃ μὴ βέλτερος πολλοῖς  
 εἴη,  
 ἢ πρὸς τοὺς βέλτερον κατὰ φύσιν ἀνθρώπων  
 ἴσμεν.

*Achilles* Ghost to *Ulysses* in the  
*Elysium* Shades :

I rather would a Rustick be, and  
 serve  
 A Swain for hire, ready almost to  
 serve,  
 And living be 'mongst all misfor-  
 tunes hurt'd.  
 Than dead, an Emperor in this  
 thridy World.



*An. Sect. 8.*

You that really transmuted were,  
 Your Self relating, asks a serious Eare ;  
 Therefore the Honour I, and Favour beg,  
 That I may understand this strange intreague.  
 Then spake the King; though much my bosom yearns,  
 Reminding thus my forrowfull concerns ;  
 So full of Horror, height of Rage and Grief,  
 Such wondrous passages past all belief !  
 Yet may it please you, my deserving Friend,  
 Though each word pierce my heart, I condescend :  
 Sprung from a Dynastie of Kings I sway'd  
 Once fertile *Egypt*, honour'd and obey'd,  
 My Power and Wealth so great, that flying Fame  
 Spread through the many Peopl'd world my Name ;  
 King (\*) *Amasis*, stupendious Works I did,  
 Built for my Tomb a stately Pyramid ;  
 Beyond whose Base, the lofty Spire, no shade  
 When they are longest at Sunsetting made ;  
 A high-born Queen I had, sweet, young, and fair,  
 A fitting Mould to cast a hopefull Heir .  
 But we no issue had : when from the *East*  
 Came a *Chaldean* Magick Arts profest ;  
 Who undertook applying powerful Charms,  
 My Queen t'impregnate next when in my Arms ;  
 Nay more, he promis'd me, that by his skill,  
 I should march forth subduing whom I will ;  
 Who could shape Serpents out of limber Rods,  
 Could private Men make Princes, Princes Gods ;  
 In short time I should for the World set faire,  
 Which great Work must be finish'd by my Heir ;  
 He my Nativity had cast, he said ;  
*Mars* in the *Lyon*, help'd by Magicks aid,  
*Sol*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, in th' Ascendant joyn'd  
 Should carry all before where e'r design'd.

(\*) *Amasis* King of *Egypt*;  
 Transform'd into a *Lyon*.  
*Philostratus*.

Scd.

## Section IX.

**I** That lov'd War, for Wars sake that abhorr'd  
 All purchase if not gotten by the Sword;  
 Swallow'd his Specious Baits, mad after Power,  
 What e'r he fet before me did devour;  
 With subtle Novelties he drew me on,  
 Till sure intangled in his great Trepan;  
 My Wife and Crown he for himself design'd,  
 Whilst me he did with Mists and Shadows blind;  
 Soon he by Sorcery won her to his Lust,  
 And me out of my self and Kingdom thrust;  
 A *Soporiferous* Drink he first did make,  
 Which under certain Aspects I must take,  
 My Soul in sleep then eas'd from heavy Limbs,  
 With Angels should converse, and Cherubims;  
 Inspection through Earth's dismal Entrails make,  
 Sit with black Junctoes in the *Syagian* Lake;  
 Quick, as from Star to Star we cast our Eyes,  
 Climb vast expansions of th' enamell'd Skyes!  
 'Mongst Gulphs and fluctuating Atoms hurl'd, (world!  
 Mount Sphere from Sphere, and so from World, to  
 With what mad Follies had he stuff'd my head,  
 E'r me he fitted for the Fatal Bed!  
 Thicker than Motes, he told me, in the Sun,  
 Our *Demons* and our *Cacademons* run  
 In busy Hayes, on Humane business fly,  
 Courts vexing, and Star-Chambers of the Sky;  
 There I should see Fate spinning Mortals Webs,  
 Their higheft Fortunes and their lowest Ebbs!  
 But mine with aspects bright I should behold  
 In Milkie Looms, in silver wove, and Gold.

Th'ap-

Th' appointed time fit for projection come,  
 We enter in the spell-prepared Room,  
 There I must Drink, there must the Work be done;  
 To raise an Empire, and beget a Son,  
 Faint Heart ne'r Realm did, nor fair Lady win,  
 So up he few'd me in a *Lyon's* skin;  
 My fitted Legs and Arms up close he lac'd,  
 The shape stuck to my shoulders and my waste;  
 Said he; *Alcides* had been thrice as (\*) strong  
 Had he thus button'd what he loosely hung;  
 Girt in such spoils twelve Labours had been slight,  
 The World had bow'd to him by Conquest right;  
 Then gave he me the Fate foretelling Bowle,  
 That must such Wings add to my fleeting Soul:  
 I saw the bottom though the drench was deep,  
 Which soon my Eye-lids clos'd, in fettering sleep;  
 Then laid me on a Quilt of sheep-skins warm,  
 To strengthen Fancy, and impower the Charm;  
 Secur'd thus, as his Plot before he laid,  
 He to my Queen with joy himself convey'd.

(\*) Alluding to the *Nemean* Lyons skins which *Hercules* used more for a Shield, than for a Mantle, or a close fitted Habit.

Y

Sect.

## Section X.

Soon fall'n asleep, I no such Visions saw,  
 But Dreamt of Blood, and eating warm flesh raw;  
 Inspecting entrails of fat Cattel slain,  
 How Gore my Jaws and Bosome did distain;  
 Last, how a bunch-back <sup>(\*)</sup> Camel I had kill'd,  
 Still feasting on him and yet never fill'd;  
 Thus various Fancys raging whilst I slept,  
 Up dreaming from the fatal Couch I leapt,  
 Not knowing what I did, nor where I was,  
 My Brains a Chaos, a confused Mass,  
 Where humane thoughts with bestial mixing, bred  
 A thousand Monsters without Tail or Head;  
 Puffed with dire distraction, out I went,  
 First stumbling on my Queens apartment,  
 Doors which I gently shov'd, in shivers flew,  
 So little of my wondrous strength I knew;  
 My Queen and Priest, though loud I gave th' alarm,  
 There found I sleeping circled arm in arm;  
 Some sense regain'd I at so strange a sight,  
 My only Joy, sole Comfort, chief Delight,  
 More dear than Life, or Conquest of the World,  
 To see thus up in his embraces furl'd;  
 My Wife first waking, strangely terrifi'd,  
 When such a horrid Monster she spy'd  
 Ready to tear her up, bolts from the bed,  
 And with a shriek into her Closet fled;  
 At which he starts, muttering too weak a Charm  
 An injur'd Husband's Fury to disarm;  
 I thought to seize him, apprehend no more,  
 When his torn entrails reek'd upon the floor;

(\*) Camels flesh much lov'd by  
 Lyons, as in an Expedition of Darius,  
 the Lyons breaking into his Camp,  
 flew neither Men, Horse, nor Cattel,  
 but fell upon the Camels.

Defil'd sheets dy'd in blood, the lustful Priest  
 Ript from his Collar-bone down to the twist;  
 My precious Wife then I pursuing, found  
 Unnerv'd with terror groveling on the ground;  
 But when she me ready to seize her spy'd,  
 With a faint shriek breathing her last, she dy'd;  
 Seeing her draw her latest gasp, I felt  
 Compassion, Rage into Remorse did melt;  
 Then first I call'd to mind what her so fear'd,  
 My dreadful shape, rough Main and horrid beard;  
 So went I to slip off my Lyons's Cafe  
 Began t' untye, unbutton, and unlace;  
 Striving to shift, the more my self I hurt,  
 The shape stuck close like Dianira's <sup>(\*)</sup> Shirt!  
 I found then I no propertie was in,  
 No Monsters Fur, but my own Monstrous Skin!  
 My self I next did in the <sup>(b)</sup> Mirror view,  
 And from my own reflecting shadow flew!  
 Though I had seen all sorts of Lyons store,  
 Ne'r such a Prodige I saw before!  
 I call'd for help, my Voyce grown strangely loud,  
 Like Thunder rung, broke from a prisoning Cloud!  
 Like mouthing Tempest, or a Water-breach!  
 Or Battels joyn'd, Ten thousand men in each!  
 Both Shape and Understanding now Transform'd,  
 Humane no more, a dreadful Lyon storm'd!  
 Rushing from thence into my Pallace-yard,  
 Ranted and Roar'd, that Court and City heard;  
 Where whosoere beheld me shrieking fled:  
 The Captain of my Horse, though made a Head,  
 And my own Life-guard up against me drew,  
 As thick as hail, light Darts and Jav'lins flew;  
 Then with a grove of Spears me hedging round,  
 I like wing'd Lightning, broke their brazen pound,

(\*) A Present to Hercules sleep-  
 ed in Nessus blood, which put on,  
 stuck so fast that it could not be got  
 off without tearing the flesh from  
 the bones

(b) Glass.

And through the thickest with strange Fury got,  
And Men and Horse left gasping on the spot ;  
The whole Troop routed, marching down the Street,  
All fly amaz'd, and into Houses get :  
So I my City, Court, and Kingdom left,  
Of Reason and Humanity bereft ,  
Amongst Wild Beasts in Wilderesses dwelt,  
And long the injuries of all Weathers felt.

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*Ans. Sect. 11.*

Section XI.

**T**O Bestial society thus cast,  
Condemn'd to range in Wilds and Defarts vast,  
I soon 'mongst Forrest-people gain'd Renown

Changing my Humane to a Salvage Crown;  
Once more a King Proclaim'd, a Sovereign Liege,  
I with large grants my Subjects did oblige,  
So Metamorphis'd set my heart at rest,  
A *Lyon* being of all mutations best;  
So th' Empire of these Defarts I obtain'd,  
And under me Kings, petty *Lions* Raig'n'd;  
On Expeditions Armies I could raise,  
Nor plotted we for spoyl Clandestine wayes,  
Lying whole nights in silent Ambuscades,  
But took the Field by Day in bold Brigades;  
And like a falling Deluge swept up all,  
Emptying at once both Pasture, Court, and Stall;  
Nay more, on skirts of Cities durst we Prey,  
Ships boarding at low-water, in the Bay.

Thus formidable grown, being wondrous strong,  
I Roar'd *Leontick*, lost th' *Egyptian* Tongue,  
Though Beasts and Birds use several Dialects,  
That less than Humane Voyces have defects,  
Uttering foul dictates both more cleer and brief,  
Hatred and Love, Fear, Hope, their Joy and Grief;  
Yet *Leo Lingua* who not understands?  
Words Edicts are, each syllable Commands;  
The *Lyon's* *fiats* quicker than his Nods,  
Like Angels Tongues, or Language of the Gods.

Then

Then my grave Counſel me advis'd to Wed  
 A Royal iſſue from a Princely Bed ;  
 Beſides, the comfort of a dear Confort  
 My Power would ſtrengthen, and my Crown ſupport ;  
 Took with a *Lionefs* Maſtick brows,  
 And ſparkling Eyes, a Maid I did Eſpouſe ;  
 And we e'r long a hopefull Iſſue had,  
 To whom, when time ſhould ſtrength and courage add,  
 Decreasing, mine they Salvage Bands might lead,  
 And Govern loyall Subjects in my ſtead :

Thus had I what the Deſarts could afford,  
 By all my People Honour'd and ador'd,  
 My new rais'd Throne ſo fixt and firmly plac'd,  
 In many Ages not to be defac'd.

Sect.

## Section XII.

**B**Ut my ſo Powerful and well ſettled State,  
 Under the preſſure ſunk of heavy Fate ;  
*Bruine*, not to be nam'd, that greedy Lord,  
 By inſtigation of his Stomach ſtirr'd ;  
 That *Epicurean* Beaſt, could nothing elſe  
 Pleaſe, but a Diſh of tender *Lyonells* ;  
 That ript a Woman up the day before,  
 And from her Womb the tender Infant tore.  
 Our Pallace empty, gone as we were wont,  
 My Queen and I, the ſportive (\*) *Aſs* to hunt ;  
 In ruſh'd the Fiend, and all our hopes and joyes  
 To pleaſe his beſtial Appetite deſtroyes !

Returning, for our little ones we call,  
 (Wondring at ſcatter'd Offalls ſpread the Hall)  
 Vain Echo answering, none elſe there reply'd,  
 When more diſtinctly we gnawn bones eſpy'd !  
 And dipt in purple, tufts of yellow hair,  
 Soon we perceiv'd our Children murther'd were !  
 My Queen deſpairing rais'd a hideous yell,  
 And Roring, I rung out a ſecond knell ;  
 Which out from vaulted Courts like Thunder ſounds,  
 And upwards flying, ſcales Heavens ſtarry rounds ;

Then firſt I ſpake, let's quit our woſull Cave,  
 Purſue Revenge, a while all ſorrow wave :

This ſaid, in high diſtraction forth we went,  
 And following hot upon the Monster's ſcent,  
 We made not many miles a privie ſearch,  
 But found him where proud *Eagles* uſe to perch  
 Up in a buſhy Tree he ſate aſtride,  
 And did Our Power and Maſteſty deride ;

Then

(\*) Eccleſ. 13.  
*They hate extremely wild Aſſes, and*  
*perſeute them as a Prey.*

Then scoffing said ; Your Children here are warm,  
 Comfort your selves, go home, and never storm,  
 Out of your Jurisdiction quite am I,  
 You know not how to climb, and worser fly ;  
 To meet for sweet Revenge, insulting guirds,

(A) The *Bear* being in a Tree, under the *Eagle's* Protection.

A War engage too, 'gainst the King of <sup>(B)</sup> Birds,  
 I knew not how thwart passions to aswage,  
 Drowning in Sorrow, burning in my Rage.

Then to my Queen I spake, watch here with care,  
 Shut up in his own Fort this curled *Bear* ;  
 Whilst I raise aid, and Forces seek abroad,  
 This said, I hasted to a beaten Road,  
 Arm'd with an Ax there I an Artift met,  
 Upon him I with fauning posture set,  
 He frighted flies, who finding me too swift,  
 And that his Life lay onely in my gift,  
 As *Lybians* use, fell humbly on his knees,  
 And quarter begs, I pointed to the Trees,  
 Then put his new ground Hatchet in his hand :  
 Soon as my Pleasure he did understand :  
 Not the least time the sturdy Workman slips,  
 Till he had hew'd thick Timber into Chips,  
 The aged Elm thrice nodding grones her last,  
 And falling down her ugly Rider cast :  
 I and my Queen, straight on the Murtherer flew,  
 And as an Offering to Our Children flew ;  
 So my Auxiliarie I safe dismiss,  
 Him promising when e'r distrest t' assist :

Thus something eas'd we to Our Court return,  
 And Our irreparable losses mourn.



## Section XIII.



An. Sect. 13

**A**fter a while Our Grief and Mournings o're,  
 We put Our Selves in posture as before;  
 My Queen and I, Our Losses to repair,  
 By mutual Joys expect a second Heir;  
 When to Our Realm from *Gaule*, a *Panther* came,  
 Well vers'd in Courtship, brisk at *Venus* Game,  
 And that Amours might better be advanc'd,  
 Rarely he Sung, in a new manner Danc'd;  
 Not strain'd in lofty Galliards, high *La vaults*,  
 But low *Corantoes* upon one leg haults,  
 In flat Brawls simpring, pinch'd with vexing Corns,  
 Gingerly moving as he trod on thorns;  
 Before the *Turn above ground*, and *Crofs points*,  
 Our Youth perform'd, as if they had no joynts;  
 With *Capriolls antisboes* so high would go,  
 They hit the Roofes and Noyseless fell as snow;  
 This easier way our crazie Lords did please,  
 And Courtiers Clap'd inforc'd to fancy ease:  
 Our Dames on him could ne'r look on enough,  
 All else seem'd antiquated, rude and rough;  
 How he Salutes, how Cringes, what a *Miene*?  
 His breath pertum'd, how soft his painted Skin?  
*Monsieur* in brief, so well himself behav'd,  
 That she who Rul'd a Monarck he enslav'd;  
 In which so cunningly her part she playd,  
 That I a King her Propertie she made,  
 Seem'd not t' endure his *Modes*, at him would laugh  
 And his spruce Congees imitating, scoff;  
 Thus blinding me, with him th' Adulteress meets,  
 Phys stoln embraces in unlawful <sup>(a)</sup> Sheets;  
 Z

(a) See *Pliny*.  
 For the Adultery of the *Lioness* with  
 the *Panther* and *Leopard*.

So

So pregnant grown, and drawing neer her time,  
Knowing to be discovered was the Crime;  
Her second Batch would prove too like the Sire,  
She plots, how from the Court she might retire,  
Of me begs, at her Mothers <sup>(b)</sup> to lye In.

(b) They also endeavour to hide  
their Surruptitious Issue in the Adul-  
terers Den, Apollonius.

I tender, not deny'd my frightened Queen;  
So with a small Retinue down she went,  
Me leaving betwixt pleas'd and discontent;  
Whilst in her absence various fancies thwart,  
And Jealousie lay nibbling at my Heart.

When sending word how she miscarried there,  
In a Dream frighted with that fatal *Beave*;  
My second Issue were brought forth all dead,  
When strength recovering rais'd her from her Bed,  
She with all speed would leave that woful place,  
Seeking fresh comfort in my dear embrace.

This eas'd my fits, kept quiet up a while,  
(But who a jealous Lover can beguile?)  
In a dark Night when Clouds had mask'd the Pole,  
I from my Court disguised, thither stole,  
Past all her out-guards and sly Pimps unseen,  
Untill I found Sir *Panther* and my Queen,  
In posture more familiar than befits,  
A second time I Raging, lost my Wits;  
Me first a Woman frenzid, now a Beast,  
But a whole *Aetna* fir'd within my breast,  
When playing I beheld her speckled brats,  
Pyde like their Sire, tabbi'd like Mountain-Cats;

Beholding me, of whom they little dreamt,  
And thought secure from any such attempt,  
Busie with Crown Affairs and State Intregues,  
Wars there Proclaiming, here conjoyning Leagues;  
When they perceiv'd my Eyes like Beacons shin'd,  
And raising Rage my self then <sup>(c)</sup> disciplin'd,

(c) All know how the Tyger rises  
up his Anger, by beating himself  
with his Tail.

And

And gave him such a general assault,  
He flying to a well-contrived Vault,  
That on the trap-dore him ript up, I flung  
In his own Urine weltering Blood and Dung,  
His Heart and Members torn at her I cast,  
Then o'r his Corps th' Adulteress breath'd her last,  
The surruptitious brood next peece-meal tore,  
Spattering the Walls and Pavement with their gore;  
Slew all their Pimps, and her grave Mother Bawd,  
Then for just Vengeance I my self applaud:  
Next made the Peers my Injury understand,  
And none to put on Mourning, gave Command.

Z 2

Sect.

## Section XIV.

AFTER ore-power'd by Melancholy Dreams,  
 I lost my Wits in opposite extremis,  
 Considering deeply of my woful state,  
 Condemn'd to Bestiality by Fate;  
 I loath'd such Crowns, and Dignities that stood  
 By Rapine, Arbitrary Power, and Blood;  
 Courts who Religion and all Laws explod,  
 Their Will styl'd Justice, what they can, their God?  
 Why should I Tables, a Retinue keep?  
 That no Exchequer had, Parks, Herds, nor Sheep,  
 Out-law'd in Desarts dwell, there kill and steal,  
 No help for Plaintiffs, nor the least Appeal;

So stole I from my Subjects, Court, and Crown,  
 Scepter and Royal Ermins laying down,  
 My Self of all Regalities disrobe,  
 In want to wander the Terrestrial Globe:  
 Vast Wilds and Forests left, at last I found  
 Meadows hedg'd in, and cultivated ground,  
 Saw sprinkling Villages, and fertile Plains,  
 Sheep grazing, Steers at Plow, and busy Swains;  
 Who seeing me, their several Tasks forsook,  
 And to safe shelters soon themselves betook;

'Mongst these I Fancying singled out a Swain,  
 Who seem'd ingenious by his looks, though plain,  
 Whom I pursuing, when he found it hard  
 To scape by flying, stood upon his guard;  
 Putting himself in posture of Defence,  
 But I not War intending to commence,  
 As if already Conquered, cowering went,  
 And up my self his Prisoner did present,

Lay



Am. Sect. 14

Lay at his Feet and humbly kiff his hands.

At last my suite the *Russick* understands,  
And me a King to his Protection took,  
And did for Fealty and Homage look;  
Then claps a Collar on my shaggy Main,  
And leads grown gentle in a twisted skaine.

At last his pleasure he to serious turn'd,  
His toylsome Farm and Countrey work adjourn'd,  
And me he shew'd in Dorps and neighbouring Towns,  
So pick'd up pence till Audits swell to Crowns;  
From Markets then to Fairs we strol'd along:  
From all parts neer greedy Spectators throng;  
Then grown a Company to th' City came  
A *Kid*, my fellow Actor, and a *Lamb*.

There rais'd a Stock, in several shapes I play'd,  
And my own parts extemporarie made;  
And when we something did was rare and nevv,  
My fellowv Actors had from me their *Qu*;  
Oft when a King I Acted and look'd big,  
Some Fool would call and make me dance a jig;  
All trades was common, *Lamb*, and I, and *Kid*,  
Trip'd *Mars* and *Venus* to a single (\*) Fid;  
And I the Net like lyming *Vulcan* spread,  
And took God *Kid*, and Goddeffs *Lamb* in Bed,  
Such novel fights a mighty Concourse drew,  
And we clapt off still by th' admiring Crew:

Thus by my means my Master's Purse ran o'r,  
So much his Grandchildren could ne'r be poor;  
I put him to small charge, a slender board,  
Water and Bread, a Carot or a Gourd;  
Yet on good dayes he made me better Dine,  
Boyl'd Mutton, Hony, a spic'd Cake in Wine:

Thus I my Passions rul'd, commanding more  
Than when I Govern'd Men or Beasts before.

Se&.

(\*) As in *Homer's Odyssey* lib 8.  
They imitated the more especial  
scapes of *Mars* and *Venus*.

## Section XV.

Once to the Temple me my Master led,  
Where slaughtered Sheep the floor, and Cat-  
tel spread,

Whilst curling Clouds from blazing Sacrifice,  
Mask'd with opacous fogs transparent Skies ;  
At reeking Entrails I ne'r made a stop,  
Nor long'd to tast of recent blood one drop ;

(a) *Apollonius* famous amongst an-  
cient Authors, for the Interpreting  
the several languages of Birds and  
Beasts.

Where Learned <sup>(a)</sup> *Apollonius* I beheld,  
Whose skill in tongues of Birds and Beasts excell'd ;  
To him I walk'd, tir'd with my strolling trade,  
My self at's feet in humble posture laid,  
All wondering what I meant, to this effect,  
I spake in the *Leontick* Dialect :

King *Amasis* transform'd into a Beast,  
Begs from his slavery to be releas'd,  
Let me no more shew antick tricks and Jokes,  
A laughing-stock to every Fool and Cokes ;  
Move the *Egyptians* here with speed that they  
Would me their hapless Prince, from hence convey.

This said, the Reverend Sage stroking my Back,  
To the Spectators there admiring, spake.

Who knows not here King *Amasis* sad Fate ?  
This *Lyon* which so much you wonder at,  
His Soul informs, by wicked Charms disguis'd,  
Let him not be, what e'r he seems, despis'd ; (stands,  
Though chang'd here <sup>(b)</sup> *Saye's* Renowned Monarck  
Who Rul'd you mildly under just Commands.

(b) A City in *Egypt*, in which  
King *Amasis* Reigned.

This I with sighs and groans confirming, seal'd,  
Which from my former Subjects tears compell'd,  
Who thus went on. Sirs, let me you advise,  
Since in this living Tomb your late King lyes,

If



An. Sect. 15.

If e'r you had of that good Prince esteem,  
 His Ranfome pay, this Royal Beast redeem;  
 And to *Leontis* hence with speed convey,  
 There him due Worship in his Temple pay.  
 Th' *Egyptians*, *Apollonius* counsel take,  
 For solemn progreſs preparation make;  
 My Maſter's paid, next day you might behold  
 Me deck'd with Garlands, Jems, and Chains of Gold!  
 With all the Gayeties and ſplendor dreſt,  
 Our Realms could boaſt, or purchaſe from the Weſt,  
 People and Priests conducting me in throngs,  
 Chanting my Praise in Hymns and ſacred Songs;  
 And to that *Fane* which for my ſelf I made,  
 They their new God Religiouſly convey'd:  
 Order'd me Lodgings, and a plenteous board,  
 And more to be than any Power ador'd.

Scē.

## Section XVI.

REvenues fix'd my Honour to maintain, (wane;  
 Whilst Suns should set and rise, Moons wax &  
 Priests and lay Brothers means allow'd, and large  
 Each place and several Function to discharge;  
 Physician, Chirurgeon, Potheary, Cook,  
 That might to me in Health and Sicknes look;  
 So many wait in their appointed Rooms,  
 Back stairs, my Privy, and Bed-chamber Grooms;  
 Priests in my Chappel, a new Service sing,  
 Chanting great *Amasis* their God and King;  
 Imploring when the Royal Soul his Fate  
 Should to a nobler living House translate,  
 An *Embrio* Prince t' inform, or else they pray,  
 If amongst Vegetives the honour'd <sup>(\*)</sup> Bay.

(\*) The Bay-tree supported by the  
 Antients to be the noblest of all plants.

Thus publick Institutions were observ'd,  
 Nor much a while from private Orders swerv'd;  
 Who should until their God had Feasted, staid,  
 Laughing at those so foolish statues made;  
 Soon as my usual Dishes up were serv'd,  
 They for themselves, their Wives and Children carv'd;  
 And like a Dog gave me their Plates to lick,  
 Throwing their Offall and gnawn bones to pick;  
 Delicious Wines, my whole allowance quaff'd,  
 And at my savoury lapping Water, laugh'd;  
 In wild *Moriscoes* heightned thus they Dance,  
 Shins, over Stools and Tables take their chance;  
 When a fat Priest had almost broke my Chine,  
 Throwing athwart me his foul Concubine;  
 This I pass'd o'r, but I began to stare,  
 When Owl-fac'd *Malkin* Feasted in my Chair;

They



In. Sect. 16.

They truly <sup>(4)</sup> honour'd her, in state there fate,  
Fed with my Dainties a ridiculous *Cat*;  
But the fat Priest who her did most adore  
In private, was in publick her Amour.

(4) See *Catians*. Not only the  
*Egyptians*, but the *Arabians* held  
*Cats* in great veneration and Wor-  
ship, mourning solemnly at their Fu-  
nerals.

To teare them piece-meal thrice I was resolv'd,  
But I had been too much in Blood involv'd;  
So loathing Man's society once more,  
I fled to Desarts where I Ru'd before,  
Here soon my Peers refix'd me in my Throne,  
Additional Garlands voting to my Crown;  
Me all these Desarts honour'd and obey'd,  
So long as strenuously I Scepters sway'd;  
Grown weak, they in my Title found a flaw,  
(Beasts free-born are, they cry'd, by Forest Law : )  
Now by your helping hand again restor'd,  
As erst, I Reign, and settle here my Board.

Thus my strange story I in brief have told;  
Now if you please, the Night not yet grown old,  
I long to know what brought You to Our Court,  
So far from Humane business and resort,  
Unless some scattering Dorps that neer Us lye,  
With whom Our Right and Title oft we try;  
Customs demanding, a fat Sheep or Steer,  
Of the great World's affairs we little hear :

This, if the trouble will not prove too great,  
As a return for mine, Sir, I intreat.

## Section XVII.

**VV** Hen to the King *Androcleus* thus <sup>(reply'd,</sup>  
How to these Wilds, great Sir, and  
Defarts wide,

My Fortune threw me in such woful plight,  
Scorch'd up by Day, wrack'd in a stormy Night ;  
Since you desire to know, brief as I may,  
I shall relate, and your Commands obey.

In *Rome* my well-descended Parents dwelt,  
Whose fair Estate small diminution felt,  
Until my hapless Father found a way  
To lose himself, and all he had, by Play ;  
My Mother dying, House we broke up straight ;  
The Furniture, her Jewells and his Plate,  
What e'r was his, and might be after mine,  
As cumbersome, he turn'd to ready Coyn ;  
The frail Die handling, and the slippery Card ;  
Much by degrees his Fortune had impair'd :

Who now resolv'd those losses up to make  
By venturing deep, and setting all at stake ;  
*Fortune assists the bold* ; would him e'r long,  
Make at one lucky Hit, Ten thousand strong.

After a Feast the Gamesters went one day  
Up to their golden Chamber ; deep they play ;  
Huge heaps are set, venturing at all he threw,  
And <sup>(\*)</sup> Lawrel'd *Cæsars* up by hundreds drew ;

So many dazling golden Emperors got ,  
Well to have sodered up his broke Estate ;  
I whisperd him, intreating to give ore,  
Now he might pay all Debts, cleer every score !  
He minds not me, nor from his golden Fleece,  
Fancy'd *Androcleus* with one single peece ;

(\*) The stamp or Impression of  
their then going Gold.  
St. Luke 20.  
If this Image or Inscription is this ?  
viz. *Cæsars*.



At last the Table cover'd all in Gold,  
 Bright Ore in Mountains heap'd you might behold,  
 All at a Chance now to be Lost or Wone,  
 For ever made, for ever else undone ;  
 Stakes doubled at each throw, long th' after-game,  
 On each side favouring Fortune smiling came,  
 As often frowns ; my Father had the odds,  
 Then threw what he could ask for of the Gods ;  
 Which when he saw, as a dire Chance he curst,  
 And blind with Rage, or-seeing, play'd the worst ;  
 What the Dice gave, took with a *why not lost* ?

A while he stood, stiff, like a senseless post ;  
 But when he saw the Golden Mountains swept,  
 Of all he had, and hopes for ever stript,  
 By his own sottishness, and what seem'd worse,  
 No Dice nor evil Fortune left to curse ;  
 He falls upon himself, his Peruke, tore,  
 And thundring Execrations, direly swore.

After a while his Rage cessation makes,  
 Himself then stripping, straight his Garments stakes,  
 Upper and under Weeds at first assault,  
 March o'r, and to the Conquering Foe revolt ;  
 Which gone, with me aside he kindly slips,  
 And whilst I there in vain lamented, strips :  
 My Clothes thus added to his last mishap,  
 They in one Fardle up as Lumber wrap ;  
 Next trafficking for a small sum of Gold,  
 Himself unto a <sup>(\*)</sup> Fencing-Master sold ;  
 Upon his Body sets a certain price,  
 Which straight condemn'd by arbitrary Dice,  
 His Pris'ner to the fatal School he drew,  
 Whom, at next Shew, a *Gladiator* slew.

(\*) A Master of the *Gladiator*;  
 A frequent Custom at *Rome* amongst  
 the *Hectors* and *Debothees*, to sell  
 themselves to practise their Art, and  
 venture their lives in the *Amphithe-*  
*aters*.

## Section XVIII.

**T**hen out of dores turn'd, only in my Shirt,  
Which trussing, I about my middle girt,  
Since I must fall unto the Begging trade,  
I up my self a fitting Habit made,  
And thwart my shoulders scew'd up darnix rags;  
The Mantle loose in labels hung and jaggs,  
Each corner I inspect, each Dunghil rake,  
Clowts to collect might up my Wardrobe make;  
A Scrip and Dish, *sans* Crown, a brimless Hat,  
Defensive Arms 'gainst Dogs, I bore a Batt.

Thus at all points acouter'd and adorn'd,  
Acquaintance I, Friends and Relations scorn'd  
As they would me, my Father being dead,  
So I mongst strangers only beg'd my bread;  
Oft mouldy Crusts in musty Drink would sop,  
Sometimes got savoury bits and higher Tope;  
At night in Porches and dark Entries sculk,  
A Prince, if I obtain'd a Stall or Bulk;  
And those whoever knew me, though I baulk'd,  
Yet once I, to the Ordinary walk'd,  
Mongst Gamsters that so late division made,  
Of my poor Father's Life, and all he had;  
'Mongst them thus torn and totter'd, direly poor,  
I by their Names did, weeping, Alms implore;  
Me e'n stark naked seeing, cut and slash'd  
In Steaks and Morfels, robes so neatly hash'd;  
Pleas'd with my fancy in such quaint Attire,  
Thus grinning, made reply; How now young Squire;  
Your Father, were he living, would be sad,  
That for his Heir he such a spendthrift had,

Thus



An. Sect. 18.

Thus to be cut and pinckt, what Taylors can!  
 Their Coats, not Heralds make the Gentleman;  
 Thus passing by, they a proud scöff, or so,  
 On me in so much misery bestow;  
 Of all my Fathers thousands they had shar'd,  
 Not one *Deneere* his starving Son they spar'd:  
 But I these greedy Harpies knew before,  
 Who never fancy'd Servants, nor the Poor;  
 Who wait on them whole nights, ev'n starve with cold,  
 When Fortune shows on them Seas of Gold;  
 Who Game their business make, study the wracks  
 Of hopeful Youth, familiar *Toms* and *Jackr.*  
 The Suburbs Plague Owl'd in a Periwig,  
 Their Paunches swoln with night deboshes big,  
 Such proud and idle Hectors the whole Gang  
 If th' are not fit to banish let them Hang.  
 Soon after I 'mongst other Poor did wait,  
 Expecting Alms at a great Patriot's Gate,  
 Whose Steward pick'd me from the clamouring throng,  
 Not in my Features much deform'd, and Young:  
 By my consent enroll'd his Patron's Slave,  
 Shew'd me my Tasks, and fitting Habit gave.

## Section XIX.

**T**Here Toyling hard, yet plentifully fed,  
 Taller I shot by th' shoulders and the head,  
 When Callow down, first marks proclaiming  
 Upon my Chin and ruddy Cheeks began; (Man,  
 At Exercisēs active grown, and strong,  
 Me at the <sup>(\*)</sup> *Cest* none could, or Wrestling wrong;  
 Out-run, out-leap, Vault higher; few could far  
 Break ground beyond me with a Stone or Barr;  
 My joynts then knitting, Breast and Shoulders broad,  
 I much as two could carry at a load:

The Steward, who on all the rest look'd grim,  
 Oft smil'd on me, and held in fair esteem;  
 Our grand Patrone would still as passing by,  
 Cast me both Mony and a favouring Eye.

Madam Patroness, a high-going Dame,  
 Whose Honesty had but a scanty fame,  
 Her Lord grown old, of business full, and Cares,  
 About the Publick, or his own affairs;  
 Too soon of me had inkling by her Pimps,  
 And at her Window then by chance a glimpse,  
 Whilst nimbly up the steps I bore a Sack,  
 As if a Fly had fate upon my back;  
 Nor rested she, feeling a kindled flame,  
 But down 'mongst us with one Attendant came,  
 The Palace empty, and for me she asks,  
 Then 'mongst my Fellows, busy at our Tasks,  
 A Work dispatching must with speed be done.

I would have Wash'd, and put fresh Garments on,  
 When she far off, me, thus consulting spy'd,  
 Come naked as you are, aloud she cry'd;

So





So up I march'd, and her Commands obey'd,  
Who thus in gentle Language smiling, said :

Of your good parts *Androcleus*, I have heard,  
Merits where-ever plac'd we should regard,  
Though you, your Fortune to such Toyl condemns;  
Jewels though set in Lead, yet still are Gemms ;  
I hear that you carry from all the prize,  
At Youthful Sports, and Manly Exercise ;  
Since I am present, I would gladly see  
A proof or so of your Activity.

Then made she me first Run, then Leap, and Vault ;  
So gave her self a general assault ;  
I saw her bosome beat with loose alarms,  
Viewing my shoulders, breast, and muskley Arms :

Then she departing, kindly threw her Purse,  
Which I look'd on no better than a Curse.

## Section XX.

NO sooner gone, but all about me throng,  
 To see what Largeſs bounteous Madam flung,  
 Which op'ning ſoon bright *Cæſars* they behold,  
 All cry, at night to Wine convert the Gold;  
 She wants your help, and you your Freedom lack,  
 The Wealthie Fort courageouſly attack;  
 Good uſe make of your time whiſt kind Stars wait,  
 Women <sup>(\*)</sup> inconstant eſe turn Love to hate.

(\*) *Varium & mutabile ſemper*  
*Famias, Virg. lib. 4.*

Thus hinted they, whiſt I my ſelf deplore,  
 Contracted to a Virgin late before;  
 Our Steward's Daughter, and his only Heir,  
 Her Mother lately dead, ſhe young and Fair  
 Melong with ſigns and ſilent Rethorick woo'd,  
 And by her conquering Eyes at laſt ſubdu'd;  
 I not at Riches nor my Freedom aim'd,  
 Her Vertue more than Beauty me inflam'd,  
 Her ſweet ſimplicity ſtirr'd gentle fires,  
 From Wanton free, and turbulent deſires;  
 When her ſoft paſſion once ſhe had reveal'd,  
 With Tears and Kiſſes we Affection ſeal'd;  
 Vows interchanging, juſt at breaking Gold,  
 A while, ſaid ſhe, e'r we go further hold;  
 I am a Chriſtian, and ſo muſt be you,  
 Eſe here we ſeparate and once more are two;  
 Since ſuch diſſentings may in Marriage life  
 Commotions raiſe, and a perpetual ſtrife;  
 Light *Venus*, Drunken *Bacchus*, Heſtoring *Mars*,  
 Trepanning *Hermes*, look on as a Farſe;  
 Th' whole Liſt abolish of thoſe Stones and Stocks,  
 Once Boſoms of the Grove, and Wombs of Rocks;

I

Inot <sup>(\*)</sup> *Marina*, but *Maria* am,  
*Androcleus* to *Andreas* change your Name.  
 She ſoon prevailing, eaſie Conqueſt made,  
 What could not ſhe and her fair Eyes perſwade?  
 Beſides, I ſaw them daily at the Stake,  
 And Perſecutions ſtill more Converts make;  
 Iknew our Gods Exemplars were of Sin,  
 And we on Wood and Stone <sup>(\*)</sup> Petitions pin;  
 So I conſenting, me ſhe kindly kiſt,  
 Contracted, we each other ſtraight diſmiſt;  
 Upon a private meeting, next agreed,  
 Where no occaſion might ſuſpicion breed.

(\*) A uſual Cuſtom in the Primitive times to alter, or contract their Chriſtian Names not to be much differing from their former.

(\*) A Cuſtome among the Heathens to ſtick their Petitions upon their Idolls.

B b

Sect.

## Section XXI.

Soon after going at th' appointed time,  
To meet, where chaste embraces were no crime,  
With my *Maria*, her there to acquaint  
With what did much my troubled spirits daunt,  
And to consult together how to wave  
Approaching Lust, insatiate as the Grave.

The House all clear, gone forth to hear a Cause  
Till night would puzzle Lawyers and the Laws;  
A little Girl from a straight Envoy came,  
And beck'ning to me, call'd me by my Name;  
I thought that my dear Mistress her had sent,  
Of Plots but little dreaming, after went,  
Who in a lower Chamber turns me straight,  
And clapping fast the Dore, leaves there to wait:

Then I began the business to suspect,  
And from a dangerous Cause a dire Effect:  
When entering, on the other side appear'd  
Our Madams Confident, who me thus cheer'd.

*Androcleus*, welcome; though you are betraid,  
The Plot is much for your advantage layd;  
Wealth, Honour, Beauty, Love, on you attend,  
A Great, a kind, and everlasting Friend;  
Such as the Emperours Self, the Worlds great Head  
Might pride in the Enjoyments of her Bed;  
Nay, start not back, nor proffered Fortunes wave,  
Possesse a Paradise, or else a Grave:  
Death or a Happy Life, one you must chuse,  
Take heed, so high a Favour to refuse.

Thus

Thus now confirm'd of what I first did doubt,  
I straight resolv'd what ere to see it out;  
And though I saw a Sword hung o'r my head,  
Each step I trod upon a Serpent's bed,  
I follow'd her thence up a private Stairs,  
A close conveyance for the like affairs:  
Whence me she first into a Wardrobe brought,  
Hung with rich garments, Gowns, and Mantles wrought,  
Upon the Table lay a gorgeous Vest  
Fit for a Prince bid to a Marriage Feast.

When thus she said; You in so high respect,  
Thus suing your Preferment must be deckt,  
None to our Ladies privacy must come  
Nor enter worse clad, her Golden Room,  
And here for you, as if her Lord, she hath  
Ordered rich Unguents and a cheering Bath.

This said, my slavish Habit off I slip't,  
And down in warm and perfum'd water leap't,  
My Arms and Bosome cleans'd from sweat and soyle,  
Noynting my limbs with odoriferous oyle;  
My self then dressing sprucely *A-la-mode*,  
I entred like a Heroe or a God;  
For looking in the Mirror as I pass't,  
I at my Transformation stood agast!

Viewing my supple Limbs and noble Face,  
The Room then treading with Majestick pace;

When me she saw thus handsomly arraid,  
I now you are a Prince indeed, she said;  
You no *Androcleus* now, no Bond-slave are  
But some Ambassador late come from far;  
Move in a Royal Sphere, and sitting state,  
You must forget what ere you were of late.

This said, she me through several Rooms conducts,  
And all the way with learned Smiles instructs.

B b 2

Sect.

## Section XXII.

AT last she brought me to a darkned Room,  
Where shut out *Phæbus* beams could never  
come ;

Which yet out-shin'd the Day, and stain'd the Skies,  
With Tapers bright in branching *Gallaxies* ;  
Here none of all the Household durst presume  
So to prophane as once look in the Room ,  
Only one Woman ; this she kept distinct,  
At which her Husband glad to please her, wink'd ;

There looking round, rare Tap'strie I beheld,  
Which far my Master's Furniture excell'd,  
With new-found <sup>(a)</sup> silk and gold most richly wrought,  
Far fetch'd and dear, from utmost *Persia* brought ;

Where *Venus* lively fate in *Mars* his Lap,  
And peeping *Vulcan* catch'd in *Cupid's* Trap ;  
Where whilst the stump-foot God fast by the Leg,  
Seem'd Freedom of his wanton Son to beg,  
She and her brisk Gallant the Pris'ner mocks,  
Both pointing at him, sitting in the stocks ;  
The border silver Doves and *Cupid's* fill'd,  
And Lovers bleeding Hearts, though never kill'd :

Next a <sup>(b)</sup> *Triclinium* with congested Plates,  
Furnish'd from two Worlds with the choicest Cates,  
All high provocatives, Venerial Food,  
Would empty Veins replenish with a flood ;  
A canted Couch for Ease and Dalliance fit,  
Where three might lean at pleasure, lye, or sit :  
Next saw I emboss'd Flagons antique mould,  
Not full with Wine, but briming o'r with Gold,  
Which Kings and Tetrarchs that his Clients were  
When well went *Causès*, had presented her ;

Whole

(a) Then but lately found in the time of the *Cæsars*, and rarely used.

(b) *Tricholia*, about which in three seats one person lye beyond which number they seldom treat, according to the juncto of the Mules, not seldom fewer than three, the number of the *Genes*.



Am. Sect. 22.

Whole Cities pawn'd to pay their Patrons Fees,  
They humbly offered her such toys as these.

Next on a Porphyre Cupboard I espy'd  
Instead of drinking Plates <sup>(\*)</sup> Jems, Stars out-vi'd,  
And as neglected, in a Corner lay ;

A silver Mountain might nine Legions pay ;  
The Superficial of her Treasure these,  
She Jewells had were worth whole Provinces !

All which as Enemies I understood,  
'Gainst them resolv'd to make my party good  
What e'r befalls, to run the dangerous risk,  
Rather than her, to top a *Basilisk* ;

So much I valu'd my plain modest Girle,  
Beyond a heaven of Jewels, Gold, or Pearl,  
Beyond her Glories, Luxury, and Pride,  
Beyond whatever in the World beside :

I that a Christian promis'd to be, must  
Seven deadly Champions fight, especial Lust !  
Before my Youth and Marrow her should treat  
A Strumpet prey upon, though ne'r so Great,  
Let these full veins a *Hedick* drain, and I  
Pale in a lingering Consumption dye.

(\*) *Hic quis excelsis herbem, mi-  
serisque Penates,  
Ut gemma bibat, & sereno Dormiat  
opora.* Georg. lib. 2.

## Section XXIII.

VV <sup>gard,</sup> Hilt I on all these look'd with disre-  
A Song and Musick I in comfort heard;  
Which pleas'd surprizal my attention

Love th' Argument, and joyes of being belov'd; (mov'd,  
Of *Cupid's* power in Heaven, Earth, and below,  
All under the obedience of his Bow;

They fung his Club laid by, and Lyons skin,  
How *Hercules*, *Omphale* taught to spin,  
Who, when his Mistress faulty found the thread,  
Suffer'd her break the Distaff ore his head;  
*Joves* escapes I heard, and how the bashful Moon  
Danc'd to the Pipe of young *Endymion*.

At last appears with a Majestick pace,  
A Beauty fitting for a Gods embrace;  
Robes flowing, in a heaven of jewels deck'd,  
And entering, smiles on me with kind respect;  
Little I dreamt that her I e'r had seen,  
She must some Goddess be, at least a Queen!  
Who as I staring stood, amaz'd and mute,  
First charg'd me with a kissing sweet salute.

When thus she said; *Androcleus* now I see  
Y're born no Slave, nor one of mean Degree;  
Persons of low Birth though they features have,  
Know not which way to look when they are brave;  
I knew her then, but could not make reply,  
Totally routed by her conquering Eye!  
Whilst she then turning whisper'd to her Maid,  
Farewell good Christian, to my self I said;  
A green-sick Girl a new Religion mine'd,  
I am asham'd, and utterly convinc'd;

Tell

Tell me of Heavenly blisse, and Worlds to come,  
Here, present Joyes are worth a Martyrdome;  
To Crowns of Glory who would not aspire,  
Loves fiery tryalls suffering in such fire?

Let me one Night move in that starrie Sphere,  
Then let there Devils me in pieces tear,  
When with a wounding smile she turning, said;

Why stands *Androcleus* thus? why so dismay'd?  
Let not what you in my apartment see  
Dazle your Eyes, but make your object Me;  
Be not so mute, freely your self behave,  
Th' Old Man's no more, but now you are my Slave;  
And I shall put you to a harder Task,  
That more than all your Strength, will Courage ask:  
All here you see, instructs you what to doe,  
This slender Banquet stands prepar'd for you;  
I would not have such Entertainment lost  
Upon a gilded Signe, or painted Post.

Encourag'd thus, though I in flames did fry,  
I only stat'd, but make could no reply,

Nor *Locomotive* faculties command:

Which she perceiving, took me by the Hand,  
And gently wringing, to the Table led,  
Placing me by her on the Festive Bed.

Sect.

## Section XXIV.

**T**Hus poor *Androcleus* with a Lady fate,  
 The Wealth of Queens but mean to her estate!  
 What ere the greatest *Epicure* could wish,  
 To taste delicious Wines there stood the Dish;  
 What-ever Wine to quench the Seasoned bit,  
 He at this Table might his Pallat fit;  
 On us her Confident did only wait,  
 Who ply'd my Cup, and often chang'd my Plate,  
 Till Love thus heightned Fancy did enrich,  
 Unchain'd my Tongue, and freedom gave to speech;  
 Finding Discourse, my Wits with *Bacchus* edg'd,  
 Thus storm'd I her, and formally besieg'd.  
 Madam, these Miracles I here behold!  
 Your Beauty, these bright Gems, that Plate and Gold!  
 This Room so furnish'd, set with Lights so thick  
 That more than Stars confound Arithmetick!  
 My self in this rich Habit like a Prince!  
 Such Entertainment at so vast Expence!  
 And me a Slave, thus by your special Grace,  
 Holding in this your Heaven, a second place,  
 Makes me the greater wonder that am not  
 Turn'd an admiring Statue on the spot;  
 And now my Spirits seeming to revive,  
 I question if I dead am, or alive;  
 Or from Earth mounted, my deliver'd Soul  
 Found this your Paradise beyond the Pole;  
 These, and th' enchanting Musick that I hear  
 Makes me suppose that this is *Venus* Sphere,  
 And you th' Intelligence, that Goddesse are  
 Ruling our Morning and our Evening Star!

If

If that I Wake, am Dead, or in a Dream,  
 Since Woe nor Weale lasts long in the Extream,  
 If Truth or Fancy, put it to the Test,  
 Really finish, or Dream out the rest.

Surpriz'd at such a rate to hear me speak,  
 Thus in no common Torrent forth to break;  
*Androcleus*, said she, I am doubtful too,  
 If I'm not in a Trance as well as You!  
 To hear such Language, hear you talk so brave,  
 None but a Prince can Act a Royal Slave;  
 Such notions are no births of Toyl and Sweat:  
 Sir, I'll on You no lesser value set,  
 Than if some God descended from the Sky,  
 Would my embraces at Heavens Purchase buy.

This said, my Hand she in her Bosom slips,  
 And I made bold to venture on her Lips;  
 When thus I said, Dear Madam, I shall burst,  
 At once you make me Happy and Accurst!  
 Such Cordials far off from the joy of joyes,  
 In tantalizing pleasures me destroyes.

Then the bold Strumpet me embracing, kist,  
 Twining a Chain of Pearl about my wrist,  
 Accept this earnest of my love, she said,  
 And me to further Privacy convey'd.

C c

Sect.

## Section XXV.

**V** Here stood a stately Bed in her *Alcove*,  
Fit for sweet thefts, and stoln delights of  
Love,

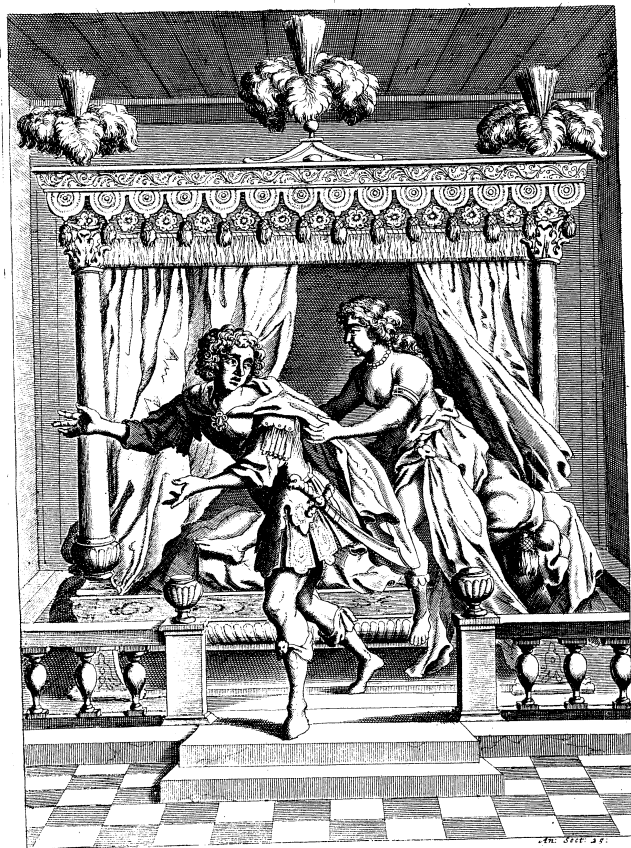
Where Kings and Queens in Wedlock might imbrace,  
And Princes breed their own illustrious Race!

When drawing nigh, me suddain Terror struck,  
The Curtains trembled, and the Hangings shook,  
And straight a Voice, not Humane, pierc'd my Ear,  
Christian *Andreas*, mind thy Soul, forbear!  
My Name that, must be, and this strange advice,  
Turn'd to a Hell, expected Paradise,  
Loves torches quench'd, hot fancies routed quite:  
Agu'd I sweat in horrible affright;  
My warm blood curdling, I grew stiff and cold,  
As one that twice had fifty Winters told.

She seeing me stand, as I had blasted been,  
That never look'd on loose Escapes as Sin,  
How now *Androcleus*, said she, why so pale?  
A Bed, a Lady, and your spirits fail!

Then casting up my Eye on her, who seem'd  
Late 'bove all Worldly joyes to be esteem'd;  
Of conquering Beauty, so Divinely Fair,  
Not the least mark appear'd, nor smallest Air!  
Where I before enough could never gaze,  
Behold a map of Ruin and Decays;  
Furrow'd her Brows, Cheeks painted and bepatch'd,  
Her Temples round with curled Serpents thatch'd!  
Her wither'd Breasts in her foul Bosome fagg!  
A Goddess late, now an infernal Hagg!  
To whom in high distraction thus I spake:

Thou swallowing Gulph, thou all-devouring Lake,  
That



That now art leading me unto the brink,  
Where falling, I eternally must sink;  
Ah how thou star'ft! Clap no more <sup>(\*)</sup> *Gorgons* on,  
I feel my self already turning stone!  
I'll fly; e'r I am finish'd, e'r I stand  
A Statue, carv'd by an Adulteress hand.

(\*) *Medusa's* Head, her hairs  
feign'd to be Serpents, the terrible  
Aspect turning all that beheld it into  
Stone.

This said, I left her, and the loathed Bed,  
And whilst the dire Revenge stood plotting, fled,  
Out at a Window jutting forward, leapt,  
And hid with darkness, to my Cabin crept  
Unseen by any, fast the dore then lock'd,  
Resolv'd to none to open, who e'r knock'd.

## Section XXVI.

**T**HUS I within my own works seem'd secure,  
Able a Winter Leagure to endure;  
When second thoughts a farther prospect made,  
I saw no means my Ruine to evade;  
Then I repented my distracted flight,  
That could not me preserve one single night;  
Mad that th' Adulteresse I had not slain,

That <sup>(a)</sup> Syren, that enticing common Bane;  
Who long since could not chang'd Amours adjust,  
Serving with such varieties her Lust;  
Then I had done a meritorious act,  
And could but Death have suffered for the Fact;  
Left living to accuse me, I am sure  
Exquisite Tortures dying, to endure.

Discourfing thus, a suddain noyse I hear  
Of busy Servants bufling here and there;  
Shut up the Gates, whilst out the Steward comes,  
Bids diligent fearch to make through all the Rooms;  
Straight I put up my Chain of Pearl, and Veff,  
My felf in my accuftom'd Habit drest,  
And as alarm'd, foon mingled with my Mates,  
Hoping to get o'r Walls, or thorough Gates;  
And busy with the Steward walk'd the round:  
But no fufpicious perfon could be found.

When at a ftand that Girl, that treach'rous Maid,  
Which me into the Trap at firft betraid,  
Brought in her Lap thofe Cloaths Behind I left,  
Charging their Owner with worfe Crimes than Theft;  
My fellow Slaves all knew them at firft fight,  
Whom I fo treated but the former night,

And

And fo much fatal Gold on them did fpend,  
They were the firft that me did apprehend;  
And Oaths on Oaths, with proteftations fware  
They were the fame which I that morning wore.

To fearch my Cabin, next they made request,  
Whence foon they brought the Orient Chain and Veff;  
All circumftances cleer the Steward found,  
And calls for Jives, and me in Fetters bound:  
Then to the Dungeon thence himfelf conveys,  
And leaves me in the Stocks, at little-eafe.

Sect.

(a) See *Homer's* *Odyff.* lib. 12.

First thou the *Sirens* fhalt difcover,  
which  
All Commers with enticing tunes  
bewitch;  
Who their sweet Voyces hear, re-  
mind no more  
Their Wives, their Children, nor  
their native fhore:  
In Meadows Chanting, they 'mongh  
dead mens bones  
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Ske-  
letons:  
But when thou faileft by them, look  
that there  
Thy Followers Ears thou flop, that  
none may hear,  
With yielding Wax: But if thou  
luft a mind  
To hear enchanting Ditties, let them  
bird  
Thee hand and foot, and with ftrong  
Cordage fail  
About thy middle tie unto the Maft:  
fo thou mayeft hear the *Sirens* melt-  
ing fraus:  
But if thou fhouldft Command them,  
loofe thy Chains,  
And fet thee free, then bid them har-  
der tie:  
But when thefe dire trachanters are  
faid by,  
Then thee I fhall not paffually in-  
fruct,  
In th' other Courfe thou mayeft thy  
felf Conduet,  
By little Hunts, how thou mayeft find  
the way.

## Section XXVII.

**L**eft in a Dungeon Manackled and Jiv'd,  
Of Light, of Comfort, and all Hopes depriv'd,  
Gall'd with the narrow Stocks and pinching  
My Sorrows heavy, and acute my Pains, (Chains,  
I musing on my sad condition fate,  
Thrown to a Prison from a Bed of State;  
But more for my *Maria* was my smart,  
For her, a bitterer grief transpierc'd my heart  
Than all the wounding wocs which there I felt,  
That with my Dear so treacherously I dealt;  
Out of my mind my Vows and her to raze  
Took with patch'd Beauty and a painted Face. (night,

Thus drown'd in deep Despair, o'whelm'd with  
I heard soft steps, and saw a glimmering light,  
Which through the Key-hole, and the crannys broke;  
When suddenly the well-oyl'd wards unlock,  
And like a silent Shade in noyfeless stole,  
*Maria* as an Angel from the Pole  
Bringing down Comfort in my Griefs extream;  
When thus she spake, and reall made my Dream.

Our precious time not lavish now away,  
Else forsoit Life this Morning you must pay:  
Then with a kiss my spirit she revives,  
Frees from the Stocks, my Fetters, and my Jives,  
Bids me tread softly, whilst she locks the Dore,  
Leaving all fast in posture as before;  
Then leading on, like noyfeless air she slips,  
Whilst lightly I reprint the Virgin's steps;  
Untill we entred in an obscure yard,  
Where settled Walls not to ascend were hard;  
When



When thus she said; Put on this forraign shape,  
Then fly to *Ostia*, as a Stranger scape;  
I heard my Lady our Patron engage,  
Only your Death must pacifie her Rage:  
She told him, how in Princely Habit drest,  
At her Devotions, in you rudely prest,  
When she amaz'd at One thus broken in,  
Ready to swoone, had been enforc'd to Sin,  
But that her Woman entring with a Light,  
The Project spoyl'd, and put the Slave to flight:

But I of this dare not one word believe,  
Nor credit to her accusation give;  
The whole House thinks you guiltless, who lament,  
And whispering, your Misfortune much resent;

But you must hence, and I must straight away  
Under my Fathers Pillow to convey  
These Keys, which whilst he slept, from thence I stole  
Thus to redeem you from that dismal Holē;  
Here, take this Purse she said; then me she kist,  
And vowing Constancy, with tears dismiss.

Disguis'd thence o'r, low Battlements I leapt,  
And through dark Suburbs and long Alleys crept.

## Section XXVIII.

FROM thence to *Ofsia*, where by fortune lay  
 Ships ready freighted, bound for *Africa*,  
 The Confuls Goods and Servants left behind  
 Hast'ning aboard; fair blew th' expected Wind:  
 I amongst others, got into a Ship,  
 All Anchors weigh, and hoys'd their sails a trip,  
 And to the *Ofsin* with a Northern gale,  
 Hoping for short and happy passage sail;  
 Steep Forelands set, and distant Mountains fly,  
 Till nothing we beheld, but Sea and Sky;  
 That night so pleasant on the Decks I lay,  
 With Cares awake, expecting blessed Day:

But whilst our groining Prow salt Billows plow'd,  
 I just a-head, espy'd a rising Cloud,  
 Built up in Stories like a spiry Tower,  
 Threatning foul Weather, and a Thunder-shower;  
 When our fair Wind us by degrees did fail,  
 Our Canvas flats, nor longer could we sail;  
 Straight up they furl their Shets and ply the Oare,  
 Before it blows to fasten on the Shore.

The Sky, all straight in close long Mourning hung  
 Lightens, a peal of Heav'n's Artillery rung,  
 A hideous Shower of Fire, of Hail, and Rain,  
 Falls in a Deluge with a <sup>(a)</sup> Hurricane;  
 The blustering Northern Lords, East, West, and South,  
 Twice sixteen Angles open as one Mouth:  
 When not in Mountains did swoln Billows rise,  
 But pil'd up <sup>(b)</sup> Pyramids salute the Skies:  
 Waves fight and fly, rough Floods encounter Floods,  
 Till all the Sea was laver'd into Suds!

When



An. Sect: 28

(a) Blowing at all the Two and thirty Points of the Compass.

(b) It is observed that the famous Hurricanes upon the Western Coast, being a Whirlwind, roll not the Sea in long billows, but heap them up in spiry Pyramids.

When thus I cry'd, ah ! happy had I been,  
If I at Home had suffer'd for my sin,  
Better than this unfortunate Escape,  
Bravely t' have Dy'd condemned for a Rape;  
A *Roman* Dame, one of so high remark,  
Than now feed Sword-Fish, or some He&'ring Shark.

Whilst to the Winds vain grief I thus divulg'd,  
Our Vessel striking, in an instant bulg'd;  
The Ship though stout, yields to tempestuous Waves,  
And suddain in a thousand shatters, staves:  
Each for themselves, a broken Mast I strode,  
And buffeted by Winds and Billows, rode,  
Untill the Tempest ceasing, I alone  
Upon this Coast was thus this Morning thrown;  
Where landed, I encountred new Extreame,  
Choak'd with hot sands, and scorch'd with *Phæbus* beams:  
Fainting with Thirst, and ready for my Grave,  
My better Stars shew'd me your Royal Cave,  
Where now by special favour, I your Guest  
Sit at your Table, and 'mongst Princes Feast.

*Androcleus* Story told, then growing late,  
The *Lyon* rising, his Jackcalls in State  
With Glowworms, Touchwood, and such Lights, attend  
Their Royal Master, leading in his Friend:

Then all dispierc'd unto their several Homes,  
Courtiers retiring to appointed Rooms.

## Section XXIX.

**T**Hus dwelt *Androcleus* in a *Lyon's Den*, (Men;  
A Prince 'mongst Beasts, a Bondslave amongst  
Till weary of that life, and spur'd with Love,

He fix'd his Resolution to remove,  
Watching an opportunity to fly;  
Rather than live in Wilds, at *Rome* to Dy;  
Although the King him lov'd and honour'd most  
Of all his Peers and Captains of his Hoast;  
Nor could he e'r be quiet Day nor Night,  
*Androcleus* but a minute out of sight:

So in a starry night from thence he stole,  
His Course directing by the *Artick Pole*,  
Through sandy Wilds, and Wilderesses past,  
And came to scattering Villages at last; (reviv'd,  
Which him with Goats milk, Cheese, and Whay  
Soon after he at *Carthage Walls* arriv'd;  
Where with that Purse he from *Maria* had,  
Himself he straight in handsome Habit clad,  
Hoping that undiscover'd, so once more  
To seek his Fortune on th' *Ansonian* shore;  
In that great World of *Rome* disguis'd, he might  
E'r Death, be happy with his Mistress fight.

Whom soon the Consul there, his Patrons Friend,  
Did by one sent on purpose apprehend,  
His fellow-Bondman, and his great Consort,  
Inquiring for a Ship him to transport;  
So as a heinous Criminal attach'd,  
Loaden with Chains thence he to *Rome* dispatch'd.

But when the *Lyon* his Companion mist,  
He could not raging Love and Grief resist,

Nor

Nor sends to Officers, nor trusts Jackcalls,  
But follows on the scent to *Carthage Walls*;  
As if his feet were wing'd, runs ore the Downs,  
And frights the neighbouring Villages and Towns,  
Offending none, not minding Prey nor Rest;  
All wonder that so terrible a Beast  
Should fly so fast none seeing him pursue:

At last to *Carthage* the distracted drew,  
Whom tir'd and spent, a Troop of Horse beset,  
And without wounding drove into the Net;  
His bushie Tayl, and shaggy Mane th' admire,  
His Teeth like Needles, and his Eyes like Fire!

Whom straight the Consul to the Emperour sent,  
And as a Wonder, did the Beast Present;  
Whom in his *Amphitheater* he plac'd,  
And like a King with frequent visits grac'd,  
Admiring his huge size, and awful Face,  
His Royal Carriage, and Majestick Pace!

D d 2

Sect.

## Section XXX.

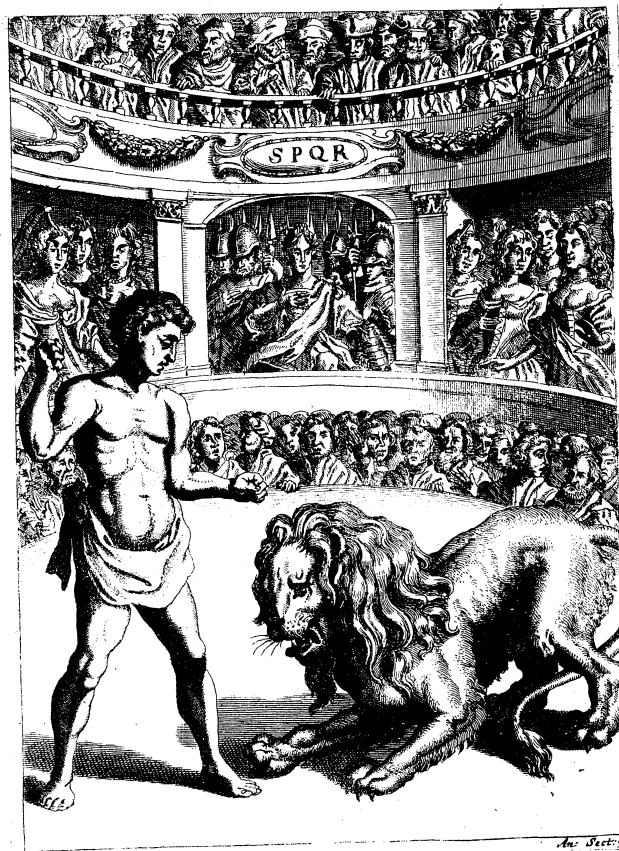
**T**He Sentence past, soon came th' expected time,  
*Androcleus* must suffer for his Crime;  
 When to the Emperors *Lyon*, he that day  
 Must be in th' *Amphitheater* a Prey:  
 Which through all *Rome* divulg'd by busy Fame,  
 As glad Spectators of this horrid Game,  
 Both *Patriots* and *Plebeans*, Old and Young,  
 From all the City thick in Clusters throng;  
 A Slave Condemn'd, incouners in the Lists  
 A *Lyon* naked, onely with his Fists;  
 Such a huge Monster terrible and keen,  
 Upon the publick Stage yet never seen.

By Noon the *Theater* huge Concourse thwack,  
 The loaden Seats and Classis like to crack;  
 The Emperour and Emperess in State,  
 The Conscript Fathers, and Commons sate;

When the Scene opening from a large *Bosage*  
*Androcleus* comes to meet the *Lions* Rage;  
 His Breast, his Shoulders, brawny Arms, and Thighs,  
 Waste slender, Manly Face, and sparkling Eyes,  
 In Matrons stirring Pitty, kindled flame,  
 And all his great Accuser much did blame.

The *Lyon* then, on purpose fasting kept,  
 Forth to his Prey eager with Hunger leapt,  
 A Feast prepar'd, then ready to attack  
 His Face beholding, suddainly starts back,  
 When he his dearest Friend perusing knew;  
 Then in an humble posture neer he drew  
 Kissing his Feet, his hands, and well known Face,  
 Then they each other hugg'd in dear imbrace;

He



Am. Sect. 50.

He knows the *Lyon*, though so curl'd and kemb'd,  
 And he *Androcleus*, guiltlesly Condemn'd ;  
 To see the Monster that should him assail,  
 Fawn like a Spaniel, wag his bushy Tail ;  
 And him that stood an Offering to be slain,  
 Then clap his back, stroking his shaggy Main ;  
 Th' admiring House made with Applauses ring,  
 And Purfes him of Gold and Silver fling,  
 A hundred thousand hands speak loud applause,  
 Glad the Defendant scap't the *Lyon's* Jaws :

All cry, The Gods do Innocence protect !  
 And by the great Example them direct  
 To Piety and Pitty, and that he  
 Sav'd by their Mercy, should be straight set free,

---

Se&.

---

## Section XXXI.

**V**W Hen a prime Herald, after silence made,  
Thus in the Emperours Name, and  
Senate, said ;

This Slave by Heavens especial favour blest,  
Straight by their Order here must be releast ;  
They also him a Golden Talent give,  
And that at *Rome* as freeborn, he may live ;  
The *Lyon* him the Emperour doth present.

Joyful applauses scale the Firmament :  
But when *Androcleus* them his story told,  
Showers from the Galleries Silver, Jems, and Gold,  
Rain'd on his Head, and pour'd into his Hands.

Thus freed from cruel Death and servile Bonds,  
He from the *Theater* in Triumph led,  
His Friend releast whilst thus the People said,  
As they in busy throngs about them prest :

The Man and *Lyon* ! see, the Host and Guest !  
The Senates Gift, and what Spectators gave,  
Turn'd to a Wealthy Citizen a Slave ;  
Recovering soon his Fathers Morgag'd State,  
His Houses, Jewels, and embezel'd Plate.

*Andreas* now *Maria* did Espouse,  
And solemn Nuptials kept in his own House :  
Fair Issue had, in Reputation dwelt,  
Nor storms of Persecution ever felt ;  
Till Emperours themselves pluck'd Idols down,  
And got for Piety and Zeal, Renown :

But of the *Lyon* after what become,  
Most Writers are defective, some quite dumb ;

Yet

Yet, one saies, he resum'd his shape agen,  
From Ruling Beasts, became a King of Men  
By Christian Prayers ; and how the Senate had  
An Order for his Restauration made ,  
By which he his *Egyptian* Realm regain'd,  
And many years in Peace and Plenty Raign'd :  
If so or not, I shall no more insist ,  
Thus far I Dreamt, Dream out the rest that list.





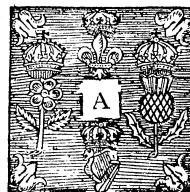


# THE EPHESIAN MATRON:

O R  
VVidows Tears.

## Section I.

The first Author of this story was the most witty *Perronius* in his *Satyricon*, and from him many others have made use of it, and amongst them *J. Johannes Salisericus Poliviar*, lib. 8. cites one *Flavianus*, who affirms it really hapned at *Ephesus*, and that the Woman suffered the deserved punishment of her impiety and Adultery.



T<sup>(a)</sup> *Ephesus*, of old so much Renown'd,

Whose lofty Tow'rs <sup>(b)</sup> *Diana's*

Temple crown'd,

To whom (when leaving Mansions of the Gods,

In that <sup>(c)</sup> Worlds Wonder settling her aboads)

Chast votresses with Vows and Offerings came,

*Loves* power despising, and the *Cyprian* Dame;

The Cold Infection through the City spreads,

No Girls of Pleasure, scapes, nor sportive Beds;

Beauty, and lusty Youth, at *Cupids* Shaft

If pointed not, forsooth, with Marriage, laught;

Whilst great at *Ephesus*, <sup>(d)</sup> *Diana's* Name

Kept chast Court-Madams, Chast the City Dame.

'Mongst these Exemplars a fair Lady dwelt,

With whom kind Fates auspiciously had del,

She and her Spouse, so eminent a Pair,

That all the City their admirers were.

E c

When

<sup>a</sup> *Ephesus* by *Pliny* is called one of the Eyes of *Asia*, taking *Miletus* for the other, likely, those two being by *Strabo* reputed the best and noblest Cities of *Asia*, and *Ephesus* the chiefest place of Trade.

<sup>b</sup> The Temple of *Diana*, saith *Solinus*, was built by the *Amazons*, so magnificently, that *Xerxes* burning all other the Temples of *Asia*, spared this; and by *Pliny* is esteemed the true wonder of Magnificence.

<sup>c</sup> Commonly reckon'd as one of the 7 Wonders of the world, the other six were, the Walls of *Babylon*, the Statue of *Jupiter Olympius*, the Pyramids of *Egypt*, the Colossus of the Sun at *Rhodes*, the Sepulcher of *Mausolus*, and the Palace of *Cyrus*; the Stones of which were cemented together with Gold, or as more usually the *Pharos* at *Alexandria*.

<sup>d</sup> See the latter part of the Nineteenth Chapter of the *Acts* of the Apostles, where besides other instances of the greatness of her Name there, 'tis said v. 34. that there was a cry of the whole Multitude as of one voice for two hours, *Great is Diana of the Ephesians*.



When seven fill'd Circles brought their Holiday,  
 The last of seven in perpetual *May*,  
 On which they yearly kept the Wedding Feast,  
 Their Friends, and Kindred still invited Guests.  
 They in their Garden walking arm in arm,  
 The Spring in all her Gaiety and warm ;  
 Changing his Note, he in a sadder Tone  
 Than ever they Discours'd in, thus begun :

My only Happiness ; my dearest Wife ;  
 More lov'd than Day, than Joys of Health or Life !  
 Who would not leave the hopes of Heav'n to be  
 As you and I, so blest on Earth as we ?  
 Since our seventh Stage so happily we reach  
 Without one Cloud, the smallest flaw or breach ;  
 More than the Gods can boast, though styl'd the Blest,  
 Them anxious Fears and Jealousies molest,  
 That some suppose the Stars are all but Spies,  
 And Constellations, Guards with watching Eyes.

But now sad Fancies harbour in my breast,  
 And Melancholly, ne'r before a guest :  
 Why vex I thus my self with idle Fear ?  
 Startle at that I ne'r shall see nor hear ?  
 I'll tell thee Love, my happiness is such ,  
 That the felicity I Princes grutch ;  
 Though Fate did as your Servant, me imploy,  
 Thou art too good for any to enjoy ;  
 I fear that you and I e'r long must part,  
 Something I feel fits heavy at my heart ;  
 To Dye not grieves me, but to leave thee here,  
 What signifies *Elizium*, thou not there ?

For your own sake then live a single life,  
 And let my Dust be proud you were my Wife ;  
 Though Stories I suspect, and idle Talk ,  
 That in the Night our troubled Spirits walk,

Which

Which if they should, my angry Ghost, I fear,  
 Thee from th' imbraces of a King would tear ;  
 Take this my last Will, which doth thee declare  
 My sole Executrix, and onely Heir :  
 Nor are you bound by loss of part to be  
 My Relict, no, Dear ! I have left you Free :  
 But as my last Request, I onely sue,  
 As you my Wife are, be my Widow too.

She weeping, ready to make large Replies,  
 And Protestations ; Oh I'm sick ! he cries ;  
 A dire Distemper shoots through every part,  
 My Head, my Back, my Stomach, ah my Heart !  
 Over my Eyes Nights sable Curtains spread ;  
 Dearest farewell ; keep Chast our Marriage-bed.

She skreeking out, straight Friends about them swarm  
 Finding the dead and living arm in arm :  
 The sad news flies, invited Guests depart,  
 And leave high Treatments with a heavy heart.

## Section II.

**T**His dire Disaster routing such a Feast,  
A Face of sorrow, not to be exprest  
Fill'd the sad house, thence carried up and down  
By woful Friends returning, through the Town;  
Such were his Merits, so concern'd they were,  
Who not for him contributed a Tear?

But she fate mourning in a dismal Room,  
Dark as that Night shuts up the Day of Doom;  
When ore Sun, Moon, and Stars, no hope of dawn,  
Foul Chaos hath eternal Curtains drawn;

Whilst for his Funerals they seek what ere  
For shew and pompous Sorrow fitting were;  
First into Blacks they *Tyrian* Scarlets dy'd,  
From *Ægypt*, and *Arabia*, provide,  
To make the Corps Pomander, Nard, and Spice,  
And odoriferous Gums, at any price;

Which done, when Tears a short cessation gave,  
She dress'd th' <sup>(c)</sup> embalmed Corps in garments brave;  
Then his pale Cheeks with tinct'ring vermil dyes,  
Currals his Lips, sets Jewels ore his Eyes,  
And on a Pillow, as his Marriage Bed,  
Curling his tresses, bouldsters up his Head.

Her Friends mean while got Consecrated ground  
Without the City, trench'd and pal'd in round;  
Amidst dig'd deep, then arch'd a <sup>(f)</sup> gloomy Vault,  
Which Sun, nor Stars, nor Winds could ere assault;  
And ore, a <sup>(g)</sup> Lodge with all Convenience made,  
Where her old Servant, if they could perswade  
There to <sup>(h)</sup> attend their Lady, as at home,  
Where she, truce took with Sorrow, up might come  
And

<sup>a</sup> That the Greeks, contrary to the Custom of the Romans, preserved their dead bodies, is warranted by *Petrus*, in this Story of the *Ephesian Lady*, and maintained by some modern Authors.

<sup>f</sup> The many eminent Sepulchres of this fashion yet extant, would sufficiently evince, if Authors were silent, that they were in use.

<sup>g</sup> That this was a Custom, we have an Intimation to prove. *At. AURELIUS ROMANUS & Antiqua christiana uxor equi fecerat sibi Libertis suis posterisque eorum Monumentum cum Adificio superposito, &c.*

<sup>h</sup> See the Story of *Telephus*, in *Apollonius' Golden Ass*, whereby it is intimated, that dead bodies were watched, to preserve them from attempts of Witches.



The Sect. 2

And leave sometimes the Hearse, the better to  
To spin out grief, and prosecute long Woe ;  
For she resolv'd one year ne'r to adjourn,  
But in the Tomb ore her dead Husband mourn.

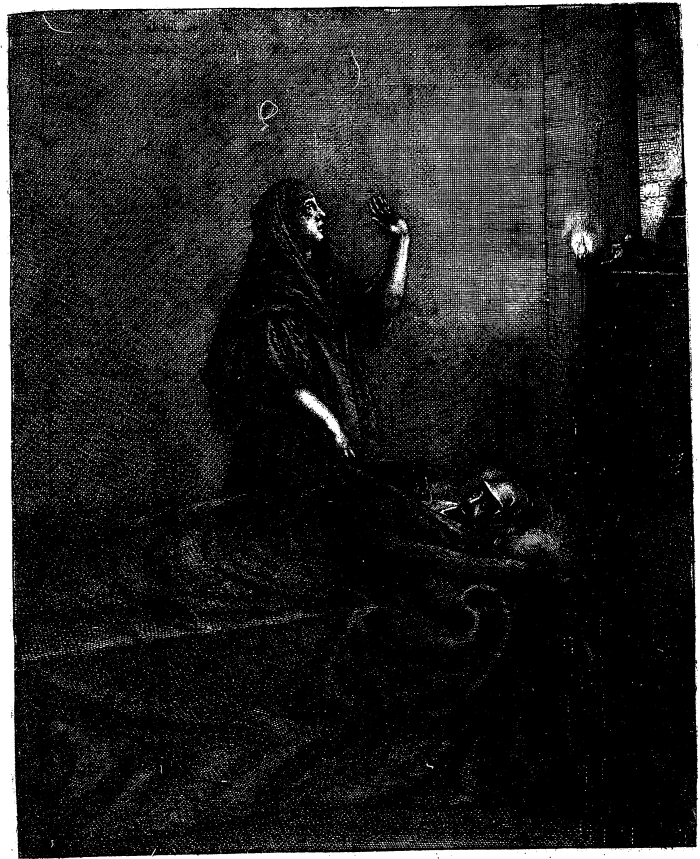
And now Solemnities expected come,  
The Corps to follow to its latest Home ;  
All march as they by Heralds ordered were,  
The Magistrates, and the whole Senate there ;  
After the Hearse she comes with shrieks and cries,  
Forc'd Tears from Kindred, Friends, nay Strangers eyes,  
Sense of her loss now more than ere she felt,  
Curfing the Stars, so hardly with her dealt :

But as the Corps descended to the Vault,  
Her tender bosome giving an assault,  
Tearing her Hair, she leaps into the Cave,  
And there resolv'd to dig her self a Grave ;  
Shrieks from beneath, above a general Cry  
Like Thunder, volleys through the echoing sky ;

Thence all dispiriting, to their homes retreat.  
And leave the Mourner in a doleful feat.

## Section III.

**A**fter the noysing Concourse were return'd,  
 Both sad beholders, & their friends that mourn'd;  
 When conquering Night, Days standard down  
 And drove the Sun into another World; (had hurl'd,  
 Then settled in her solitary Vault,  
 New mustered Sorrows her afresh assault,  
 The Herse before her, and a glimmering Lamp,  
 Infolded arms, the sad Cave cold and damp;  
 She Triumphs in her Grief, her Woes seem brave,  
 With Misery surrounded, and the Grave,  
 The Novelty of such a dismal place,  
 Put Majesty in Melancholies Face;  
 Then kneeling by the Coarse, in such a shade,  
 She smiling at her new Condition, said:  
 How blest am I that shall within this Cell,  
 With thee a year, perhaps for ever, dwell?  
 Thus said she weeping, and unveils his Face;  
 Which when she had beheld a little space  
 She stood, her Hands and Eyes erected, calm;  
 As if some God had given her healing Balm;  
 With a full Deluge then, and sighs more loud,  
 Thus raves she, thund'ring from the broken Cloud:  
 Ah that when first I came into this World,  
 A storm had me on barren Mountains hurl'd,  
 There to have starv'd, or been to Beasts a prey,  
 Or made my Cradle in the swallowing Sea;  
 Then I had never seen this woful hour,  
 And thee, cut off, lye like a faded Flower;  
 Cold as a Rock wash'd at the Mountains feet,  
 Nothing of what thou wert, but only sweet;  
 Speak then, my Dear; come, rise, and let us walk,  
 Of Love, ah me! and former Pleasures talk;



In such a place we never were before,  
 Rocks all above, an adamantine Flore ;  
 Here comes no Sun, no South-winds sultry breath,  
 These are the pleasant shades of quiet Death ;  
 How couldst thou Die, that alwaies hadst thy health ?  
 Friends, and fair Houses, happiness and Wealth ;  
 What ere for use or pleasure, in this life ;  
 Nay more than all, had'st Me, thy loving Wife :

What, will you speak no more now you are dead ?  
 Them your last words, *Keep Chast our Marriage-Bed* ?  
 To be Exemplar, therefore here I stay,  
 Else I with thee had gone that woful day ;  
 And now I long to seek thee under-ground,  
 'Mongst Regions ne'r by lying Mortals found,  
 Then we'll not part till you are soundly chid ;  
 What Follies, ah ! my raving Fancy feed ?  
 Lye still in peace, thy Spirit never fear  
 Me, raging, from a second Spouse, should teare ;  
 Should *Jove* himself descending from the sky  
 Nuptials propose, and lay his *Juno* by ;  
 Thunder in one, Heav'ns Crown in th'other hand,  
 I'll bid him fire, and though a God, withstand ;  
 Here in this bosom dead thou shalt survive,  
 Or else let Earth first swallow me alive ;  
 Let me with changing thoughts sink down to Hell,  
 And there 'mongst Fiends in endless tortures dwell.

Thus ran she all the keys of sorrow ore,  
 Till she could Weep, nor Sigh, nor say no more ;

When *Somnus* gliding softly from the Pole,  
 Smooth'd the swoln Passions of her troubled soul,  
 Sprinckling her Temples with *Lethæan* drops,  
 Infus'd a golden Dream, all Joyes and Hopes ;  
 Down in her Chair close by the Herse she fate,  
 And Woes, as if they never were, forgot.

## Section IV.

**T**He night that rose with Constellations crown'd  
Her purple Robe with seed-Pearls broider'd  
round,

Suddainly, *Boreas* huk'd, in fullen Clouds,  
And all her great and lesser Glories shrouds ;  
With Rain, Hail, Snow, drawn up in three Brigades,  
He the fair issue of the Spring invades  
Large sheets of snow, in Pennance hides all ore,  
The like not seen in many years before ;

The Morning past, on the adjacent Plains  
A Malefactor they had hung in Chains ;  
The Martiall, there a place of Eminence, (thence,  
Left that his Friends should steal <sup>(1)</sup> the Corps from

On pain of Death, attended by Command,  
This foul Night hapning, long he kept his stand,  
Till numbness seiz'd his bosome, lifes warm hold,  
At last he shrinks ore-power'd with eager Cold.

When thus he said ; How shall I live till Day ?  
Who in this storm the Corps can hence convey ?  
I for past service better may deserve,  
I'll rather suffer, than stay here and starve ;  
But whither shall I fly ? where shelter find ?  
For there's no running, though before the Wind ;  
The Gates are shut, all miserable dark,  
No glimpse appearing, nor the smallest spark :

When like a Glowworm through th' opacous Night,  
He from the Lodge perceives a glimmering Light ;  
Thither he hasts, there he his life must save,  
His last redemption in a dead mans Grave ;  
When knocking gently thus he shivering spake ;

Ah! save a Life, if ere, now pitty take ;

My

## Sect. IV. MATRON.

My spirits fail, quite almost out of breath,  
Else on your Threshold I shall freeze to death.

The Maid reply'd ; No more I pray Sir knock,  
So late I dare not for the World unlock,  
My Lady to disturb, who this foul night  
Took first possession of her dire Delight :  
Who trembling said ; Pitty, without reply,  
Oh take me in, or else I here shall dye :  
Your Lady Mourns, her sorrow will be more  
To find one dead to morrow, at her Dore.

F f

Sect.

1 The Roman for Example sake, denied Burial to notorious Malefactors, and therefore set guards to watch their dead bodies : Yet *Augustus* writes in his Life, that he never refused them to their kindred or Friends ; whence perhaps *Joseph of Arimathea* obtained the Body of *Christ*.

## Section V.

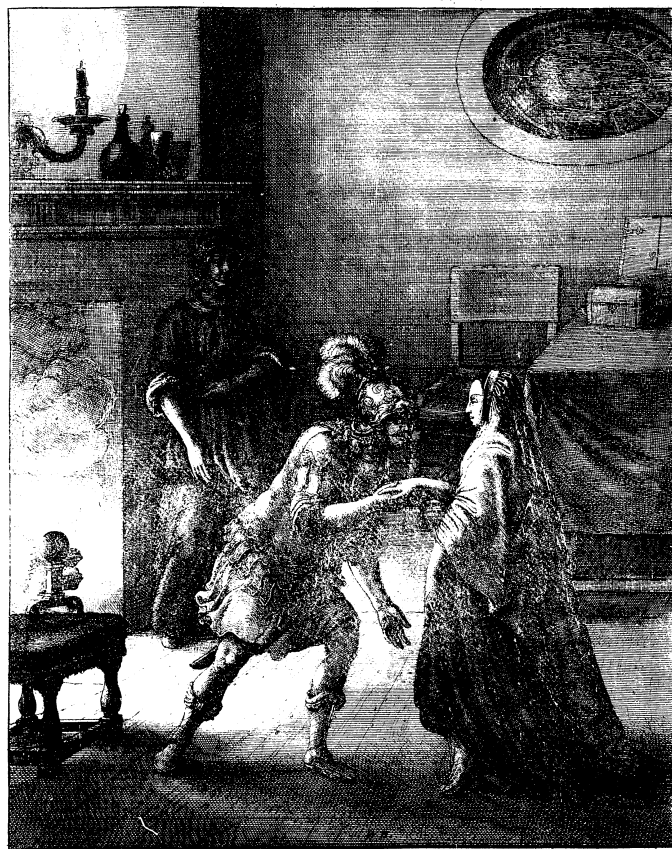
**VV** Hispers & growling tempests, like a bell,  
 Alarum'd vaults of the resounding Cell,  
 Waking the Mourner from a pleasing  
 A second Spouse, new Marriages the Theam. (Dream,

She thought her Husband rising from the Dead,  
 Shrowded all ore, Pale, standing by her Bed,  
 Told her his Pass to Bliss would not be sign'd,  
 Till he revok'd what her he last injoy'n'd;  
 Bid her forsake that melancholly Tomb,  
 Make for another Lord and Children, Room  
 (Deny'd them seven glad years by spightful Fate,)  
 That should inherit their improv'd Estate;  
 The Shade with tears imploring earnest, seem'd,  
 That he from suffering so may be redeem'd:

Awak'd, she felt all swelling Passions calm,  
 Her breast as if some God had thrown in Balm,  
 And at the Lodge she heard a Man complain.  
 Soft thoughts her tender bosome entertain;  
 Left he might suffer, or be ruin'd quite,  
 In such condition in that woful Night.

She calls her Maid, commands straight let him in,  
 Not those to help in want, what greater sin?  
 Let him sit there and shelter from the storm,  
 Stir up the Fire, that he himself may warm;  
 She who compassion took on him before,  
 Commission'd thus, glad opens soon the Dore;  
 A goodly person, almost starv'd with Cold,  
 Ent'ring in Arms, amaz'd her to behold;  
 Then by the Fire a Chair for him she sets,  
 And with a Manchet and a Bottle treats;  
 Her Mistress to accustom'd grief returns,  
 And like sad *Philomel* her losses mourns;

Her



The Sect.

Her Nest new rantack'd by a prying Swain;

Whilst thus old lessons she runs ore in vain,

Her wandring Fancy hankers ofr, and stops

At her late golden Dream, so full of Hopes;

And something whispers still, that Stranger see

Thus weather-beaten, whatsoere he be;

When hasting down, her Servant thus began:

Oh Madam! Madam! here's the bravest Man

Ere Eyes beheld! tall, straight, and shoulders broad,

Who looks, recovering spirits, like a God;

Quick burns the Fire, and you must needs be cold,

This Person of some quality, behold,

A Wonder see! Come up, dear Madam, come!

Take truce with Tears, and leave this dampie Tomb,

Your self refresh, your Checks look pale and lank,

I scarce remember when you Eat or Drank;

Sparks long in Ember sleeping, she awakes,

Soon she resolves, as soon the Cell forsakes,

Following the light, trips softly up the Stairs

And him surpriz'd there sitting, unawares;

Up starts he, and a while did gazing stand,

Then in most humble posture, kist her hand;

And thus begun: Blest Lady, may the Gods

Bring Comfort to these sorrowful Abodes,

And you for Hospitality repay,

What best may please you, and with least delay;

That me in such Necessity reliev'd,

And from inevitable Death repriev'd,

If ere you need a Heart, a Sword, or Hand,

And Life you granted, th' are at your Command.

## Section VI.

**W**hen thus she modestly with cast down  
Eyes,  
In a sad Tone futing her Dress, replies;  
Condemn'd to Solitude, and little Room,  
My first night in my hapless Husbands Tomb,  
Though drown'd in Woes, though buried in a Grave,  
I'm glad, Sir, such Relief for you I have.

This said, the Table her old Servant spread,  
Set a cold Bak'd-meat on, brings Wine and Bread ;  
Down opposite in prospect full, they fate,  
Where on stoln glances Love might hang his Bait ;  
She now refresh'd, though close dress'd, all in black,  
Did with a budding Blush her Guest attack ;  
Her Mourning seem'd a foyl, a sable ground,  
That best sets off the sparkling Diamond ;  
And now and then, a short survey she stole,  
Which made no small impression in her Soul ;  
So much his *Miene* and Person her surpriz'd,  
That she with irksome Sorrow less advis'd;  
But what most rais'd in her a fair esteem,  
She thought that she had seen him in her Dream  
Soon as her Husband's Shadow did depart,  
Warm Comfort shooting first into her heart ;  
A while both fate nor interchang'd a word,  
And active *Cupid*, flames new kindled, stir'd :  
At last she boldly makes the first attack,  
And calling for a glass of Wine, thus spake :  
Paying the Gods libation on the Board.

It seems, Sir, that your Business is the Sword,  
And my dear Husband of the Civil List,  
Though much esteem'd, perhaps you care hath mist ;  
Seven



The Sect 6

Seven years we liv'd in a continual Calm,  
Each Word we chang'd to other, healing Balm ;  
And though he left me all his fair Estate,  
Yet I my Life, and all lifes comforts hate ;  
I but this Duty to his Memory pay,  
Only twelve months with him intomb'd, to stay,  
Yet may his Ghost more satisfaction give,  
The Year expir'd, to bide here whilst I live ;  
Be pleas'd Sir ( Women questions love to ask,  
If I implore not an unpleasing task )  
In compleat Arms, what business of the State,  
Or your own private, kept you out so late ?  
And how you lighted on this woful Cell,  
Where I, surrounded with my sorrows, dwell ?  
Your Wife, Sir, if y' are Married, you this night  
Being thus abroad, puts in no small affright.

---

Sect.

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## Section VII.

**S**ince Madam, you have put me to a task,  
A little farther I'll your patience ask;  
That if not irksome, I may render you  
Of my whole Life, a brief account, and true:

† The greatest, most Northerly,  
and least fruitful part of *Greece*, in-  
habited by a hardy Prince, a Warlike  
and populous Nation.

In (\*) *Thrace* I boast my Birth, a Martial soyl,  
Whose hardy Race, Love, stubborn War, and Toyl;  
My Father well extracted, dwelt in Arms (Farms;  
Whilst Young and Strong, grown old, in purchas'd  
Breeding me up, as soon as I could go,  
To throw a Spear, and draw a little Bow,  
And me with Arms, a Childish Corset stor'd,  
A nimble Target, and no pondrous Sword;  
My brows did with a crested Cask impale,  
Which wag'd each step, and wav'd with every gale,  
Soon bravely I, in stead of wanton toys,  
A Captain, led a Regiment of Boys;  
Prom thence preferr'd to be *Lycurgus* Page:  
He in his Wars me after did ingage;  
Where by my Sword I purchas'd some small Fame,  
And recommended to this City, came  
With Letters from the King, here to instruct,  
And then their raw *Militia* Condu&:

Seven years the Martial's Office I enjoy'd,  
And Chief Commander oft have been employ'd;  
A beauteous Virgin then I did Espouse,  
Children we had, and kept a noble House;  
Now I observe, you strangely me surprize!  
Such Checks she had, such Lips as yours, such Eyes;  
And like You and your Husband, day and night  
We in high pleasures spent, and full Delight;

But

But the last great Contagion swept away  
Her, and my Children, in one woful day:

What me so late detain'd, and in this storm,  
Madam, I shall as briefly now inform;

A Villain, one the most unparalell'd,  
That in the highest Wickedness excell'd,  
For an unheard of Fact, an odious Crime,  
*Diana's* Priests in Devotion-time,  
The Wooden Goddess looking on the while,  
Did in her Penetralia Defile;  
For which condemn'd to suffer torturing pains,  
And after that to hang and rot in Chains;  
Fearing this night his friends might steal the Coarse,  
Blot out the Oblique with suddain force,  
The Senate me Commanded there to stay,  
And with a party guard the Corps till Day;  
Therefore I Arm'd, expecting we should fight,  
But little dreamt of such a bitter Night;  
Whence by foul weather driven, and the Cold,  
I by your light found shelter in this hold:  
Thus your Commands, I Madam, have obey'd,  
And of my Life a short relation made,  
Which here must end if you should cruel prove,  
*Despair makes slight wounds mortal, given by Love:*  
But I in high Distemper feaver'd fit,  
The Cold was nothing to my burning Fit;  
Shot from your Eye here sticks the fierce Dart  
Will turn to Cinders soon, this bleeding Heart;  
'Tis Madam, in your pow'r since I'm your slave,  
Cruel to kill Me, else in pity save.

Se&amp;.

## Section VIII.

**B**Ut whilst he told his Tale the Woman slept,  
 And *Venus* Vigils, not *Dianas* kept ;  
 She with a Bottle by her self had slunk,  
 And twelve go-downs on Reputation, drunk.

When from the Board she rising with a Frown,  
 As if her Rage could ne'r be Conjur'd down ;  
 Rolling her Eyes, high swollen her panting breast,  
 Her deep conceiv'd Displeasure thus exprest.

Art thou that Fury Lust, sent hot from Hell,  
 To tempt me in my solitary Cell ?  
 One of those Monsters which in Humane shapes,  
 Commit dire Murthers, and unbridled Rapes ?  
 That such a brazen Front hath, to presume  
 To hint thus Folly in my Husbands Tomb ;  
 Of such an Impudence, who ever heard !  
 This for my tender Pitty, this Reward ;  
 I took him in, his Life he sayes, I sav'd,  
 Oh Heavens, how ill have I my self behav'd !  
 Beyond Chast bounds, to give the smallest hope,  
 I at first sight, with one in Arms durst cope.

This said, she stalks about ; her bosom stung,  
*Love's* Junco's there, far differing from her Tongue ;  
 He following close, with melting words perswades,  
 And her with all Loves Elements invades,  
 Begging her Favour not to be so rash,  
 To judge the motion a Gallanting Flash ;  
 Who Dye would for her Honour on the Spot,  
 He meant chast love, Marriage, that Gordian knot ;

Whilst he his cause thus pleads, out forth she breaks,  
 And seeming not to mind him, louder speaks.

Go



The Artist's

Go to your business, to your Gibbet-task,  
And counsel of your hang'd Companion ask,  
How to out act him, and possessè his room,  
He in the Temple, you but in a Tomb ;  
So both together sink from Church and Cell,  
To be gaz'd on as Miracles in Hell :  
O chaste *Diana*, now, or ne'r, be kind !  
Strike this thy bold Prophaner dead, or blind ;  
Or stake him on some barren Mountain straight,  
For Rain, and Hail, and mouthing Winds to bait ;  
Her Knife then drawing, said, look to your Throat,  
'Twere good to bleed such a libidinous Goat ;  
Keep where you are ; if once you stir a foot  
To follow me, be sure kind Sir, I'll do't.

This said, a smile amidst her frowns she blends,  
And turning to her Husbands Herse, descends ;  
A while he musing with himself advis'd,  
Then boldly said, all Danger be despis'd.  
I'll do't ! a single Woman, and one Dead,  
Rare Sport, and new ! a Monumental Bed !

This said, he eager, straight reprints her steps,  
And like a Lyon after down he leaps.

## Section IX.

**M**Ean while did *Venus* and her Son descend  
The Worlds continuation to attend;  
Who first joyn'd atoms, *Chaos* did dispe<sup>e</sup>;  
Raising the Wondrous Structure, *Universe*;  
Lovers to couple, Chastity supplant,  
Lest pregnant breasts convert to Adamant.

When she to *Cupid* said, My dearest Son,  
Well thou hast plaid thy part, the great Work's done;  
*Diana's* Temple <sup>(1)</sup> burns, I needs must smile,  
The <sup>(m)</sup> Wooden Goddesses looking on the while,  
Had she not Marble been, a senseless Log,  
The sight had set her Goddessship a gog:  
But wher's she now? a <sup>(n)</sup> Conqu'ror bringing forth?  
An *Alexander* to subdue the Earth.

No Mother, *Cupid* said, the news abroad,  
Is That this Morning she to <sup>(o)</sup> *Paphos* Road,  
There to revenge her Cause, our Dames convert,  
That they your Rites and Temple may desert;  
But better she had gone to chase the Stag,

And Transformation of <sup>(p)</sup> *Aëon* brag;  
Some of her green-sick Train with wafts so lank,  
Ere they return, shall burgeon in the flank:

By this our Work is finish'd in the Tomb,  
From whence we never yet brought Conquest home;  
I with my fanning Wings blew out the Lamp,  
Whilst he beat up all quarters of her Camp.

Then thus she said; Bid *Boreas* send a blast  
May in the Grove the Corps suspended cast;  
Thanks for his Storm, so well and timely came,  
And *Somnus*, for the Widows pleasing Dream;

Say

<sup>1</sup> *Herastetri*, not long after *Alexander* had spared it, at the same time that *Alexander* the Great was born at *Pella*, set fire to it with his own hand, as himself confess, only to get a Name, and perpetuate his Memory, which he failed not of, though *Andrius Celsus* by a general Assembly of all *Asia*, it was decreed his Name should never be mentioned.

<sup>m</sup> *Pliny* lib. 16. c. 40. saith, 'twas doubted what the Statue of *Diana* at *Ephesus* was made of, some affirming it was made of Ebony, but *Astrucianus* thrice Consul, who had lately seen it, writes it was of a Vine stock, and was never changed, though the Temple had been sixteen times repaired.

<sup>n</sup> *Cicero* commends *Timonis*'s Wit, for that speaking of *Alexander*'s being born the same night that *Diana's* Temple was burnt, he said 'twas no wonder, she being from home at the bringing *Olympia* his Mother to bed, Midwifery being one among others, of her employments.

<sup>o</sup> *Paphos* did so particularly belong to *Venus*, that it was counted her home, as by that of *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 1.

*Isa* *Dephon* *sublimis adit, fidesq;*  
*recept*  
*Leta sedes* ———

*The sleeping Goddess back to Paphos*  
*fl* *u* *er*  
*Her own dear scotty* ———

And (as *Tacitus*, *Hist.* lib. 2.) was the place where she first came on shore, from the sea, from whence she sprung.

*p* *Ovid* *Met.* lib. 3.

M<sup>rs</sup>. Sedg.

Say that I'll tend a Lady shall next night,  
Him more than ever any did, delight;  
Dispatch with speed, I'll tarry your return,  
To *Paphos* gone and let her Temple burn;  
The fire that we have kindled in that Pile,  
Perhaps may shrink the wonder to an Isle;  
A populous City; and a frequent Court;  
Chast Madams all; no waggerie; no sport;  
Here Wives for propagation will, or so,  
After like Beasts, the Males no more will know:

These our late Conquests once divulg'd by Fame,  
Down Continnence, and up goes *Venus* Name;  
They ore the Monument for me shall build  
A Temple, and erect my Conquering shield;  
*Diana's* Fane and wealthy Shrine destroy'd,  
Her Virgins courting then to be enjoy'd;  
*Ephesus* shall like other Cities look,  
No green-sick Damfels veil'd with Stole, and Heucke,  
But Beautys in their Hair, drest fresh and trim,  
He making court to her, and she to him.

Whilst thus she spake, *Cupid* on wings displai'd,  
Gently alighting, to his Mother said;

*Boreas* your will hath done, but layes a claim  
On your late promise, a fair *Paphian* Dame;  
That him grown old, might comfort on her lap,  
Who forc'd to forage, lately got a Clap;  
And well recover'd, vows no more to roame,  
But keep contented with your gift at home.

I will, said she, straight send him one that shall  
Keep warm his Bed, and well become his Hall.

This said, she *Cupid* gives especial charge,  
And takes her own Commission out at large.

## Section X.

**M**Ean while the Knight & Lady underground,  
Take up all differences, and soon compound;  
Ceremonious rites as superstitious, wav'd,

And like a Wedded pair themselves behav'd;  
Huddl'd up Promises and hasty Vows,  
Then one another kindly did Espouse:  
No place convenient for Loves sweet commerce,  
Her self she settles on her Husbands Herse:  
While thus they busy were, the mouthing storm  
Grew silent, and the Sky serene and warm;  
The Danger then came fresh into his head,  
And bold adventure, when to her he said:

I beg your leave some business to dispatch,  
My charge to visit, and relieve the Watch;  
Then I'll return, and farther homage pay,  
Nor shall one minute lavish in delay:

Him mixing tears a thousand times she kist;  
And softly opening the Lodge door, dismiss.

Her drowsie Woman though not slept so fast  
But she heard stir about a measuring cast,  
Knowing the party gone, up straight she gets,  
And thus upon her musing Mistress sets.

Oh Madam, I the pleasant's Dream have had!  
Methought in Marriage garments you were clad,  
Going to Church with a brave second Mate,  
With Friends attended, in all Pomp and State;  
And that this melancholly place forsook,  
You never in your life did better look;  
Faith Madam, leave these sad and dampy Rooms,  
Or tarry till some Fiend to tempt you, comes;

Who

Who like a Satyre or Hyena dwells  
In Charnel-houses, and such dusky Cells;  
Were I as you, before I'd tarry here,  
Keep such a puther ore a Dead-mans Beare,  
I'd Wed a Bear, or with a Bore would lye,  
And suckle Pigs up in a nasty Sty:  
Madam, I know what's what, and would advise,  
And take my counsel Lady, if y' are wife;  
To morrow morning whilst the work is warm,  
Walk to the Temple with him arm in arm;  
Abroad each where both Court and City Dame,  
Slight censure, Gossips prate, and gagling Fame,  
All ply their works as varying fancy leads,  
Shame not in streets forbids them open Beds,  
But that still those that do the Match survey,  
Would, finding fault, teach Gamesters how to play.

Then she reply'd, Thou my old Servant art,  
Be careful lest my Reputation smart;  
We must tread wary through this winding Maze,  
And I for ever will thy Fortune raise.

This her so kind expression pleas'd her well,  
But more to leave that melancholly Cell;  
Then up she stirs the Fire, the Candle tops,  
Both full of various Fancys, Fears, and Hopes.

Sect.

## Section XI.

**W**hen at the Door they heard the party  
 tap, (like a Map  
 Who entering, straight his face shew'd

Of dire mischance, a dismal Horrorscope;  
 Not any aspect of the smallest hope!

When thus he said; I, who this horrid Night,  
 Did with the Gods and Lords of Tempests fight;  
 Stood like a Cedar 'gainst all Winds that blow,  
 My Shoulders like a Mountain, hid in Snow;  
 Scarce warm by this your charitable Fire,  
 Obtaining Favours what I could desire;  
 Am fall'n from all, from such a Heav'n of bliss,  
 To utter Ruin in a deep Abyſſe!  
 My Office, no contemptible Estate,  
 And Life, which but for you, I should not rate,  
 Are all snatch'd from me like a golden Dream,  
 Which, were not you concern'd, I should condemn;  
 For if the kindness that you shew, you have,  
 You'll grieve to hear that I'm deny'd a Grave:  
 The Corps his Kindred in my absence stole,  
 And I must Dye; but what more racks my Soul,  
 I nothing to your merits can bequeath,  
 The Senates Sword once drawn, they never sheath;  
 My forfeit Life not all the World can save,  
 My Place, and all, falls theirs, what ere I have;  
 Relations for my Office soon will sue,  
 Being of Profit, and of Honour too:  
 What will not be by Friends and Bribes procur'd,  
 Ah that I had that bitter Storm indur'd,  
 There stood a frozen Statue wanting breath,  
 Than suffer such an ignominious Death;

Not

Not only Dye, I must supply his room,  
 And fleeting Air suspended, me intomb;  
 For ever, dearest Madam, now farewell,  
 When after Ages shall my Story tell,  
 The varied Joyes and Woes of one short night,  
 Will say, cross Fortune shew'd her utmost spight.

Then she, whilst tears distill'd in pearly drops,  
 No way to scape, no eye of Help, no hopes,  
 Then you shall see what for your sake I'll do,  
 I'll save you, and untwine this knotty Clew;  
 Let us not trifling, precious minutes spend,  
 But down with me into the Vault descend:  
 First, of our tender Sex I pardon ask,  
 A Woman must performe no Womans task,  
 But to a Wolf transformed, rob the Grave,  
 Who would not? such a Life as yours to save?  
 Her Maid and he, much wondring what she meant,  
 Down with her to the gloomy Arches went.

Sect.

## Section XII.

**N**O sooner entred, she without remorse, (Coarse,  
Rends off the Scar-cloth from her Husband's  
And laid the body out both sweet and hard,  
Preserv'd with Spices and perfuming Nard:  
Then thus to him in Desperation spake.

From me your Cure, this dreadful cordial take,  
Which Fortunes forfeit, and your Life regains,  
Supply with it the Malefactors Chains.

Then he reply'd; So fair a Corps as this,  
No where disfigur'd, not resembles his;  
The Change will be perspicuously too plain,  
And this your condescension prove in vain;  
Sentenc'd by Law, his Right hand off was lopt,  
His Nose slit, Lips cut off, his Ears close cropt.

Then she reply'd, What I present thus, take,  
What maims you please, and mutilations make;  
You that in Wars and bloody works have been,  
Mow'd down like standing Corn, whole Squadrons seen,  
And no small part in such dire business shar'd,  
To mangle one defunct will not be hard.

When thus he sigh'd; Though Soldiers rugged are,  
They with the Dead keep truce, and never War;  
I who so oft in many a bloody Strife,  
Have lopt off Legs and Arms, Life after Life;  
And from the Battel come besmear'd all ore  
With Enemies, and my own recent Gore;  
For all the World, which less I prize than you,  
I could no harme to one resistles doe.

When like a *Bacchanal*, she thus replies;  
Had *Argus* like this Corps, a hundred Eyes,

As



M. 11. Sect. 12

As many Ears as Fame, as many Hands  
 As once *Briareus* had at his commands,  
 Off they should all, my self then mangle too,  
 And though so late acquainted, all for you.

This said, she strips her Arms, her Breast unlac'd,  
 Her self in posture for the business cast;  
 Her Knife, the edge obtruse, she nimbly whets,  
 Thus arm'd, upon her Husband's Body sets:  
 And first his Hand, which she so oft had kist,  
 Without compunction, sever'd from the Wrist;  
 His Ears cropt off, his right Eye out she teares,  
 Where once small *Cupids* danc'd in Chrystal Sphears;  
 His Nostrils slits, his Lips where oft she sipt  
 Balm mixt with dew of Roses, off she whipt;

When thus she said, If this Sir, will not serve,  
 Say where you please, and I shall farther Carve.

Then he reply'd, No more, the Body spare,  
 The Work is finish'd must conclude my Care.

All three, this said, ready assistance gave,  
 To drag the Corps from Sanctuary in the Grave.

## Section XIII.

**T**Hus quick dispatch with many hands they made,  
 And to the fatal Tree the Corps convey'd ;  
 Good at a dead lift still, his loving Spouse  
 Hands him up to his open window'd House ;  
 In State the Body on her shoulders sits,  
 Whilst he his Collar on of Esses fits ;  
 And several iron tackle buckles fast,  
 And hoop'd a brazen Belt about his Waste ;  
 Puts on a Truss of steel, and all his Trim,  
 That thence he might not drop down limb by limb ;  
 But so compacted well together hold  
 Many years bleaching, both in Heat and Cold.

The good Work done, the Mistress and her Maid  
 Back to the Lodge with speed themselves convey'd,  
 And he himself in former station plac'd,  
 The Fright and trouble o'er, and Danger past.

When to himself he said ; I am destroy'd  
 If I this wicked Monster nor avoyd,  
 Whose memory loath, and mention, more  
 Than Filth engendring on a Common-shore ;  
 Her first high impudence, and Sea of Lust !  
 That Prophanation of her Husbands Dust !  
 But since she Scenes hath acted to such height  
 Would amaze Wonder, Terrors self affright !  
 I stood like Marble, when the Corps, long dead,  
 A-fresh as she prepar'd for mangling, bled :  
 'Tis true, she's Wealthy, Young enough, and Fair,  
 Those Queens of Pleasure ; so the Syrens are,  
 That Singing fate all day on gilded Thrones,  
 Built up of Skeletons and Dead Mens bones ;

Her



Ma. Sect. 13

Her Marry ? looner I'll betroth a Mare,  
 And Monsters get, a *Centaur* make my Heir :  
 But ah ! in her Concealment lyes my Fate,  
 Love slighted, soon reversing, turns to Hate ;  
 They'l themselves Ruin, nay, the World unhinge,  
 What will not frantick Women for Revenge ?  
 I now for present safety must advise,  
 Had she a hundred Lives the Strumpet Dyes ;  
 The only way my Life and State to save,  
 That Bawd and her to bury in one Grave ;  
 With the same knife when she fan'd War proclaim'd,  
 With which the Corps she mangled so, and maim'd,  
 I'll kill them both : so well I'll play my part,  
 That they that find it sticking in her Heart,  
 Her Woman dead, when on the Corps they sit,  
 Shall call't self Murther in her frantick fit ;  
 And who'l tax me, that never heard her Name,  
 Till by my Gates her Husband's Funerals came ?  
 I promis'd to be there in half an hour,  
 And Balm must find in one short Bloody shower.

This said, he to the Lodge in secret stole,  
 Swoln Passions raging in his troubled Soul.

## Section XIV.

**W**Ing'd Mischief flies, soon at the door he  
knocks,

Her ready Maid waiting, as soon un-  
Who entering, finds the Lodge, so dull of late, (locks;  
Made for Addressees, now a Room of State;  
More Lights, and greater Boards with Damask spread,  
*Vulcan* Triumphant on a Golden Bed;  
The Flore and Windows rub'd, all neatly drest,  
To entertain a kind, not cruel Guest:  
VVondring at such a Change in so short space,  
No mark nor sign of the old fullen face,  
He softly said; behold a handsome Stage,  
VVhere might *Alcides* or *Orestes* Rage.

Not long he gaz'd about, when forth she came  
Drest up in glory, a most beauteous Dame;  
Close Mourning's off, that fullen Curtain drawn,  
She entred shining like a golden Dawn,  
VVith such a Majesty, so comely *Mien*,  
She seem'd a Goddess, or at least a Queen!  
Stuck thick with Jewels which the Stars out-vi'd,  
Dim'd by her brighter Eyes in all their pride;  
Her bosome open, where in vales of Snow  
Sate *Cupid* lurking, with no idle Bow;  
A heaven of Beauty, set off in her Hair,  
By Time unblemish'd yet, or Wintry Care.

Thus like a Bride on her seventh Marriage feast,  
She was in this most gorgeous manner drest;  
But at the suddain change, off them she tore,  
Lying in Sack-cloth on the dusty Flore,  
Which her old Servant up by chance had laid,  
And thither 'mongst some other Weeds convey'd;  
Then



Then little dreaming ere th' ensuing Morn  
In Bridal weeds she would her self adorn ;

Down falls he on his knees, as she had been  
*Juno, Minerva*, or the *Paphian Queen* !  
On her he gaz'd, but not one word could speak,  
But sigh'd, and wish'd she would Compassion take ;  
His ore-charg'd bosome ready to unclog,  
All his foul Treason there to disemogue ;  
Had for intended Murther, Pardon crav'd,  
She wondring why himself he thus behav'd,  
Kindly saluting, rais'd up by the Hand,  
Thus putting routed Reason to a stand.

Why look you troubled thus ? why Sir, so sad ?  
I hope all business still goes well, abroad ;  
I fitting thought this Treatment to prepare,  
You to refresh, wearied with Grief and Care ;  
Part of the Night, long yet ere Day, to pass  
With a cold Morfel, and a seasoning Glas.

So down they fate, rich Wine and Beauty warms,  
Grown brisk, he takes his Heaven in his arms,  
Admiring how such Plots he could devise,  
Treason contrive against her conquering Eyes ; (Arch,  
Earth's proud Commander, Hell's, and Heav'n's bright  
Shackled, by *Loves* Triumphant Chariot, march.

## Section XV.

**V**VHilt thus in joyful Vigils past the  
 Night, (height;  
 And *Cupid's* Revels acted to the  
*Diana* sent one of her Virgin-Train  
 To spoyl their sport, and damp Love's jolly vein;  
 A Water puts she in their Wine unseen,  
 Which many Ages had a Dy'mond been  
 In Earth's hard bosome, fix'd in lasting Cold,  
 A Star in dust, made never to grow old;  
 Free both from Fire and Steel, all force what ere,  
 Which will dissolve in juice of Maiden-hair.

This mix'd with *Bacchus*, sweets of *Cupid's* fowres,  
 And *Salamander* like, Love-flames devours;  
 Who were before so fond, lov'd ne'r so much,  
 Not one another will indure to touch;  
 In high distemper of this chilling Plague,  
 The Male a Fiend, the Female seems a Hagg.

Not soon the Poyson wrought, nor very sharp,  
 But by degrees they Caviel first, and Carp,  
 Next louder jangle, like disordred bells,  
 At last the baneful operation swells,  
 And bitter Thoughts stand ready out to burst,  
 When his Distraction thus brake prison first.

Fly Vizards off, all Women I detest!  
 For thy sake, VVitch, who rather art a Beast;  
 VVho hast a Heart so Salvage, blood so hot,  
 The Mongrell of a Tyger and a Goat;  
 Or by a *Harpy* and *Hyena* bred,  
 That VVept'st so late, now Triumph'st ore the Dead;  
 How

How thy Eyes sink, thy Cheeks so painted, fall!  
 Oh how those Curls, *Medusa's* Serpents crawl!  
 That hast this Night spent with so little shame,  
 Committing Crimes that Fiends would blush to name!  
 Who thy dear Spowfe didst as thy Pillow use,  
 His Monument converting to a Stewes!  
 Oh Heav'ns! sitting his Nose, on me she smil'd!  
 What Cave? what Hell, a Monster shews so vild?  
 So fierce, so shameless, such a Sea of Lust,  
 With which, then hot, she warm'd her Husband's Dust!  
 And in this Gayetrie she makes her brag,  
 That forth her Spowfe did to the Gallows drag;  
 A great and fair Example; brazen face,  
 (1) Thou hadst been fitter to supply his place;  
 That mad'st the Noose, and lifted up the Coarse  
 Without reluctance, or the least Remorce;  
 Why Rant I thus 'gainst what she means to boast?  
 I'll Sacrifice her to her Husband's Ghost,  
 Or could I possible, send quick to Hell,  
 Where Soul and Body might in Tortures dwell.

\* This in *Petronius*, who is the  
 first Author of this story, and from  
 him others relate it was the advice  
 of *Lycas*, when he heard the story,  
 and by *Flavianus*, as he is quoted by  
*Jos. Salsubrensis*, lib. 8. *Peliterat*,  
 who affirms it, *Fabo*. 13, to be a true  
 Story, as it appears was Executed on  
 her, she having suffered the deserv-  
 ed Punishment of her Parricides, Im-  
 piety, and Adultery.

## Section XVI.

**B**Y this in her the dire Infection works,  
 And like a Fury conscious Fancy jerks,  
 Her self she hates, loaths him, and all her faults,  
 Her Breast in upore with such wild assaults,  
 From the Board starting, Sorrow, Rage, and Shame,  
 Her bosom swells, her Eyes like Beacons flame;  
 Then him perusing with disdainfull look,  
 Wondring so much that she could be mistook:  
 Bursting with Poyson and Contemning Pride,  
 Thus like a Fury thundring, she reply'd.

You speak to purpose, bravely Sir, and well;  
 But I'll now ring you such another Peal:  
 Ingrateful wretch, hast thou forgotten quite  
 That twice I sav'd thy Life this very Night?  
 First in my bosom, Serpent, starv'd with Cold,  
 Scarce warm, thou took'st possession of the Hold;  
 No other means, next to redeem thy Life  
 I put off Woman, left to be a Wife;  
 And spitt'st thou now thy Poyson against me,  
 That my self Ruin'd in Preserving thee?  
 And dost thou me from my own Table spurn?  
 A Monster call? nay, I'll a Fury turn!  
 Revenge, ah sweet Revenge, I'll thee engage,  
 And open all the flood-gates of my Rage;  
 Thou for thy Gibbet-bird, and my sad Rape,  
 Hadst thou a thousand Lives ne'r hope to scape;  
 Friends will stand by me when I Truth inform,  
 Thou Conjur'st, but I'll raise the greatest Storm;  
 What I decree would'st thou with Tears implore,  
 Would Sands out number on the *Lybian* shore,

Shall

Shall never be revok'd, thou soon shalt know  
 How high an injur'd Womans Rage may grow.

These words the Poyson wrought to such a height,  
 All former Projects were forgotten quite;  
 Slighting his safety, rising from the Board,  
 He with a dreadful Count'nance draws his Sword,  
 Then Raging said; Thy Soul to Heaven bequeath,  
 Pray if thou canst, thou hast not long to breath.

Then she reply'd, laying her bosom bare,  
 Villain, this breast, too kind to thee, not spare;  
 Ungrateful Wretch, so long, why dost not strike?  
 Or Heaven or Hell, shall do for me the like.

## Section XVII.

**W**Hen on a suddain they rare Musick  
heare,  
Vocal, and Instrumental, drawing neer;

The Fire grows dim, the Tapers lose their light,  
As a new Sun had shot through gloomy Night,  
Roofs open fly, and let in purple Dawn;  
With silver Doves, a golden Chariot drawn,  
They saw from Heav'n descend, and seats of Joy  
*Venus*, and standing at her feet, the Boy;  
The Lodge straight widens like a Prince's Hall,  
He drops his Sword, and down they prostrate fall,  
To them then praying, they from their Carroch  
Lightning with Heav'nly Majesty approach;  
When *Venus* to her Votaries thus said;

This grand Disturbance hath *Diana* made,  
Which here I end for ever, thus attone,  
Free by the Virtue of my Powerful Zone;  
Right Reason now return'd, will soon inform  
What slender quarrel rais'd this dreadful Storm;  
What she, ore-power'd by Love, hath done for you,  
A thousand stories strangely will out-do;  
With a dead Husband to make bold, what harm?  
Many have kill'd them in their bosoms warm;  
Upon the Corps! Gamesters when they are in,  
Make living Spowles bolsters to their Sin;  
They Sorcery consult, Steel, Aconite,  
And all to change the Pleasure of a Night;  
Sometimes they make me Chase, then Blush and Laugh,  
To see with what dexterity they graff;  
This *Ephesus*, Dame *Chastity* makes Dull,  
The World each where, is with such Stories full:

But

But to the business; Whatsoever she did,  
We Authours are of what your Fates Decreed;  
Play to your best advantage this fair Game,  
Stop vulgar Eares, and Mouths of prattling Fame;  
His parts your Husband's Body hath resum'd,  
And lies in Sear-cloth whole again, intomb'd:  
Your Malefactor you in Chains shall find,  
Thank me at *Paphos* the next favouring Wind.

*Venus* this said, her Chariot ascends,  
And *Cupid* with his Queristers attends.

They thus conjoyn'd liv'd long a happy life,  
From publick troubles free, and private strife;  
Fair Issue had, whilst *Cymbia's* Power went down,  
And *Cytherea's* Faction Rul'd the Town:  
When they without offence grown very old,  
At their own Table oft this Story told.

*Cymbria* is a Mountain in the Island *Delos*, where *Latona* was delivered of *Apollo* and *Diana*, whence he is often called *Cymbria*, and the *Cymbria*.

*Cythera* is an Island lying between *Delos* and *Creta*, where *Venus* (as is by most delivered, contrary to *Tacitus*) first arrived from Sea in a Shell, and thence called *Cythera*.

FINIS.